

F O R U M [III]

The Magazine of Controversy. Its method is to give a fair and friendly hearing to both sides, all sides, of important questions of the day. Its practice is, in an age of shifting authority, of relativity and specialization, to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty. Its object is, by stimulating independent thinking, to promote sound individualism in a democracy.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, Editor

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, Assistant Editor

Editorial FOREWORD

IN THIS ISSUE an ex-convict invites FORUM readers to share his cell at Leavenworth for twenty-four hours. The recent outbreaks in penitentiaries in the states of New York and Colorado have drawn the attention of the entire country to the overcrowded condition of our prisons. But apparently little or nothing is being done by way of remedy. We, the public, read the newspapers and shrug our shoulders. Those who break the law, as well as those who administer the law, may rot for all we care. We are apathetic to the whole process of American justice.

WITH SCATTERED brilliant exceptions — the Supreme Court of the United States, the Appellate Courts of New York, and others — the American system of justice is a generation behind the level of our national standards in business and in applied science. It is cluttered, dilatory, stupid, intolerable when measured by the efficiency of even a rural bank, factory, or post office. Though dumb, on the whole — thank God — our courts are honest. The so-called machine age has gone ahead and left our courts, our prisons, indeed our legal profession, lagging behind in a darker age.

HAPPILY or unhappily, I have never spent a day in a cell. But often in the jury box, and still more in the stuffy courtroom waiting fruitless hours for a jury call, I would gladly have exchanged the certainty of a prison term for the whimsical, uncertain, ineffective life of a juror, a prisoner at large under beck and call. I have served on five different types of jury panel and have had my fill of them. At this very writing I am obliged to share my editorial duties with a daily appearance in a crowded court looking on the barred windows of the Tombs. I am not allowed to smoke. I am not allowed to read the newspaper. I am not even allowed to fall asleep, although the atmosphere is close and the droning of official voices summoning convicted persons to the bar

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*Next Month***MATA HARI, THE "RED DANCER"***Major Thomas Coulson*

The astounding true story of the most famous of the German women spies during the World War — told by a former member of the British Intelligence Service. This courtesan danced her way into the secrets of Cabinet Ministers and high army officers, and betrayed the Allies' plans to the enemy. In this way, hundreds of thousands of Allied soldiers met death in futile offensives of which the German army had previous knowledge, thanks to the "Red Dancer" and the smooth working of the formidable German Secret Service.

AMERICA AND THE FUTURE*AE and the Dublin wits*

AE's house in Dublin is the gathering place of all the poets and philosophers who are shaping and leading the Irish Renaissance — such men, for example, as W. B. Yeats, James Joyce, Lennox Robinson, Sean O'Casey, James Stephens, and of course the inimitable AE himself. There is perhaps no place on earth, not even in the salons of Paris, where such fine talk may be heard as among this assemblage of Dublin wits. Next month THE FORUM will be privileged to publish a verbatim record of one such conversational evening in AE's house, on a subject of peculiar interest to American readers.

WHAT I BELIEVE*William Ralph Inge*

The "gloomy" Dean of St. Paul's, London, writes his intellectual "last will and testament" for the younger generation.

NATIONAL GREED AND THE PHILIPPINES*Carter Field*

Senator Bingham of Connecticut has promised to bring the question of freeing the Philippines to a vote before the new session of Congress which meets in December, 1929. In this article, an acute Washington correspondent tells why Philippine independence is likely to be granted at long last — not to vindicate our national honor, but to appease our national greed. An inside picture of a curious new development in our political life.

THE ETERNAL BIDDY*Eleanor Roosevelt*

A new view of the servant problem by the wife of New York's Governor.

ARE CULTURAL ABC'S SOFTENING OUR BRAINS?*Howard Mumford Jones vs. Will Durant*

H. G. Wells started it with his *Outline of History*; Will Durant caught the wave at its crest with his *Story of Philosophy*; and now the bookshelves are flooded with "outlines" and "stories" of everything, from astronomy and art to religion and relativity. In this debate, Mr. Jones says that the "outlines" are degrading our culture to the level of the quick-lunch counter, and giving us mental dyspepsia; while Will Durant makes an able defense of the "sin" of which he has been so successfully guilty.

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE*Salvador de Madariaga*

A Spanish scholar and statesman tells why Briand's dream of a "United States of Europe" can never come true.

FOREWORD*Continued*

for sentence or reprieve at the rate of twenty an hour is overwhelmingly lethargic. After I have sat there an hour or so, my name is called and I am told to appear the following day at eleven-thirty, to cut the heart out of a busy day to help make up an audience for a Roman legal festival.

A BOOK MIGHT be written about the hours wasted on Federal Grand Jury listening to dope peddlers — petty cases stretched out over years that ought to be dispatched in five minutes by a police magistrate. Once we jurors became exasperated and wanted to know why a half-blind and half-witted woman was dragged into our august presence instead of the druggist who employed her and the capitalist who employed him. We became so arrogant that we summoned the District Attorney to answer that question. He sent word that he was worn out, was playing golf. His assistant apologized and insinuated that the druggist in question had purchased immunity in Washington.

AND THE FUTILITY of two weeks in court on the case of a small boy who claimed that some years ago he had caught his heel on a certain iron stairway! Two hundred citizens were busy on that case in one way or another. Experts from two hospitals were hauled into court with their X-ray plates. The jurors were taken under guard to test falling on the same staircase. As I looked into the eyes of the judge I felt sure that he knew the whole proceeding was a farce; yet the laws of evidence prevented him from making a frank charge to the jury.

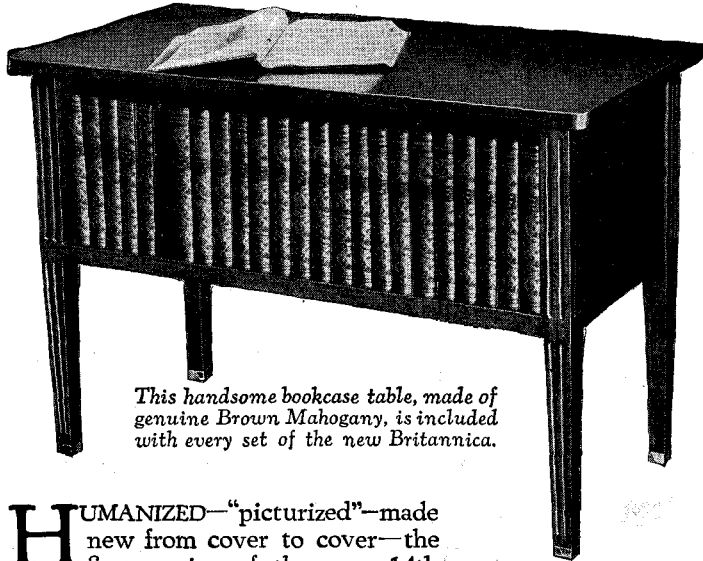
TRUE, THE JURY is but one of the lesser encumbrances of the body of legal procedure. It is a vestigial nuisance like a diseased appendix in the human body. The jury is sanctified by the word democracy, whereas it really is a hang-over from the days of despotism and feudalism. It keeps alive a cumbersome machinery to enable groups of men unqualified to pass judgment on special matters, myself included, to embarrass and delay the decisions of expert minds.

SOME DAY the common sense of the American people will eliminate this human waste and sweep the jury system and other encumbrances of our juridical life into the discard. In that day we will build bigger and better prisons and we will know better how to discriminate between crime and pathology. One intelligent judge is better than twelve jurymen. Let us learn a lesson from England, where justice is swift and sure, but also expensive. Our judges should receive salaries large enough to remove them from the very suspicion of corruption.

—HENRY GODDARD LEACH

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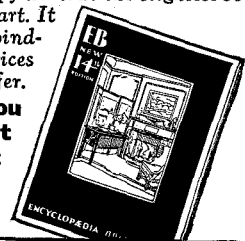
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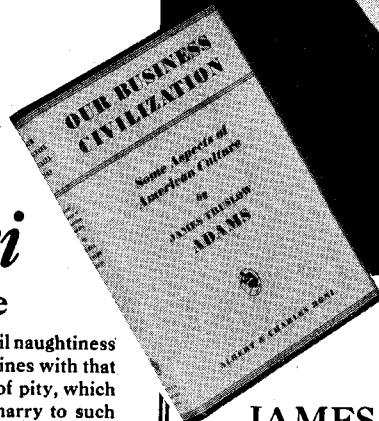
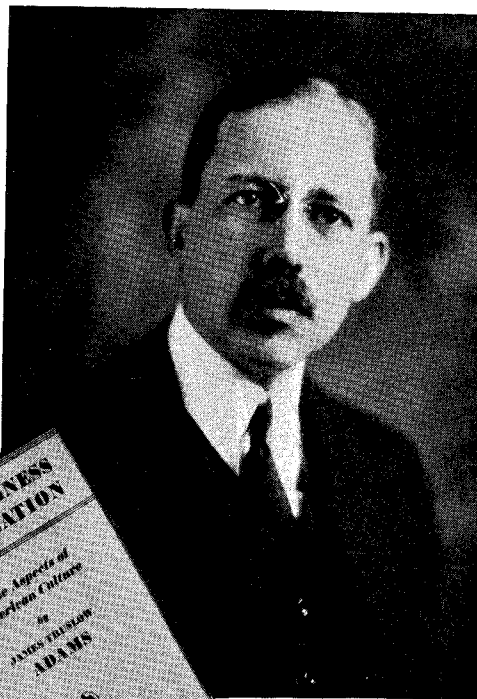
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OPINIONS about BOOKS



They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

**NORMAN FOERSTER
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Reaching the People

LIFE AND LETTERS OF STUART P. SHERMAN, by Jacob Zeitlin and Homer Woodbridge; Farrar and Rinehart, \$10. Reviewed by NORMAN FOERSTER.

THE NEW publishing house of Farrar and Rinehart presents these two imposing volumes as a revelation both of "the growth of a surperb mind" and of "the unfolding of the great humanist movement in contemporary culture."

The mind of Stuart Sherman was indeed superb in endowment, but it is an open question whether it grew or deteriorated. And the "humanistic movement" of which he himself spoke in 1917 unfolded, so far as he was concerned, only up to that year. From the declaration of war in 1917 to his sudden death in 1926, Sherman served first the cause of American democracy and then the cause of "open-mindedness." At the time of his death the public was already bored with democracy and beginning to suspect that open-mindedness may be a fine name for chaos, and within a year or so (plainly in 1928) the humanistic point of view was attracting considerable attention. Had he lived for only two or three years more, Sherman would have faced an awkward dilemma.

How he would have resolved that dilemma can only be guessed from his earlier choices. He had rebelled fiercely against the Ph.D. system, but taken the usual path to academic preferment. He had dreaded the effects of administration upon his writing, but held the headship of the department of English at the University of Illinois throughout the best years of his career. He had been won to the doctrine of humanism by the powerful personality of Irving Babbitt and had himself written eloquently in defence of it under the guidance of Paul Elmer More, Editor of *The Nation*, in days when the humanist was indeed a voice crying in the wilderness; but at length he concluded

that he had "no vocation for solitude." He believed that one who would influence a democracy must use either "Gatling-guns" or "patience and flattery," and chose the latter. He disliked being "unheeded by those whom you wish to reach" and yearned to extend his influence "from one end of society to the other," though he winced when applauded by religious organizations. He remembered that Moses did not "tell the Children of Israel that they too might have an epoch-making conversation with the Almighty if they would climb to the top of the mountain," but that "he wrote the sub-

warn him of the danger of "bartering your soul for popularity." In the present biography, Professor Zeitlin, notwithstanding his high estimate of Sherman, applies to him a phrase that Sherman had applied to Matthew Arnold: an "undeniable love of influence and reputation."

This love, this last infirmity of noble minds, together with the acknowledgment, "I confess I am pretty much at sea," seems to explain those curious divagations in Sherman's career which have puzzled many readers. Shaking off the hold of Babbitt and More, he faithfully reflected both the shallow humanitarianism and the aimless skepticism of the American mind in the decade following our entry into the war. While possessing little original insight, he was an extremely successful popularizer, second only to the mercurial Mr. Mencken.

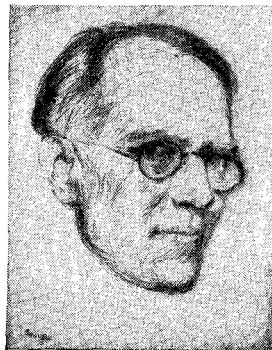
I have given one view (and only one) that emerges, legitimately I think, from the eight hundred pages of this biography. The authors, two scholars and friends of Sherman, have performed their task with admirable frankness and tact, wisely letting the man himself do most of the speaking. And he speaks as only a rare personality can, with gusto, buoyancy, warmth, varied enthusiasm, offset by downright common sense.

Failing to fuse all his powers in a single growing purpose, Stuart P. Sherman narrowly missed greatness.

Fighting Orthodoxy

THE TWILIGHT OF CHRISTIANITY, by Harry Elmer Barnes; Vanguard, \$3.00. Reviewed by THEODORE DARNELL.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is coming to be almost a habit. One grows accustomed to seeing a new book from his pen every once in awhile. Variety is the spice of life to this Smith College professor, and the amazing thing is that in each field he speaks "as one having authority." His entry into the field of religion cannot



STUART P. SHERMAN

stance of it all out in simple everyday Jewish and brought it down to them and said, "Take it from me!" (The latter method Sherman ventured to commend to Mr. More.)

In 1919 he reported to a friend that the life of a free-lance writer is uneasy, and that "I must be considered an unsafe man all the way around. But this is a confidential sigh." By the next year he found his mind "magnetized" by the idea that "power of one sort or another seems the one thing worth striving for." And he was fascinated by the successful men, Disraeli, Roosevelt, Carnegie, Emerson, Adams — "Room for discrimination here," he says, and indeed there is! Not altogether without reason did Mr. More

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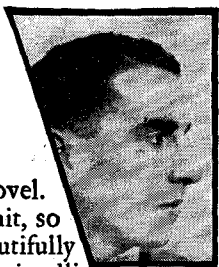
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be said to be an entirely new rôle. There is, of course, something prophetic of this book in *Living in the Twentieth Century*, perhaps even in *The Genesis of the World War*. Certainly, ever since more than a year ago, when he shocked Fundamentalists and Modernists alike with his suggestion that there is need of a new conception of God, he has been living with this idea. From that moment on everybody knew that some day Harry Elmer Barnes would write a book on religion, but, notwithstanding the fact that we knew him to be a skillful craftsman, few expected that he would do the job so well. Now that the book is before us, those who knew him as a thorough workman will feel like the small boy who says, "I told you so," for Dr. Barnes has put before us an array of facts and a course of reasoning which will be difficult to refute and quite impossible to disregard.

We have here a frank attempt to deal a death-blow to orthodox Christianity. Believing that "what is needed most today in the religious field is a wrecking machine," Dr. Barnes has run his machine with crushing effect over the superstitions of historic Christianity. Such is the mass and weight of cumulative evidence adduced that he would be a bold man indeed who would attempt refutation.

If the present reviewer has any fault to find with the book — and there is so much to praise that it seems a pity to blame — it is that the author has given a disproportionate amount of attention to orthodoxy. Orthodoxy may be, as Dr. Barnes thinks it is, predominant in America, but why distress one's self about it? Orthodoxy and genuine education cannot exist side by side indefinitely. As the new education expands, the old religious superstitions will fade out. Modernism, on the contrary, remains and grows because it seems to accept the scientific spirit. Its leaders enjoy nothing so much as to say things that appear startlingly novel and daring in books and newspapers, while in their pulpits they sink back cozily into the innocuous platitudes of mysticism.

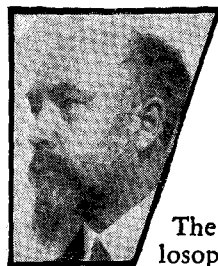
The real forces of obscurantism are, paradoxically enough, the Modernists, and they are, therefore, the true objects for attack by Humanists. They themselves recognize this fact. One of their protagonists recently declared that the enemy of Modernism is not Fundamentalism but Humanism, and that it is against Humanism that liberal Christianity must wage war. Now, of course, Dr. Barnes pays his compliments to "Devout Modernism," but he seems to do so with a gentleness that appears surprising under the circumstances. One cannot help but wish that he had changed the proportion of his argument so that the major part of the book had been given to two chapters:

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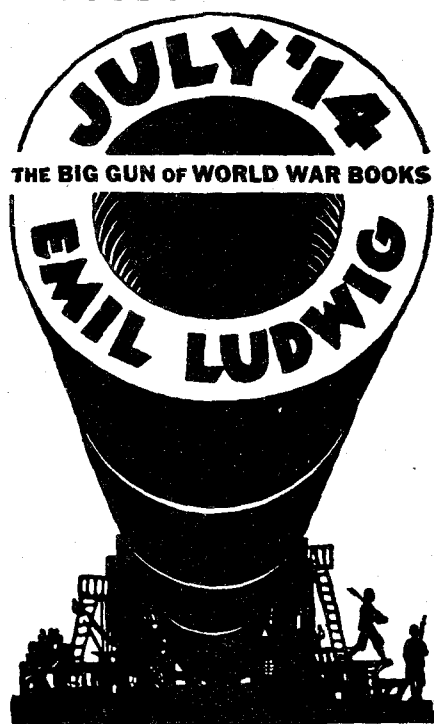
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"Sanctuary versus Laboratory" and "The Jesus Stereotype," for here is the real meat of the book.

One wonders how it is possible for Dr. Barnes to advocate the continuance of the church. All that he has attacked is, after all, the result of religious organization, yet he would encourage the continuance of religious organization. Is not education itself a sufficient organizing force to bring about the transformation in society which Dr. Barnes desires? Why place the impediment of religious organization in its path? Lack of space forbids us to go into a discussion of this point, but we would like to hang up a danger signal. Why not cast away the institutionalism along with the dogmatism of Christianity?

This review is not intended to be a listing of defects, but there is one discordant note in this book which will be observed by those who are inimical to its purpose. Let a friend, therefore, speak of it first. One gets the idea somehow that one reason for the writing of the book was that it gives the author an opportunity of refuting the attacks made upon him by those who assailed him for his statements before the New York Academy of Medicine. There is an absence of that restraint which one comes to expect from an historian. This is indicated not only by the flippancy in some of the chapter headings but by the too frequent allusions to the occasion itself. This makes excellent publicity, but it falls on our ears with an unpleasant sound which is relieved only by the knowledge that underneath it all lies a sincerity of purpose which cannot be doubted. The book is passionate rather than dispassionate. The author is a crusader rather than the calm announcer of incontrovertible facts. There can be no doubt that the splendid mass of indisputable evidence which the author uncovers would have been more effective if it had been presented in calmer mood. This is the worst that can be honestly said against *The Twilight of Christianity*, and we say it almost with an apology, for we find the book a prodigious work presented in a masterly manner.

A Lost Crusade

LA FAYETTE, by Brand Whitlock; Appleton, \$10.00.

Reviewed by CLAUDE G. BOWERS.

TO AMERICANS, La Fayette is a dashing young cavalier who turned away from the luxuries of the most magnificent of courts to share the privations of our ragged continentals because of his love for liberty. It is not a false picture that we have of him in our hearts. He deserves the homage he receives from us; and this



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makes it difficult to understand why historians and biographers, dealing with his European career, are prone to be something worse than cynical about his qualities. We are apt to overlook the fact that his American career was very brief — that his American experience was but an incident in a long life of activity in public affairs. When we read of his "weakness," his "lack of decision," his inconsistency in European matters, we are incredulous, since none of these deficiencies were apparent in the days when he suffered with Washington at Valley Forge. Washington and Jefferson loved him, and both were excellent judges of men. But they had no opportunity to observe him in positions of grave responsibility where the initiative was his. He was a superb subordinate. Directed what to do, he did it; but when the directing fell to him in later life he failed to measure up to his opportunities.



THE MARQUIS OF LA FAYETTE

At length Brand Whitlock, after years of meticulous, laborious research, has painted us a full-length portrait that pulsates with reality. His approach is sympathetic, as should be the approach of a biographer, and at times he seems too hotly partisan, laying the lash on his hero's rivals a bit too indiscriminately. Even so he cannot wholly conceal the reasons for the rather contemptuous attitude of Belloc and other students of French history.

The greater part of the first volume, dealing with La Fayette's American career, reveals a high-thinking idealist, possessing a fine sense of loyalty, abundant courage, and keen intelligence. Idolizing Washington, his idealization of the master was to work later to the young man's disadvantage. He came to us a lover of liberty; he went away with the conviction that he had been cast by destiny for the rôle of a crusader.

At the beginning of the French Revolution he hailed the rising of the people as an opportunity for the extension of American ideals. He clearly thought of France in terms of America, and this was a fatal blunder. He began well. He was a real revolutionist for a moment, but he lacked the decision to break with his own class to stand as a representative of the people — with Mirabeau. He

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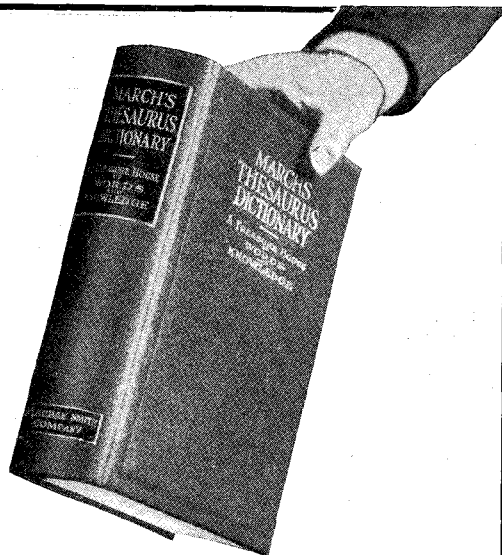
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lacked the audacity of political genius and therein failed.

Mr. Whitlock's discussions of these revolutionary proceedings reveal rather scant sympathy with the real revolutionary leaders. In the rivalry of Mirabeau and La Fayette we are clearly expected to sympathize with the latter, but this reader could not. Even under Mr. Whitlock's unfriendly interpretation, Mirabeau seems the wise, practical statesman and La Fayette the prim purist, the theorist, with none of Mirabeau's perfect grasp of the situation. With both seeking the preservation of the throne under constitutional restraints, the impression is inescapable that the court could have spared La Fayette better than his rival.

With Mirabeau's death and La Fayette's primacy in power, he might have changed the course of history had he possessed the qualities of leadership. But the fatal indecision always intervened — that, and his disposition to seek under vastly different conditions a Washingtonian solution of difficulties. He wished a new order, but was horrified at the necessity of demolishing the old. He kept saying to himself that Washington would want liberty and order; forgetting, or not realizing, that revolution is necessarily disorder. Thus, blundering, pouting, he drifted more and more, without suspecting it, into the ranks of the enemies of the revolution. In the Pantheon in Paris one finds monuments of Mirabeau, of Robespierre, Danton, Vergniaud, even Marat; but there is none of La Fayette. France knows who uprooted feudalism.

The tragic story of La Fayette's sojourn in various prisons is graphically told. In time he returned to France to play again about the outer fringe of politics. He permitted Napoleon to cultivate him, without becoming a convert to his imperialism. The Hundred Days, and later, found the "revolutionist" bowing before fat Louis XVIII. Illustrative of La Fayette's inability to gauge men is the fact that for a time he actually hoped for concessions to liberty and human rights from this Bourbon brood. Then he awoke to the realization that liberty had no place on the programme of Charles X. Again the old revolutionary spirit revived. For the second time power was in his hands, for he literally led the revolution of 1830.

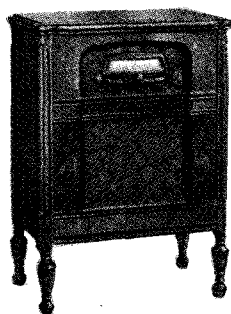
And then again he failed. The people wanted a republic, and was it not a republic that La Fayette wished? One word, one gesture, and he could have proclaimed the republic and become the Washington of France. But again he seemed a child in the hands of other men, bankers this time who knew exactly what they wanted. La Fayette, we gather, was never quite sure. He turned France over to Louis Philippe. The disillusionment soon came — too late. The son of Orleans was not

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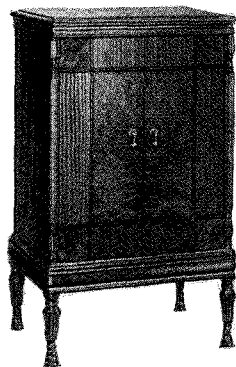
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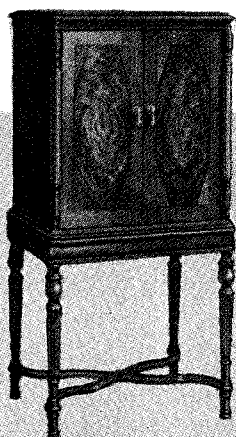
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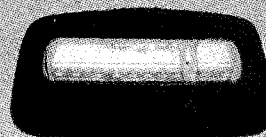
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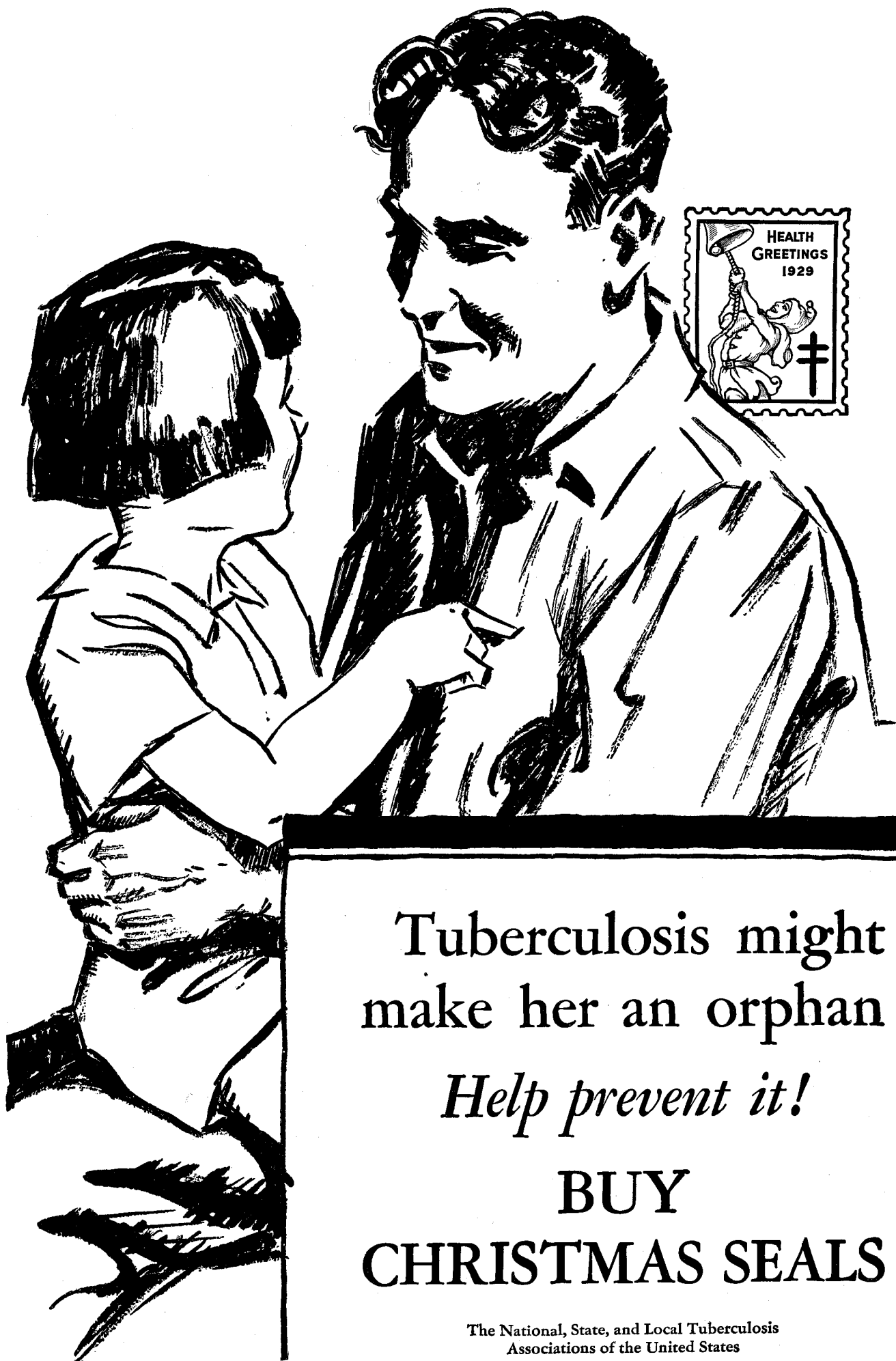


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Purged of Dross

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Ernest Hemingway; Scribner, \$2.50.

Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS.

THERE IS, in *A Farewell to Arms*, a passage that suggests the *raison d'être* of Ernest Hemingway's literary method. When one of the Italians says, "What has been done this summer cannot have been done in vain," the narrator and central character of the story comments:

I did not say anything. I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice and the expression in vain. We had heard them sometimes standing in the rain almost out of earshot, so that only the shouted words came through, and had read them, on proclamations that were slapped up by the billposters over other proclamations, now for a long time, and I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory and the sacrifices were like the stockyards at Chicago if nothing was done with the meat except to bury it. There were many words that you could not stand to hear and finally only the names of places had dignity. Certain numbers were the same way and certain dates and these with the names of the places were all you could say and have them mean anything. Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene beside the concrete names of villages, the numbers of roads, the names of rivers, the numbers of regiments and the dates.

Such words as "sacred" and "glorious" are not the only ones that may be made meaningless by repetition; whole vocabularies may be outmoded. The process goes on unceasingly in poetry, so unceasingly that a certain freshness and individuality of language are the most reliable signs, on the surface at least, of poetic merit. The old words as used by the old masters may retain most of their original flavor, but in the works of new writers they are

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stale and tasteless and indicative of mediocrity.

The same process goes on in prose fiction, and to-day goes on with uncomfortable rapidity. As a result, the young writer is tempted to try to find new subjects, since in this way originality of approach and crispness of phrase are more easily achieved. But that is not the true way of solving the problem, for the problem is really how to deal with the perennial themes in such a way that they become alive and important to one's contemporaries.

That such an accomplishment is possible Mr. Hemingway's new novel



ERNEST HEMINGWAY

helps us to believe. *The Sun Also Rises* was indicative enough of his powers of observation, his extraordinary skill in dialogue, his mastery of the objective method. But *The Sun Also Rises*, brilliant and breath-taking as it was, seemed something of a *tour de force*, a very special kind of achievement in a very limited field. *A Farewell to Arms*, however, lays all doubt at rest. Mr. Hemingway has taken two of the oldest themes in the history of literature, love and war, and has so treated them that they become thoroughly moving even to the most sophisticated. By ripping away the verbal trappings supposedly appropriate to these subjects, he has gained, not lost, in poignancy. He has even had the courage to end the book with tragedy, and he has succeeded in conveying, not the grand and largely literary emotions theoretically associated with tragic loss, but a blankness and bleakness far more terrible.

It is hard to say whether Hemingway owes more to the imaginative attitude with which he contemplates his characters, or to the pure stylistic virtuosity which he employs to record their sayings and recount their deeds. Hemingway's style is a marvel of craftsmanship, and in this book he displays in narrative and description the skill that he has hitherto exhibited only in dialogue. As to those who question the significance of the book and its method, can anything be said except that they are lacking in sensitivity? The love affair of Frederic Henry and Catherine Barkley may, to delicate tastes, seem immoral or vulgar, but it cannot, to one who gives himself up to Hemingway's art,



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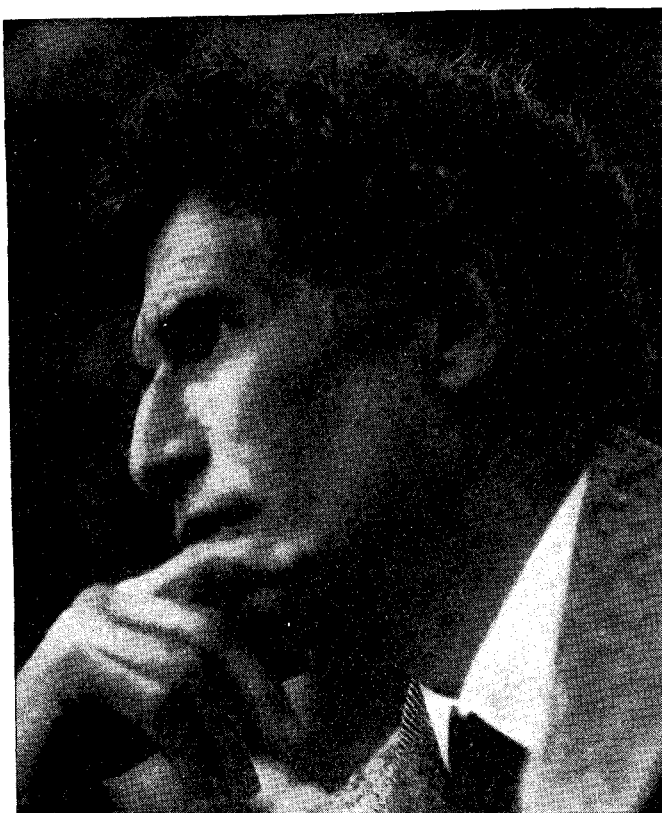
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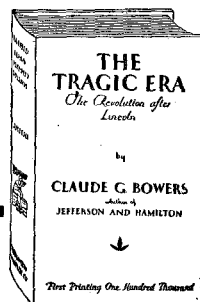
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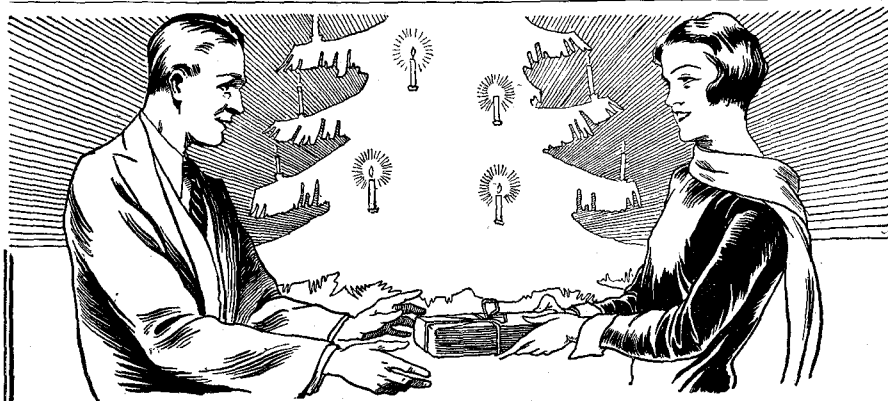
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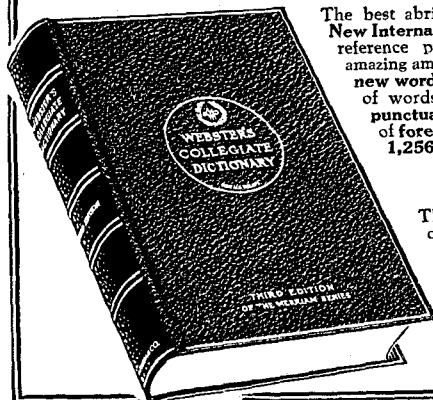
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seem trivial. As Robinson makes Ben Johnson say of Shakespeare:

"He might have given Aristotle creeps,
But surely would have given him his
katharsis."

By Their Works

THE LIFE OF GEORGE MEREDITH, by Robert Esmonde Sencourt; Scribner, \$3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

ALTHOUGH it has one perhaps unavoidable fault, that of attempting to explain Meredith's transcendental side in too many words (thus making a vague attribute vaguer), Robert Esmonde Sencourt's biography is everything a biography of a man of letters should be. In his preface Mr. Sencourt throws the gage to the Stracheyans — and this in spite of a very evident and understandable affection for André Maurois. Recent biographies of literary men have convinced us, at least, that it is somewhat futile to write of their lives without a continuous reference to what made their existences important to humanity: their printed work. Thus Paul Hazard's *Stendhal* amuses us, and portrays for us in terms of action a cynic who is engaging enough, but because Julien Sorel's creator is not subjected to the doubly fruitful process of explanation in terms of his novels, and his novels in terms of himself, we might as well have spent the time reading about some fictional hero. The same seems true of *Ariel*: M. Maurois makes Shelley plain in everything except his supremely important function as poet. Evidently Mr. Sencourt has been amused and charmed by such biographies — and has also taken their implicit lesson to heart. The lesson has not betrayed him into dullness, for his life of Meredith is absorbing.

The book is likewise a constant justification of the method of testing the life in the glow shed by the work, and the work in relation to the life. One gets a dynamic conception of Meredith. The story of Meredith's first and star-crossed marriage, to the daughter of Thomas Love Peacock, is not told as a simple, dramatic story, with all the lines erased except those of action; it is rather set forth with detailed reference to the great poems, "Love in the Valley" and "Modern Love," and the first great novel, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. The result is peculiarly fecund for the reader who comes to the biography with knowledge of the poems and of *Richard Feverel*, but with scarcely more than a sketchy notion of Meredith's actual life apart from his books. One gains a steady insight into the artistic process; and the truth that a man must write out of the fullness of life

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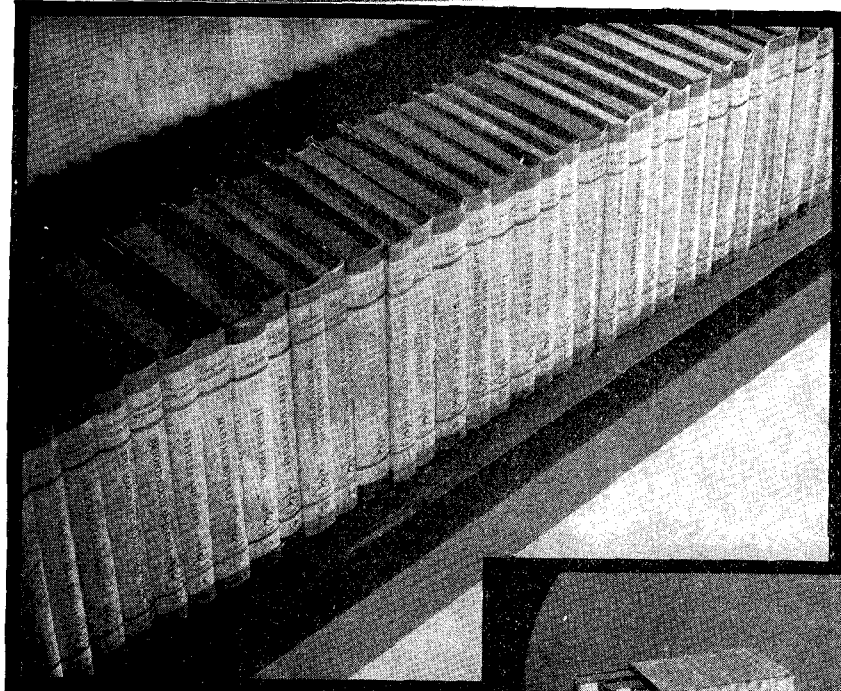
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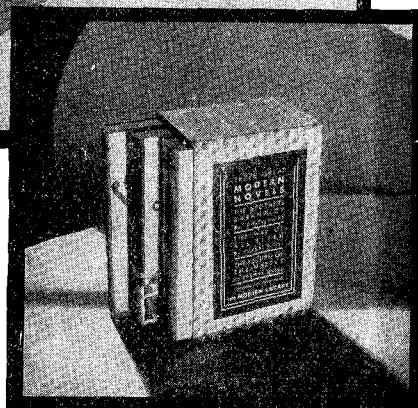
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(which Van Wyck Brooks made plain to Americans ten years ago) is again brought into the foreground of consciousness. Nor does Mr. Sencourt flag when he comes to the more difficult job of tracing the lineaments of Meredith's interests, activities, and friends in the later novels and poems.

When Mr. Sencourt comes to the Meredith style, which Arthur Symons has called "decadent" in the true sense, he is up against a perennial enigma. Critics from Oscar Wilde on have attempted to explain this style, only to fall back on the obvious explanation that Meredith was first and last a poet. We can talk of poets in Herbert Read's triad of "sound, sense, and suggestion," and we can define imagination as the ability to pull what has hitherto been unrelated from the far corners of the cosmos, but all this doesn't tell us much about the origin of the poet's peculiar power. That has to do with the mystery of personality—which is still a mystery, in spite of Behaviorism. Mr. Sencourt does well by making it certain that Meredith was a great personality, that he had a super-abundance of energy, that he was "thrilled by pageants and pictures of created things," that he believed in strenuousness (though not necessarily in Roosevelt's sense), that he translated his ideas into fictional people and submitted them to the strain of "dramatic analysis," and that he identified himself with nature to such an extent that his style was soaked in metaphor drawn from English woods and waters and winds and skies.

As for Meredith's characters, they, following their author, are not the inhabitants of an unreal world: they merely live too fast for ordinary lungs and hearts in the real world. Meredith was no standard classicist, for his scheme of things was not muted and ordered; nor was he a standard romanticist of the type that gives a brightly-colored though bodiless and nerveless version of an unreal world. His way was in between, along the via media of all good literature, though his speed along this way was perhaps too intense for his reputation's good and his readers' patience.

War's a Drab

ALL ELSE IS FOLLY, by Peregrine Acland;
Coward McCann, \$2.50.
Reviewed by WALTER S. HINCHMAN

TWO THINGS make Major Acland's war novel worth reading. The chief character, Alec Falcon, is well drawn. A sturdy young Canadian, perturbed by a mêlée within him of civilized inhibitions, high instincts, adventurous yearnings, and physical passions, he becomes a line

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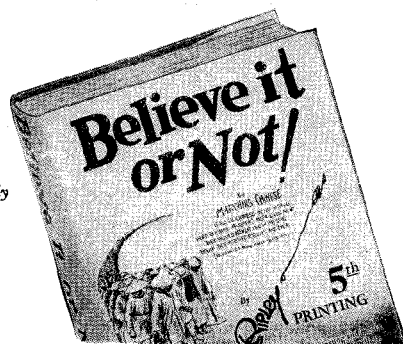
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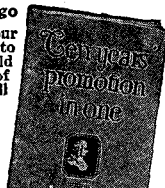
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Books

officer in the World War. In that greater mêlée, whether on the field of battle or on leave in England, his vigorous, unsettled nature finds plenty of cause for ecstasy and revulsion. No gilded hero, he reveals a character that the reader can enter into, on the whole admire, and certainly love.

The other virtue of the book is the authentic picture of life in the front line trenches. Major Acland, himself no less scarred than his Alec Falcon, knows what he is talking about, and he does not mince matters. If *Under Fire* and *All Quiet on the Western Front* were not enough, this book should complete any civilian's conviction that General Sherman was almost guilty of understatement. The final words express the conclusion of the whole matter, as the author sees it: "Yet he knew men who would never forego their lust for war until the paint was scraped off the cheeks of the drab and the pocks were revealed in all their filth."

So much on the credit side. Unfortunately the scenes in England, with their dreary rounds of love-making, are not so convincing. The life of those days, especially when English gentry entertained breezy strangers from Colonial regiments, was no doubt rather unreal; but any picture of English women, with or without absent husbands, must include something besides witty and adventurous vamps. One such other is included, Adair Hollister, but she lacks vitality. In fact, one has the unpleasant feeling that Falcon's attractiveness springs too much from his unattractive, frequently despicable, associates. So Nietzsche's phrase, "All else is folly," is almost justified at the same time that it is condemned—bitter disillusionment either way. Man hasn't yet learned to love, and so he fights—or seeks what Nietzsche calls "recreation." This is all right for a fragment and quite in tune with much modern writing, but one can't help comparing it with the more complete and on the whole more voracious picture of life, if at times "too-too-sweet," which the elder novelists, even Meredith and Hardy, felt themselves under obligation to paint.

The book is written, for the most part, in an appropriate style, though it suffers from the modern vogue for dots and unfinished sentences and it is marred, here and there, by unnecessary use by the author, in his own comment, of the language which his rougher characters naturally use. Such expressions as "his guts tensed" sort ill with such bookishly reminiscent phrases as "an unconscionable time a-dying"; but if the reader can get through this difficulty, he will be rewarded by making the acquaintance of Alec Falcon and by realizing afresh that war is a drab "when the paint is scraped off."

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Books in Brief

CARRY NATION, the woman with the hatchet, has been brought to life again and enrolled in the great American circus of freaks by Herbert Asbury, the man who came up from Methodism. And the show is well worth the price of admission (Knopf, \$3.00). The book reveals a crazy little old woman whose mother had the grand delusion that she was Queen Victoria, whose daughter was confined to an insane asylum, whose first husband died a drunkard, and whose second divorced her for disgracing his name when, at the age of sixty-two, she ran amuck in Kansas and began her career as a smasher of saloons. Like most fanatics, she was very religious and her every act was dictated by the Almighty, who, if we can take her own word for it, visited her almost nightly and gave express commands that she demolish this "joint" and that. Mr. Asbury handles his material with great adroitness, never intruding his own judgments upon the acts of his bizarre "heroine." He is content to let her actions build up their own condemnation. The result is a thoroughly damning portrait of one of our most picturesque reformers, who was typical of her breed in being abysmally ignorant, devout, and hell-bent on reforming others while she herself remained ludicrously unregenerate.

HERE IS an opportunity to resurrect from the critical warehouse those fruity and rollicking adjectives which are commonly associated with the work of Dickens and to apply them anew to THE GOOD COMPANIONS (Harper, \$3.00). Unlike most of his contemporaries, J. B. Priestley has chosen to forget that life is supposed to be a desperate affair, full of suppressed complexes. This latest novel of his is a picaresque romance of the road in the best tradition of "Merrie England." Three refugees from respectability—a Yorkshire laborer, a sheltered spinster, and a wild young Cambridge schoolmaster with a taste for composing tricky tunes—join a "concert party" of third rate vaudeville actors and go vagabonding through the dingier towns of England. Mr. Priestley has a touch of Dickens' exuberant humor, something of Dickens' ability to crowd a sizable canvas with eccentric and lovable figures. *The Good Companions* provides a pleasant return to a half-forgotten field of fiction. It deals with rich and varied surfaces, beneath which it wisely refrains from plunging.

WHATEVER one's political leanings, Up to Now (Viking, \$5.00) is first-rate autobiography. No member of the radio audience, at least, could suspect a lurking ghost writer. This is Al Smith speaking. In plain, crisp language, with that queer gift of his for making bare fact vivid, he retraces the steps of his dramatic

Kings Trembled When he laughed

But for the rest of us, he makes the world a gayer place in which to live



The eminent Dr. Pangloss affirms his optimism and sees the "cheerful" side of being hung. (Candide)

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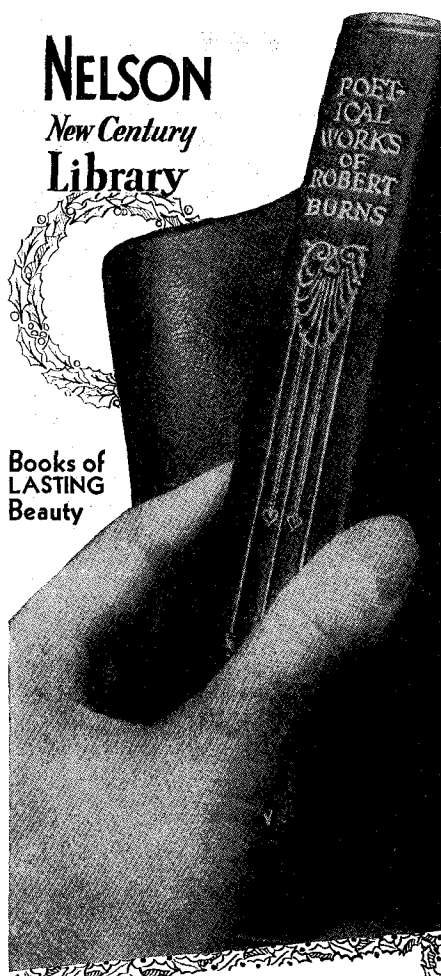
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Books in Brief

pilgrimage from Oliver Street to a goal which, as the title indicates, one cannot yet define. More experienced authors have failed to rival the picture of New York's East Side which he paints with a contagious nostalgia. His account of a city childhood is easily the most picturesque part of the book. It is, perhaps, not the most valuable. One can recommend, to citizens lukewarm about affairs of state, the chapters concerning Smith's struggles with a defiant legislature at Albany. They are calculated to propel any political kibitzer into the nearest registration booth. Alfred E. Smith can make even an executive budget absorbing. Not that he is always as candid as one could wish. The writer never obscures the politician. He is discreetly silent about the record of Tammany Hall, reticent about the murkier spots in the presidential campaign, glib in his defence of the Democratic Party. Yet one wonders what other statesman could have been as frank, or have written an autobiography so stirring and so free, on the whole, of bunk.

THE TENACIOUSLY sane should beware of M. P. Shiel. He is not their man. His work is a heady witches' brew, simmering with mystery, philosophy, and extravagant romance. Melville and Meredith have crossed strains to produce the wild beauty of his imagination and the strange complexity of his style. According to taste, you will either find Dr. KRASINSKI'S SECRET (Vanguard, \$2.50) an intoxicant or dismiss it as exaggerated and absurd. It is the story of a brilliant and sinister physician who, in order to serve the high ends of science, scatters death through the unwitting person of a youthful diphtheria carrier. If you succumb to the magic of the tale, and can stomach even grosser improbabilities, you should next purchase the new pocket-book edition of THE LORD OF THE SEA (Knopf, \$1.00) which has, appropriately, an introduction by Carl Van Vechten—one of the first to sing Shiel's praises in America. If Dr. Krasinski and Richard, who took the oceans for his empire, do not convince you of Shiel's genius, you had best forswear all commerce with imaginative romance.

ON THE SLIGHTEST of themes Peter Egge writes the life story of HANSINE SOLSTAD (Doubleday, Doran \$2.50). Because Hansine left one farm in Norway to work in more congenial surroundings with her kinsfolk, her former employers accuse her of theft, and so quickly does malicious gossip spread that the whole community knows it before Hansine. It proves to be another case of giving a dog a bad name. From then on everything that is missed is traced—purely by circumstantial evidence—to the girl. Although

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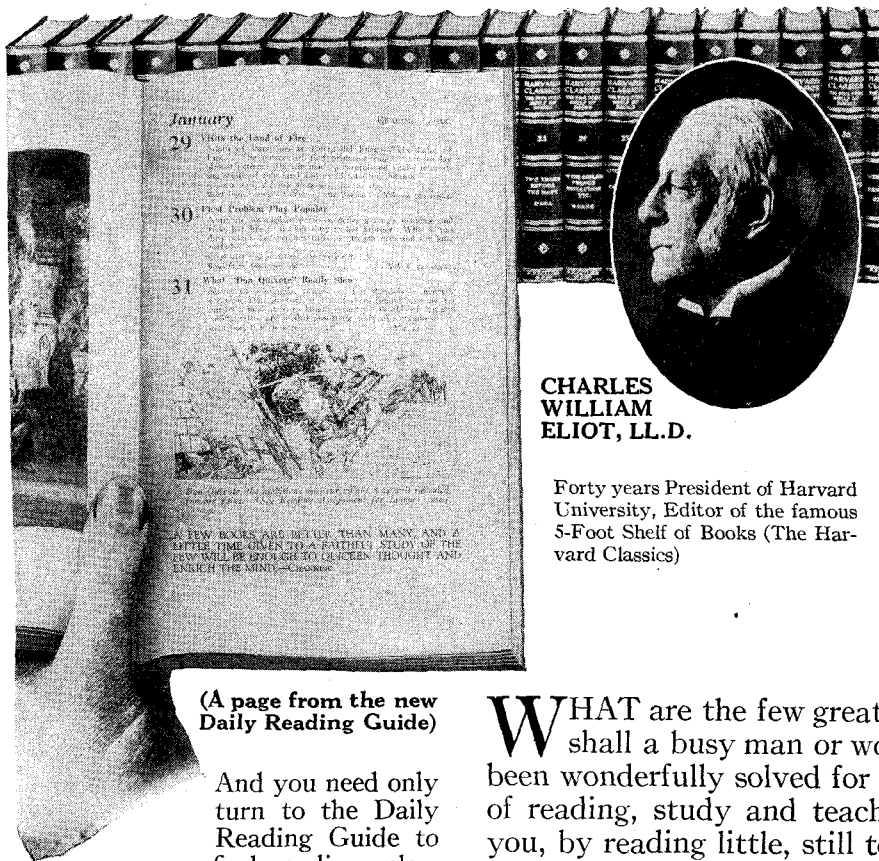
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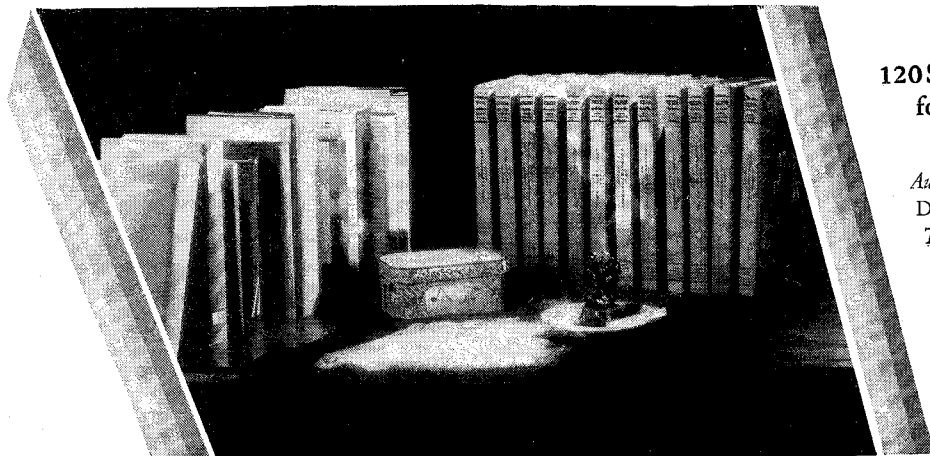
she is offered opportunities to leave the country, Hansine refuses to go and devotes her entire life to combating the slander and clearing her family's name. It is one of those books in which the rebellion on the part of the reader seems greater than the rebellion of the maligned character. Like most translations from the Scandinavian, the book has considerable power, and one feels about the girl, as Henry Goddard Leach says in his introduction: "She is of the self-possessed human stuff that outlives the wars of man."

WE ONCE heard a rumor to the effect that this twentieth century is the "Machine Age." Apparently the rumor reached Edward J. O'Brien too — about ten years later. He thought it was an idea, so he sat down and wrote a book about it *THE DANCE OF THE MACHINES* (Macaulay, \$2.50). His theme is that of Eugene O'Neill's *Dynamo*: the machines we have created have got us in their grip and God only knows what they are going to do to us. It is getting so a man will soon be afraid to look his own collar-button in the eye for fear it will rise up and overpower him, like a snake hypnotizing a bird. By making his definition of a "machine" broad enough to include anything from a common pin to a board of directors, Mr. O'Brien finds that he can tie up machinery with all phases of life and prove just about what he pleases, to his own satisfaction. First he discusses the nature of machines and in doing so he offers innumerable quotations on the subject, apparently in the belief that whatever achieves the dignity of print must be authoritative. Then he discusses the army (the author himself will have to explain why). And finally he takes up the standardization of the short story in America, not because it has any particular connection with machines, but because short stories and Edward J. O'Brien go together in the minds of the public. This is the only section of the book of any value or interest; for the rest, it is a compendium of muddled thought, forced parallels, and general incoherence. Yet the author is well pleased with the result that he has promised himself he will write two more books on the same subject and make it a trilogy for good measure.

SIGMUND SPAETH is the clown of the music world, but under his levity there appears to be good sense and considerable insight into the musical instincts, if any, of the ordinary man. In *THEY STILL SING OF LOVE* (Liveright, \$2.00) he has assembled miscellaneous essays on the popular appreciation of music. Some of them are amusing reminiscences of the ballads that have wrung the hearts and strained the patience of the nation in the

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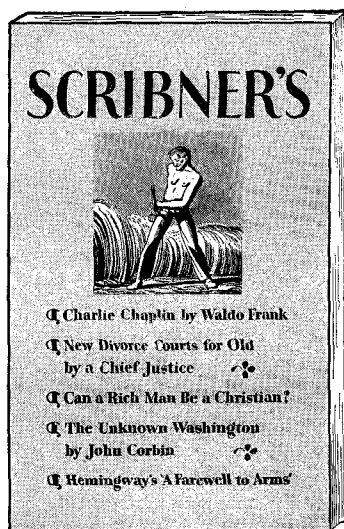
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Books in Brief

last century. Others are humorous skits — not too humorous — which have no particular reason for being included in the book except that they touch on music. Toward the end he becomes more serious and makes a cautious attempt to inveigle the man in the street into Carnegie Hall by outlining briefly the method of "classical" music and hinting at its delights. Those whose heart is in Tin Pan Alley will pause over his jibes at the self-consciousness of the lyricists who are trying to high-hat the old mush theme without daring to shy away from it. And most of us can take a malicious delight in his suggestion that much of our touted "primitive" music is merely a matter of singing off key and out of time.

WAR NOVELS are as prevalent as an epidemic. Most of us can smell the very stench of the front line or describe a star shell bursting in mid-air. CLASS OF 1902 (Viking, \$2.50) takes a different tack. Ernst Glaeser describes the emotional uncertainties and the physical hardships of his own generation, the German boys born in 1902 who were too young to go to war, yet who did not escape unscathed. Just as they were fumbling with the adult mysteries of sex, a new mystery of mob frenzy and mob hatred sprang up overnight for their further confusion. Glaeser's picture of a village behind the German lines is, in its quiet way, as bitter an indictment of war as Remarque's or Arnold Zweig's. His tormented twelve-year-olds are pitifully real. Their development through the war period is not a pleasant thing to follow. Although his novel smacks of straight autobiography, and is somewhat lacking in form, Glaeser handles fresh material with considerable beauty and with uncompromising though compassionate insight.

IF YOU ever have occasion to wonder why it requires a special act of Congress to enable you to exchange a pair of purple pajamas for green ones in a large department store, THE SALESLADY, by Frances R. Donovan (Univ. of Chicago Press, \$3.00), will tell you. Apparently the University of Chicago thought the question was important enough for research study, so Miss Donovan, their secret agent, assumed one of her disguises and spent several months prowling about behind department store counters, ostensibly waiting on customers but actually checking up on the girls. In this book she tells all — where the girls come from, where and how they live, what they think about, their attitude toward marriage, what they do on their weekends at Asbury Park. Miss Donovan is a good reporter if not a brilliant sociologist; her account resembles an O. Henry story more than a text book.

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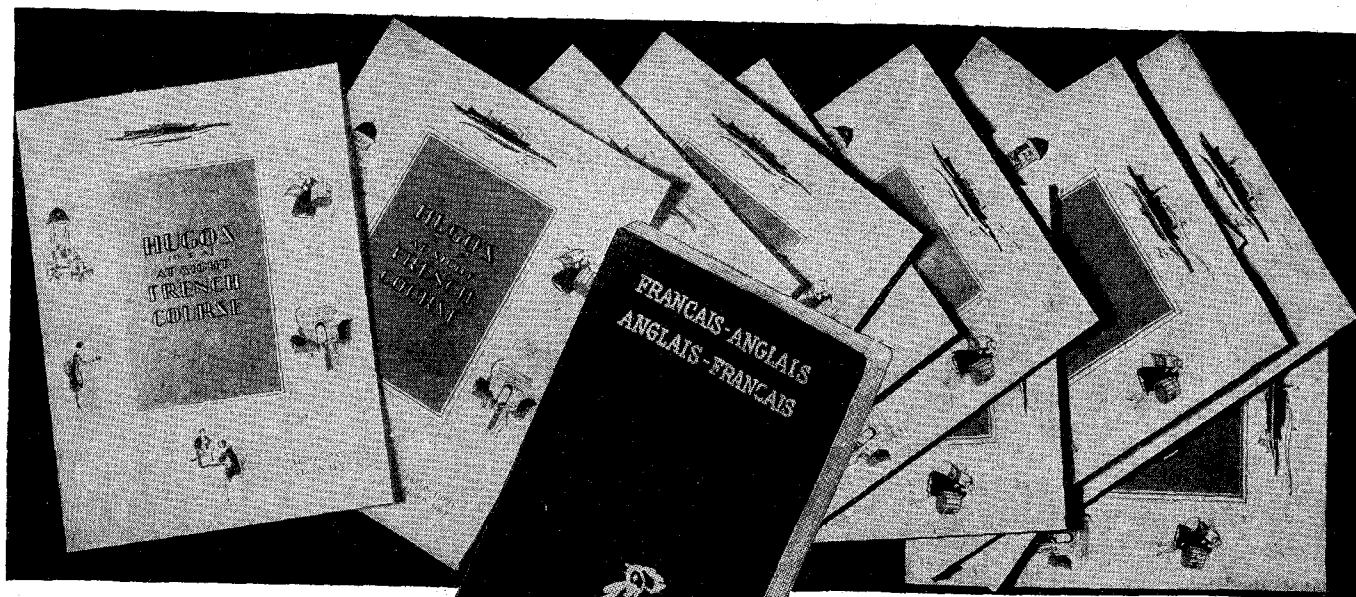
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mais oui.....	may we
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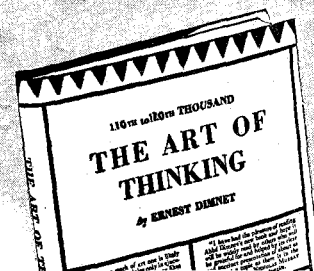
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THE PRISONER



Share My Cell!

by **RALPH CHAPLIN**

*Ex-convict 13104, for four years a political prisoner
in Leavenworth Penitentiary*

LANG . . .! The morning gong sounds in the cell-house. It jangles brokenly, as if it too were in prison for good reason. We awaken with a sullen start. The last notes of reveille, muffled by many walls, ring in our ears although we cannot remember having heard the bugle. There is a moment of silence. The incandescents burn sickly yellow on the high brick walls. The bars in the tall windows become blacker and blacker against a flush of blue-green. The cell lights are snapped on, bright and cruel. Windows and galleries disappear. Only the cell itself becomes alarmingly vivid and alive. One is always surprised to awake and find oneself in prison.

Ah yes, we recall. There is a policeman on the street corner in the home town. Back of the policeman is the jail, back of the jail the judge, back of the judge is . . . this! Yet this is the thing no one knows anything about except those of us who are here. Everyone knows about policemen and judges and such. The papers are full of them all the time. The Good Citizen reads about them and little else as he sips his breakfast coffee. "Young robber sent

up for fifteen years" — so state the headlines. And the Good Citizen reading them chuckles with satisfaction. "Fifteen years; that will teach him something!" But how about the fifteen years? One never hears about them.

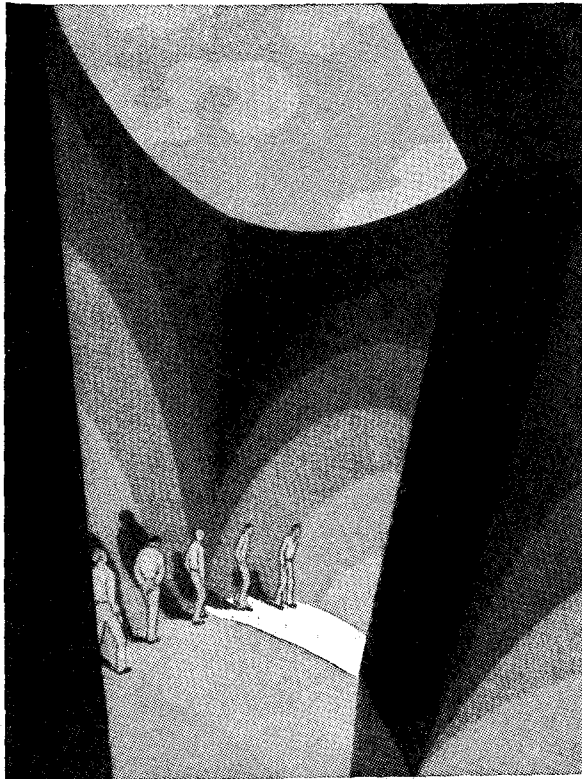
Yet, from every point of view, the fifteen years are really the important thing. But the judge knows little about it, the Good Citizen less, and the newspapers seemingly nothing at all. It is generally taken for granted that these fifteen years, in some mysterious manner, are designed either to punish or to reform the young robber, thereby adding to the security and peace of mind of men like the Good Citizen and the judge. But really, just what is the idea back of the imprisonment of offenders against the law? One is sometimes tempted to wonder whether anyone, anywhere, has any clear conception as to what it is all about.

Perhaps spending a day in prison would help to make things clearer. Fifteen years would be better, but that is probably out of the question — at present. It is understood, then, that you are to be locked up for the day and that you are to look at the scene, not through

the eyes of a visitor, but through the eyes of a prisoner who knows more than he can say about life in prison. Perhaps you will be horrified, perhaps bored; but if you are game to try an honest experiment, step into this cell with me and we will start the day together. Remember that you have just awakened and are surprised to find yourself in prison!

II

A FLUTTER of activity is rippling through the cell-block. We must all slip into our faded blue or khaki prison suits. You will notice that our numbers are stenciled conspicuously on strips of material which are sewn untidily above our knees and across our backs. We must wash our faces now and comb our hair and make up our bunks neatly — army style. We must hurry, too, for the heavy step of the guard sounds on the iron gallery. It is “Goose-neck” and we trust he isn’t feeling cross this morning. He wears a blue uniform and carries a club, just like a policeman. Now we must stand near the iron door of the cell. It is a good idea to remain this way until the count is repeated and approved by the deputy’s office.



*... that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky.*

“Jeeze, dose bedbugs was fierce last night; helluva lot worse dan in ‘D.’ Look at my arms — all chewed up!”

It is our cell partner, Joe Morelli, speaking. He is here for transporting stolen automobiles. He is Jewish, with the hard-bitten face of a young gangster. He has respect for our low prison number, but thinks us poor company on account of our preoccupation with books and magazines. For a long time he has been anxious to cell with Spike Kelly of St. Louis, who lives a few doors away. Spike was a “big shot” among car “fences” of the Midwest until he was apprehended a few months ago. I have been informed confidentially that Spike and Morelli have arranged to go into “business” together when they get out.

“Anyway,” Joe continues, “I leave you to-day — cell change. Got my notice last night.”

“Better stay over Friday and help out with bedbugging,” we suggest. “Spike will only get you into trouble anyway.”

“Dat ain’t it,” he replies. “I haven’t told you before, but you’re well and I ain’t. You see I got the ‘pip’ and Spike won’t mind because he’s dat way too.”

Clang . . . ! The count has been approved. Grating of iron levers up and down the gallery releasing locks on long rows of barred doors. Out against the shiny brass rail we go. Whew, what a crowd! Uneven lines of men everywhere, shuffling and chattering like birds — all numbered. Two abreast as the cell-house door is neared. Quiet now! There must be no talking in the line or the “screw” in the yard will grab your number. Lost privileges, lost “good time” — perhaps the “hole”! Let’s be careful.

“13104 and 17482 out of line!”

It is Bradley’s voice, day guard in “B” cell-house. The numbers belong to Morelli and ourselves. Bradley lounges at his desk with uniform unbuttoned and cap on the back of his head. He beams a rough smile at us. Thank Heavens, no trouble this time!

“Wait over for late mess. Take Morelli to the hospital and out to ‘2’ gang. Ira will fix up the cell change.”

Ira is an old-timer. He has been head orderly in “B” under Bradley for almost twenty years. He wears a “snitch jacket” over his narrow shoulders, which are hunched from sitting at the desk with his head in his hands. His face is

gray-white and heavily grooved. In spite of his active, pale blue eyes, he resembles a white-washed mummy. We ask Ira about the sick-call ticket.

"O. K.," he replies. "But Jeeze, how rotten the grub is this morning! Grits again, and the Java thinner'n water. Gettin' worse all the time. We ain't had no syrup now for mor'n three weeks."

There are only about five hundred of us at late mess. The great gray room with its huge barred windows seems vaster than ever, being less than one-third full. A few guards with alert eyes stand about the aisles at irregular intervals. At big mess there are ever so many more. Major Pippins, fortunately, is not in his sanctum with crooked cane and gavel. After all, late mess has its advantages.

There is a certain advantage, too, in being an old-timer and knowing the ropes around this place. Four extra pads of oleo are flipped onto our plate by a passing "hasher" — another act of kindness from Spud Tyler. I'll have to slip him a couple of extra bags of "Bull." Three months ago he sneaked us six hard-boiled eggs in the same manner. We shall never forget them. Spud would be willing to slip us a steaming plate of hot cakes, too, just like the "shine" politicians get. But we are afraid to take the chance. It seems that only the colored boys in the kitchen can get away with things like that.

Three years ago we "hashed" with Spud. This was before we graduated to an office job. Spud is square and a good worker. He won his promotions clean. What a time we had mopping floors, swabbing the soiled mess benches, or grabbing cups and plates with lightning speed for the big-wheeled carriers! Or peeling potatoes or polishing pots and pans under Old Man Canary in the commissary room! How expert we were at polishing — the syrup pots used to shine until they mirrored every tiny barred window in that dark basement when we were through with them!

It is a hard grind though, slinging "garbage" for mess. Next to the boilerhouse it is the hardest job in the place. It is hard, dirty, and smelly, with always too many men on hand for the work to do. They get in one another's way and are always "stooling" and "snitching" on someone in order to advance their own interests. Then, too, the place is rotten with

perversity. The entire commissary is maggotty with men, and unnatural lust lurks in every dark corner. No color line is drawn and some white boy is usually the objective. The guards are not always to blame. In this dank underworld how can guards be everywhere and see everything?

III

HERE WE ARE out in the yard again. The sky is lightly overcast and a fine rain is misting the air. The tailorshop door has swallowed up the last of the long line of gray figures that a moment ago was winding from the cobbled street up to the tiny brick balcony at the head of the stairs. From the barred windows of the laundry building come the blended odors of soapy steam and *marijuana*. You cannot stop Mexicans from smoking the drug even under the nose of the guard. The streets are almost deserted. The last of the work gangs have been marched to their jobs.

Chance, the Negro orderly who has handled newly arrived prisoners for eighteen years, is herding a little group of rookies. They are herded for the square red building on the left marked "Clothing Department." Chance



*... I never saw a man who looked
So wistfully at the day.*

clucks about them here and there like an old hen with chickens. Shortly he will take them to the deputy's office where they will be assigned to jobs and to their regular cells. How bewildered they look in this strange, new world in which they now find themselves! We may meet them at the deputy's office again when we go for Morelli's cell-change ticket. We shall see what they look like in their numbers after their encounter with the "Iron Man."

This way, then, between the silent, red brick walls of "D" cell-house and the noisy, wide windows of the mess hall. The small building facing us is the supply department. In the doorway you can see Old Man Mould with his operating force of five dealing out dis-bugging appurtenances to a dejected pair of cell-house orderlies. We walk past the deputy's office and turn right in front of the little red building where Chance has taken the rookies.

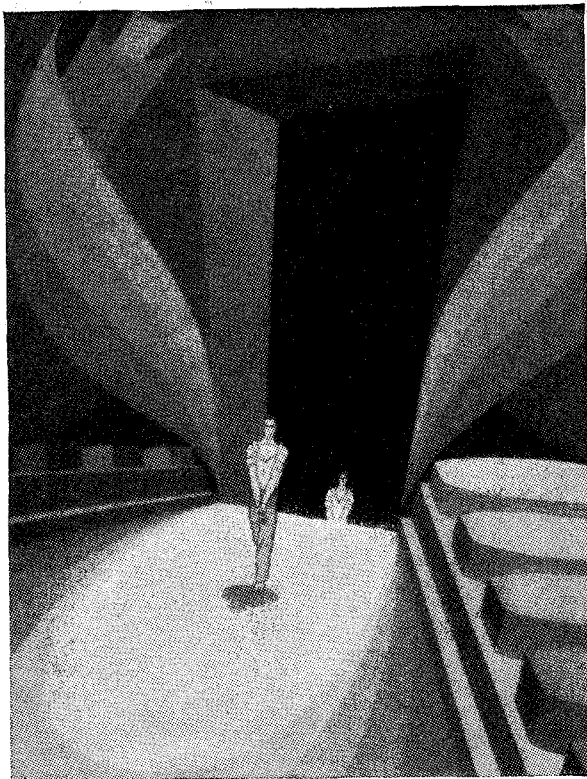
The boilerhouse is at our left. It is long and low and squat. The huge brick smokestack stabs into the wet sky with an almost impossible perspective. An empty coal-car stands on the tracks in front of a grimy door. It is a picture of loneliness with its boastful initials reminiscent of distant states and untrammelled stretches of open road. A short time ago, near

where the coal-car is standing, Bull Leonard, captain of the guards, was stabbed to death by a prison-maddened Mexican armed with a sharpened file.

Do you hear that saw singing as it bites into seasoned wood? That is the carpenter shop. It is just around the corner from the boilerhouse. It is liberally supplied with "carpenters" and has some machinery. Let us peek in at the door as we pass without appearing to do so. Yes, the boys are still working on that hand-carved parlor set for the warden's house. They have been at it a couple of years now. Listen! Can you hear that other sound? — tap, tap, tap, tap. . . . That is where the boys in the stone-shed are "making little ones out of big ones."

Over there is the hospital, the big building just beyond this long, low one with the wide roof. This is the tuberculosis annex. You are not permitted to enter, but don't feel badly. It is none too pleasant there. You might see things you would be glad to forget. The floor and walls are of white tile with a row of white cots on each side, under the barred windows, the entire length of the building. The sight of the inmates is painful. The figures under the white covers are so thin that your eye can hardly detect them. At certain times a screen is placed around one of these cots. The convict head nurse usually stands by fidgeting while the orderly rushes away for a mop and a pail of lysol. When this happens, you may know that a T.B. prisoner is being liberated — to Peckerwood Ridge!

There is an open sun-porch on both sides of the annex. Men, singly or in small groups, are walking slowly up and down. Domino or checker games are in progress here and there. Perhaps we may be able to see Old Man Keeney instructing his pupils. Keeney is a veteran convict — a "seven times loser." But he cherishes the title, "King of the Safecrackers." His instruction is more eagerly sought after than that of any other yeggman in the institution. But Keeney is not in sight to-day. Perhaps he has taken a turn for the worse. But there is Captain Boots, the young Negro who was arrested for murder in Alaska; and there is Henry Eyebrow, the Indian who was arrested for rape in Oklahoma because a white man coveted his oil land; and there is old Don Donley, with a nose like an eagle's beak and a forehead like Socrates'. Don is the prison



. . . each man kills the thing he loves,

philosopher. The book he is reading must be the seventh or eighth volume of *The History of Civilization*. He started reading the set almost two years ago when we were nursing in the annex. Wonder if he will ever live to finish it?

HERE WE ARE at last at the hospital itself. Morelli fingering his sick-call card, joins the tail end of the slowly shortening line of men that is entering the cut-stone doorway. A group of outside trustees walk past us under guard. They wear high shoes and have yellow cloth stars sewed on their jackets. They are to work somewhere beyond the walls on the prison reservation. Lucky devils!

We enter the hospital and seat ourselves on a bench to await the return of Morelli. Beck, the hospital guard, walks past to the head of the waiting line. He swings his club and thrusts out his chin as though daring any one of the convicts to start anything with him!

Smitty from the dental office stands beside the bench. We look up and notice that his face seems drawn and worried. "What's the matter, Smitty — trouble?" we whisper.

"No," he replies in a low voice. "A Negro broke out of our nut ward this morning, climbed to the fourth story on the window of 'B', and then took a nose-dive into the cinders. They had us out cleaning up the mess. He's in there now."

Smitty was sent up for a train robbery and murder in Woodlawn. He is "doing it all," and incidentally learning dentistry.

Morelli returns at last. He holds a white envelope in his hand instead of his sick-call card.

"What did they do for you?" we ask.

"Pills," he grinned. "Everyone on sick call got black pills dis morning! Let's see about the cell change."

The anteroom of the deputy warden's office leads through an iron-barred door to the isolation quarters in the rear of the building. Back of the temporary isolation cells and above on the second floor are the permanent isolation quarters with a small, walled courtyard hard against the main south wall. Roy Gardner is there, Stroud, Holt, and a number of others. But these prisoners are never to be seen. They will spend their lives in a prison within a prison. We peek timidly through the barred door, but

see nothing but darkness and the guards standing on either side.

Chance is waiting in the anteroom with his squad of nervous rookies, just as we expected. Court call is now over, but still we wait and wait — interminably. An electric bell buzzes excitedly. An orderly in starched gray "snitch jacket" appears. He whispers to the guard, who glides into the deputy's office. Soon he reappears with a prisoner — a lank, dark young fellow, evidently a Southerner. He has a chrome yellow "3" freshly stenciled on his jacket and work pants. The barred door to isolation opens from the inside. The second guard takes the prisoner and thrusts him none too gently into a near-by dark cell. The heavy door slams shut. The guard stares through a round peep-hole for a moment, then returns to his place.

"What did he do?" we ask Chance, who knows everything.

"Stole tobacco from another prisoner. Deputy done said he don't understand it, but thieves *will* get into this place!"

Morelli's number is called. The office orderly gives him the cell change without question. We prepare to leave.

"Do we get our clothes back if we ever leave this place?" one of the rookies whispers to



Yet each man does not die.

Chance as he bustles down the line of men. "No sah," replies the orderly gravely. "You get a new suit of clo'es, a new pah of shoes, a railroad ticket, a five dollah bill, and a kick in the pants. And that's all yo' do get."

"Where now?" Morelli asks.

"Back to '2' gang," we answer.

Past the carpenter shop again. The saw sings lustily against another leg of the warden's chair. Sullivan, the guard, is half asleep in the doorway. A fly troubles his nose. He fans at it lazily as we walk past.

Here is "2" gang at last! Two huge piles of sand about ten feet apart. Prisoners in long lines are digging into one pile and removing it, a shovelful at a time, to the other pile.

"Jeeze," growls Morelli under his breath, "dey've been doin' dat fer de last six months. Guess I'll put in a request fer a change of work."

"Careful," we caution him. "Remember Spitsy at the stone-shed, who has hammered away at one rock with his sledge until he has it almost worn to a pebble."

"See you in church," grins Morelli as "Fifty-fifty," the guard, hands him a shovel.

V

AS WE WALK back to the cell-house, there is a bugle and the whistle blows. Long lines of prisoners form in all directions, each gang with its proper guard. A blare of blatant music from the mess hall. We march in.

The great, gray room again, full to capacity. Major Pippins is surveying us from his sanctum. Scurrying of "hashers," clatter of dishes, and the squealing and groaning of the prison band. Through the arched doorway leading to the kitchen the iron caldron cookers are seen, emitting puffs of unsavory steam and the odor of grease. The huge, polished, copper coffee urns near the range are alive with highlights that leap and twist like fire. A "hasher" stands beside us, perspiration dripping from his face into the steaming tin waiter which hangs suspended from his neck.

"Stew?" asks the "hasher."

"Good Lawd, pahsnips again!" wails the Negro next to us, sniffing cannily and jerking his hand downward frantically to his neighbor in indication of his desire for salt. "Pahsnips some day'll sho staht a riot!"

"Parsnips, hell!" softly growls the prisoner

to his right. "It's 'red terror', and here's a cockroach that got in mine by mistake."

"Dat's nuffin," whispers the Negro without moving his lips. "Last week ah done got a pig's toof with mah slum."

"Pipe down," we mutter, "the screw's looking."

Major Pippins taps his gavel. We leave the benches, turning three each way to form a single file, and march in endless lines to our respective cell-houses. Heat is vibrant on the cobbled walks, and the cell-blocks are blistering hot as we enter.

We wash and sit on the edge of the cot waiting for the time to stand up for count. The guard finally hurries past. His eyebrows are perplexed. He is checking numbers nervously with his index finger. This is repeated again and again — at last almost frantically. Something is wrong with the count. The gong does not sound. The heat bears down upon us. The corridor breaks into sharp curses and cat-calls. An indefinable something communicates itself from cell to cell and from gallery to gallery.

There has been a "getaway"! The great boilerhouse whistle screeches "wildcat," and we screech with it. But there will be no yard for us this afternoon. Whew, but it's hot!

Was that an hour ago, or five hours, or five years? It is getting late. The night guard comes on duty. We hear him shuffling down the gallery in "sneak shoes." The windows darken slowly until the bars are almost indiscernable in the blue-green gloom. The incandescent wall lamps in the corridor gleam from sickly yellow to white, throwing a faint pattern of bars across our tiny cell.

"13104!" It is the voice of Ira, the old orderly, and it sounds hollower than usual. He supports himself against the bars with his thin, hairy arms exactly as a monkey would do. The tops of his thin shoulders are even with his ears.

"Sorry, but I've got a court call for you. See deputy in the morning. Tennessee reported you for talking in the mess hall, but don't say I told you."

Taps sound somewhere, muffled by many walls. The incandescent above us snaps out. The wall lights flare brightly, filling the cell with patterned shadows. We try to yawn, but cannot. Guess we'd better turn in and try to get a little sleep.

The Real Meaning of the Power Problem



by **FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT**

Governor of New York

IT WILL NOT be divulging a state secret to say that Governor Roosevelt believes the power issue to be one of the most urgently important questions which the public will be called upon to face and settle within the next few years. The problem is essentially a knotty one, and it has been rendered doubly obscure by clouds of misapprehension. In order to dissipate at least some of these clouds, the Governor has here prepared a brief and lucid statement of his own views. All who read it will agree that it is a fair-minded presentation of one side of the case. It does not pretend to be more than that. It is a challenge to the American public to think the problem through for themselves. There is ample room, of course, for wide differences of opinion, and in order to clarify the issue still further, *THE FORUM* expects to publish soon an answer to Governor Roosevelt by one of the leading business men in the field of public utilities.

SO MUCH EFFORT has been spent in the daily press to make the so-called electric power question a matter of political sensation that many good people have come to the rather bored conclusion that the problem is not especially vital, and that it is being exploited by one side or the other for partisan purposes. Let me start by saying that it is the greatest

pity in the world that the providing of electrical current to the homes and farms and factories of the United States should have any connection whatever with politics. The real reason for bringing in the political tinge will appear further on in this brief review; but first it is necessary to return to first principles and to ask certain simple questions about public utilities.

Why does an individual or a corporation which engages in providing certain kinds of services for the public, such as ferries, railroads, telephones, and electric lights, differ from the individual or corporation which makes shoes and garments for the public, or opens a new department store? The distinction is an ancient one which goes back for centuries in our civilization; it arose out of the necessity of protecting the public against exploitation by common carriers and preventing discrimination against any one class of citizens. As far back as our Colonial days, for instance, special charters were granted to ferry and toll-road

companies. The ferry across the Hudson River at Newburgh, as I remember it, is still operating under the original royal grant from the Crown of Great Britain.

As our civilization developed new methods of transportation and communication, the state legislatures commenced to grant charters which gave certain rights but required, in return, certain guarantees for the good of the public; for instance, the famous charter of the New York Central Railroad by which the charge for passenger transportation was limited to two cents a mile.

Until the early years of the present century, the public utility situation was in a chaotic state. In some of our commonwealths there had been attempts at regulation by permanent bodies, but in most parts of the country supervision and regulation rested on ill-prepared and often unfair legislative enactments. Matters came to a head in the State of New York while Governor Hughes was in office and resulted in the creation of a Public Service Commission, which was given authority to regulate all public utilities. During this period most of the other states adopted this same form of supervision by a continuing public authority.

What is important is that the adoption of this system of regulating the public utilities was merely a new method devised at the time to carry out an old, basic principle which before had been exercised by legislators and by kings and queens. The underlying purpose remained the same.

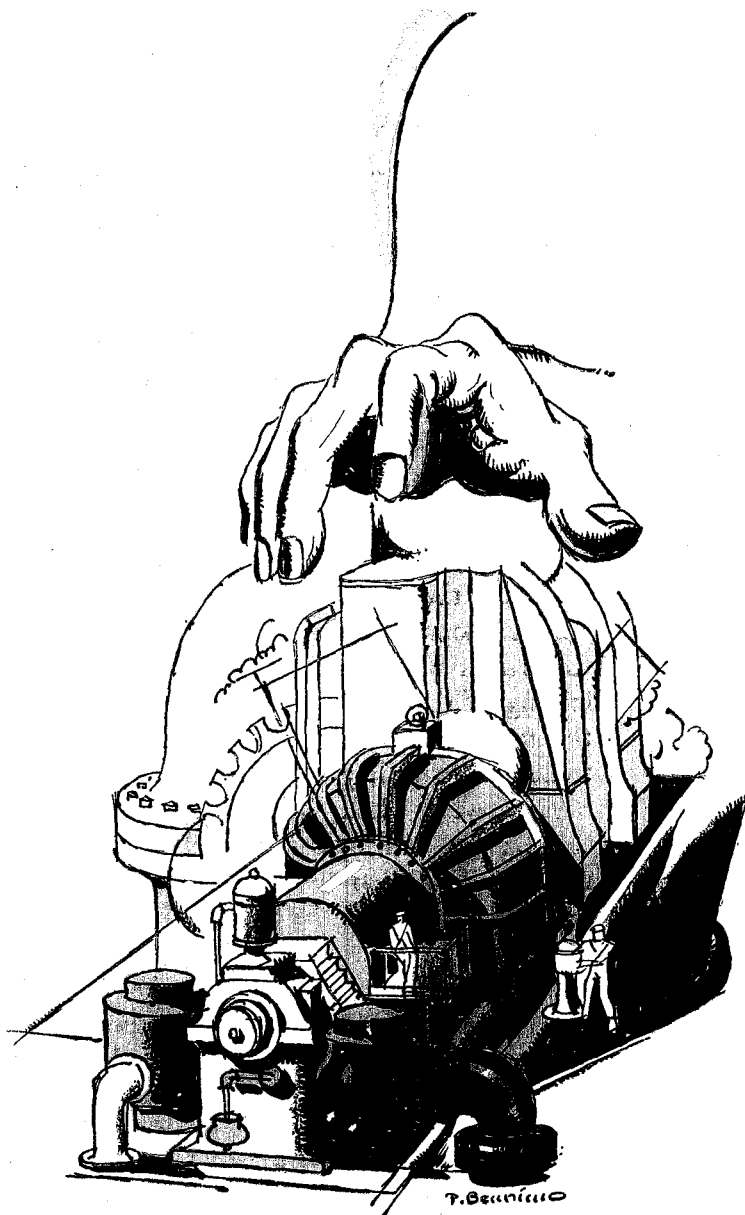
Speaking in general terms, the years from 1900 to 1910 saw the acceptance of the method of regulation by commission, and during that period there was very little doubt in the minds of most people as to what the commissions were supposed to do. In theory at least, they were to keep a careful check on all companies operating railroads, ferries, telephone systems, and electrical distribution for certain simple purposes. First, the commission was to prevent the unnecessary duplication of service in the same territory served, and to prevent cutthroat competition which would end in the bankruptcy of the competitors. Second, the commission was to eliminate favoritism in service and secure adequate service for as many people as needed it. Third, the commission was to establish and approve the rates to be charged.

On this last duty hangs the chief issue of the present controversy.

While in many instances the actual language creating these commissions was ill-defined, nevertheless the purpose of the language was wholly clear to the average citizen. This purpose was to grant rates to the public utility company which would net to it a reasonable return on the investment made by the bondholders and stockholders of the company, that investment representing the actual cost of the land involved and the structures on it, the cost of the machinery, and reasonable amounts for depreciation and for necessary operating capital. In no place was there a definition of "reasonable return," but there was an undoubted "meeting of the minds" between the utilities and the public that a figure somewhere between six and ten per cent on such an investment would represent a reasonable return.

Mark well that the investors of twenty years ago were perfectly aware that when they put their money into the bonds or stocks of public utility corporations, they could not and should not expect to get the same kind of unlimited profits which they might have expected, both legally and ethically, if they had invested in wholly private enterprises which did not have the social characteristics of utilities. At the same time that they expected this limitation of profits, they also knew that the government authorities were obligated, morally at least, to authorize rates which would earn for them the interest on the bonds and a reasonable return on the stock.

For a decade thereafter there was little interest in the public service commissions throughout the country, because on the surface they seemed to be functioning in accordance with the popular conception of their duties. Slowly but surely, however, the newest utility of all—electricity—grew in importance, not only as a business but as an integral part in the lives of the great majority of citizens. Even during this decade from 1910 to 1920, without the knowledge or interest of the public, the process of "nibbling" at the original intent of the laws had begun. Largely because of the vagueness of the original laws, all kinds of courts scattered throughout the land began to place confusing and uncoordinated constructions on the working of the many laws. This was the critical



time during which the original investment in the utility companies began to be lost to sight.

One cannot wholly blame the public service commissions, for in every case they were ill-equipped for their task. A utility company would bring in a set of account books which were so involved that the small accounting divisions of the public service commissions often just threw up their hands, for the very good reason that they did not have the time, the money, or the staff to analyze the accounts. There were also many new questions as to what should properly be allowed as an operating expense and what should properly be allowed as a capital expense. Hundreds of new items thus crept into both operating and capital accounts, and many wholly improper charges were thus allowed to result in increased

rates to the public. There also arose such problems as how much depreciation of plant should be allowed each year, and whether "obsolescence" also should be allowed; how much surplus was necessary; what kind of expenditures for advertising were proper; what engineers' and lawyers' fees were allowable; how new capital required for plant extension should be raised; and so forth *ad infinitum*.

Often, on what seemed the most trivial points, many of the public utilities obtained favorable court decisions, employing, of course, the best attorneys possible, and being opposed in many cases by mediocre attorneys general or by second-rate lawyers who were the best the commissions could afford to employ. Even the Supreme Court of the United States (and this is said not in a spirit of criticism but of sympathy) handed down a series of decisions which were construed in several different ways, many of the constructions by lawyers being based on the dicta of the court rather than on the actual decision on the facts and law of each individual case itself.

For instance, there are many in this country who think to-day that broad, judicial approval has been

given by the Supreme Court to the theory that the cost of reproducing wholly new the plant and property of a public utility is to be the basis for the determination of rates. Yet that is not a fact. I am very certain that if a definite test case were to be carried to the Supreme Court to-morrow, that body would not hold that reproduction cost is the true ultimate basis for valuation; and further, I do not believe that the Supreme Court has closed the door on the prudent investment theory which was the original basis of regulation by commission.

Let me cite an example. Assume that a company develops a water power at a cost (including operating capital) of \$1,000,000, consisting of \$700,000 of bonds and \$300,000 of stock. Under the prudent investment theory

the owners of the capital stock might properly get a return on their investment of eight per cent a year, or \$24,000. This would come to them after a proper amount had been set aside from earnings to create a depreciation fund and a small surplus and to pay the interest on the bonds. Under the prudent investment theory the common stockholders would have enough in the depreciation fund to rebuild the plant when it became obsolete or outworn, and they would have practically permanent assurance that their principal and interest were secure.

Assume, on the other hand, that instead of this continuing process of a reasonable return the reproduction cost theory is adopted, and that ten years after the plant is built the rise in property values and in material and labor values would make the theoretical reproduction value of the property \$2,000,000 instead of the original \$1,000,000. Under the reproduction value theory, the stockholders would have not only the nest egg of the depreciation fund, but would be entitled also to dividends on the additional \$1,000,000. This would give them the right to dividends on \$1,300,000 instead of on \$300,000 — a total of \$104,000 *per annum* instead of \$24,000. In other words, they would get a return of more than thirty-four per cent on their original investment.

Somebody has to pay that thirty-four per cent, and it is obvious that it is the consumers who do the paying.

The simple reason for the existence of a controversy to-day lies in the events of the past ten years, and especially in the events of the last two years. We all know that we have been going through a double process during these years: first, the purchasing of one electric power company by another, until most of the smaller companies are now owned by larger groups; and second, the purchase of these larger groups by so-called holding companies. The result is that to-day the practical voting control — or in effect the ownership of electric power in the United States — is vested to the extent of eighty per cent in half a dozen holding companies, each one to a large degree supreme and unopposed in its own territory.

It is also a fact that the capitalization of these holding companies and of their subsidiaries and component parts is many times the amount of money which the property owned

by them represents in actual outlay or in fair valuation of the property. Let that fact sink in.

No one questions the assertion that because electricity can be transmitted over great distances, the consolidation of management ought, in principle, to result in greater business efficiency and in a lower actual cost of production. But if we accept either the capitalization of these great holding companies or the market value of their securities, it is perfectly obvious that they expect to earn infinitely larger profits than the historic and sound theory of a reasonable return would permit.

The real “milk in the electric cocoanut” is therefore the question as to which view the people of this country want to take. In the one case they will be willing to accept the obvious hope of the electric utility companies to earn an adequate return on all of the pyramiding of stocks which has gone on through the mergers and consolidations, and thereby treat public utility companies practically as if they were wholly private enterprises; accepting this with eyes open and realizing that the householders and manufacturers and farmers of the nation are the people who are paying these great profits. On the other hand, the public can insist on going back to the principles which have stood for three hundred years, differentiating sharply between a public utility and a private business, insisting that the rate of return shall be based on the prudent investment theory and on the right of the consuming public to get the lion’s share resulting from improvements made in management and in modern science.

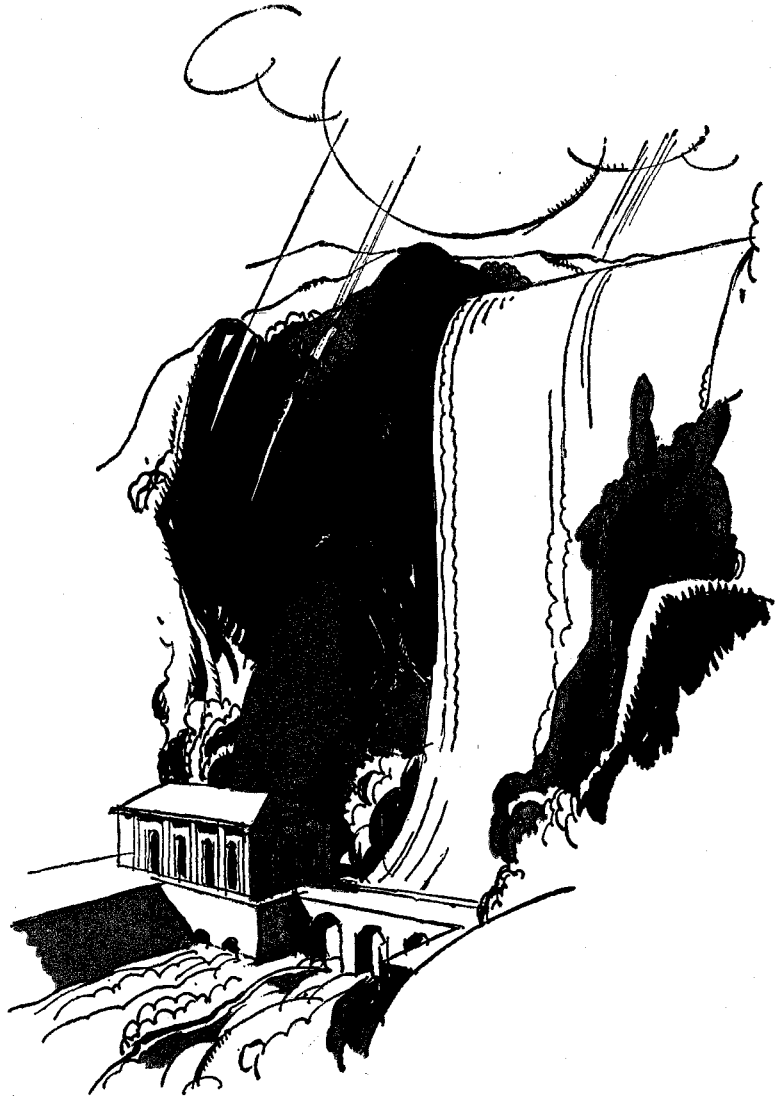
The present trend, caused principally by a lack of public interest and understanding, is to permit the consumers to pay the dividends on vast increases of stock issues resulting from mergers and from the creation of holding companies. It is charged, for example, that in one state alone — New York — the price paid by recently created holding companies for operating companies was \$200,000,000 more than the book value of the operating companies. Should the users of electric lights and the users of electric power pay rates high enough to earn a dividend on that sum? Or are these capitalizations and additions to capital mere water?

The development of the water power of the St. Lawrence River is but a part of the greater issue; so also are the developments at

Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam. All of them are important chiefly because these three sites remain the only great natural power sources still owned by the people. One of the most important arguments in favor of their development by Federal or state authorities is that, if so developed, they will remain forever as a yardstick with which to measure the cost of producing and transmitting electricity. Such a yardstick is lacking to-day in the United States.

We know only that in Ontario a government power commission working in conjunction with municipally owned plants is selling electricity to the householders at a lower rate than do private companies on the American side of the border. Since Adam Beck initiated the Ontario plan twenty years ago, a campaign has been conducted by the power companies of the United States to discredit the Canadian plan. We are told that it would be inefficient and would fail financially. Yet, to-day, it has spread electric lights and electrically driven house and farm machinery into almost every family, and it is financially in a sound and strong position.

It is because Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam and the St. Lawrence are to-day publicly owned that their ultimate development comes into the realm of politics. Very powerful financial groups want to have the use of the power for their own companies. They have strong political backing. On the other side are the unorganized citizens who want the disposal and physical possession kept in the constant control of the Federal or state governments. It is interesting to note that the utility companies, up to ten years ago, were fighting the public service commissions in every state. To-day the companies are in the main supporting the commissions and opposing any suggestions of change in regulation. So, too, they are opposing the contract theory of rate making; they are dragging the red herring of "socialism" and "government ownership" across the trail; they are talking of the great



savings to result from mergers and holding companies. Well and good: who is to get the savings?

It is not enough to answer that utility securities are so widely distributed that the people will get the benefit of the dividend anyway, even though their electric light rates are not lowered as they should be. It is said that only about two per cent of the American public are the owners of these utility stocks. The other ninety-eight per cent will not get adequate reduction in rates, and will get no dividends to compensate them.

This, then, presents an interesting question of our ultra-modern civilization. It should be studied with deep attention by every man and woman in America, for on the answer may depend not merely the method of distributing electricity to our homes and industries, but far greater questions involving the retention or abandonment of what has been in the past

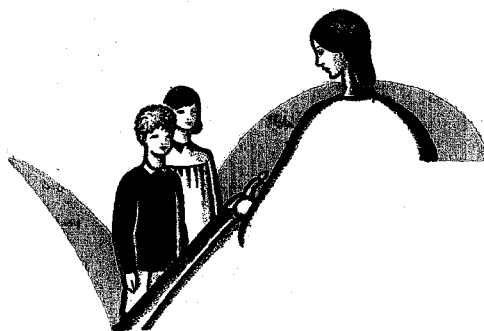
the protection of the rights of individuals by the instrumentalities known as governments. If we in the United States virtually give up the control over the utilities of the nation, attacks on other liberties will follow at the hands of perfectly well meaning people who think they are rendering a public service. We must face a theory because of a fact.

Those who are content with the present trend toward the abandonment of control over utilities ought not to be called malefactors of great wealth, or pirates or stock gamblers: they honestly believe that their

theory is the right one and that they ought to be left alone. But by the same token, those who still believe in the basic theory that a public utility is now what it has been always — a servant of the public providing service without discrimination, at a reasonable rate and for a reasonable return on the investment — these people ought not to be howled at as Bolsheviks and dangerous radicals; for after all, they are seeking only a return to the ancient principles and the protection of the average man and woman in the reasonable enjoyment of social needs.

To be answered by a spokesman for the public utilities

What to Teach my Child about Religion



by FRANCES ALDERSON

THE FIRST question to face in considering religious training for a child is: "Do I want to teach him religion at all?" If one believes that religion hampers rather than helps in adjustment to life, if one prefers to encourage moral conduct based solely on philosophy, one might better declare, "I will teach my child irreligion." Whatever the conclusion, we cannot escape leading our boys and girls, by suggestion at least, to some attitude concerning religious matters.

I have four children and I realize that in spite of every precaution they will very early acquire religious concepts, make religious generalizations, and form religious prejudices. When my six-year-old daughter asked, as all

children do at some time, "Mother, did anyone make me?" — could I avoid giving her some clue? Any manner of meeting her inquiry — even refusal to answer — would influence her final judgment. Much as I despise catechisms, I must admit that the catechetic method is natural: the child asks questions and the parent is obliged to answer them directly or indirectly, truthfully or falsely. And if the best answer we can give is: "I do not know," or "I do not care to bother about matters concerning which I have so little data," or "Religion is poppycock; stoicism or humanism is the best substitute" — why beat about the bush? Is not deception of our children worse than unbelief or indecision?

We must be careful in formulating our answers. We must not substitute for genuine convictions prejudices resulting from our own crushing experiences. Likewise, we moderns must guard against the opposite tendency. Having torn our inmost beings in reconstruction of what was handed down to us in childhood, and having also come to respect the individuality of the child, we hesitate to pass on our conclusions for fear that they, in turn, may cause suffering. We are afraid to set up rigid standards for our children lest we interfere with their personality. On first thought, this indecision and inaction might seem the safest course if only, in pursuing it, we could forestall all other external pressure. But if we fail to give them the best that is in us, other influences will mold their ideas. We cannot, even if we wish, rear our children in a vacuum.

Perhaps it is a remaining trace of the fundamentalism in which I was reared that leads me to conclude that what a man believes, what he thinks he knows, affects his behavior. I have discarded authoritative religion and am a pledged experimentalist. Yet I cling to belief in a personal God who is interested in humanity's affairs, who hates selfishness, hypocrisy, deception, and cruelty, and who loves those things which help to make man's life complete and rich; to belief in immortality and the hope that some day the all-too-evident wrongs of this phase of our existence will be righted. These tenets, which I feel rather than know to be true, help me to face life's evils with resignation. But will they help my children? For me they represent the cherished salvage of a scrap of discarded beliefs. But will they help my boys and girls keep their courage in the trying experiences life is sure to bring?

FIXING EMOTIONAL PATTERNS

SOONER or later every thinking parent must face this religious dilemma in the education of his children. Many may decide, as I have done, to reduce their creed to the barest essentials; but even so, how is it to be transferred to the child so that it becomes a vital and governing element in his life? In the first place, one must begin early. A common attitude, and a wrong one I believe, is to say, "I



Drawings by Lloyd Coe

am not going to teach my child anything about religion, but wait and let him decide for himself after he has reached the age of reason." That religion is not a matter of reason, but of feeling, of emotion, is a fact we should face. There is no such thing as proof that there is a God or that certain standards of conduct are right, though there is evidence to that effect. Why, then, should we not admit this truth and fashion a child's emotional pattern before it

is rigidly set?

I refer to emotion not in its common connotation of sentimentality, but in its biological sense. Naturally I do not want to lead my children to the point of camp-meeting hysteria or "visions." What I mean by emotion is described by Dr. Mandel Sherman and Dr. Irene Sherman in their recent book *The Process of Human Behavior*. According to them, all emotional responses, from the first days of infancy, are attempts at adjustment to the life into which one is thrust. The environment determines the first responses; and the satisfaction or annoyance accompanying responses determines whether or not certain kinds of reactions will be continued, and what kind of emotional pattern is set. Now if religion is to be anything but a stupid attempt to do the impossible, it must aid us to make this adjustment. The fact that it has often been a detriment in this respect is the reason why people who try to practice religion and to lead a natural life at the same time are beset by so many emotional disturbances. Commandments of religions based on authority or on fear create tangled situations to which one cannot adapt himself without doing violence to some natural, healthy mode of emotional response.

Children have a difficult enough task as it is in adjusting themselves to their environment without being forever reminded of the commands of a God who is too often pictured as terrible, unforgiving, and easily angered. Let us try to conceive of a God who has no objection to the working out of natural human impulses, who, if you wish, looks down from His throne in Heaven, but who is not so horribly shocked when He sees baby fingers dipping in the jam jar, or even when He sees a child attempt to adapt himself to his irritating life by

behavior that will not bring him complete satisfaction. If God has as much intelligence as the thinking parent, He will recognize the *cause* of misbehavior. He will know at least as much psychology as any Ph.D., and will admit that even antisocial conduct is not "bad," but only the result of trying to do perfectly normal, "good" things and often of being thwarted in the attempt. When shall we attribute to God common sense enough not to want to interfere with the natural ways that have been evolved to meet the situations of life?

FITTING RELIGION TO LIFE

IF I HAVE this conception of God, all basis of fear vanishes from the religious training of my children. I shall not classify actions into good and bad, but into those which promise fullest satisfaction and development of the human being and those which do not. Thus the normal, healthy emotions — those that do not have to be artificially stirred — will contribute toward the child's religious training. And if this is so, we shall have to give up the attempt to make life fit a religious system, and, instead, adapt standards of conduct to fit life. Distrust of religion is based largely on the fact that it has not promoted satisfactory adjustment to any life that is not modeled after the pattern set by some church or sect. This being true, we have been forced to choose between two harsh alternatives: either to reject religion altogether, or to embrace it as a means of escape from natural life. Now I do not want my children to use religion as an escape from hell's mighty conflagration or even as a peaceful refuge from life's battles. I do not want them to embrace religion as a compensation for wasted or futile lives. If religion is "true," it must be a part of a successful, happy child life, and, later on, of a satisfying adult life. God must find a place in the genuine, robust living of the child and then of the adult — or He ought to have no place at all.

A God of this sort will be easier to find if we accept the principle that the child's actions are not to be classified as good or bad, but as wise or foolish ways of adjusting himself to life. If we regard God as a force anxious to encourage the fullest development of the human race, we must see that He will want every human being

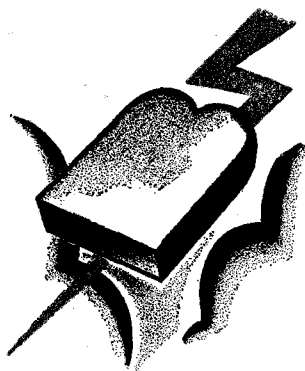
to make the best individual adjustment. It will be evident that the venial sins of childhood are not so "bad" in themselves; they are futile, however, and they handicap one in the struggle for adjustment to this world. If — without sentimentality — we can convince the child that a successful adjustment, which will benefit him, is also a little part of God's plan for all humanity, we have given him the foundation of a religion that does not conflict with living.

DOES VIRTUE PAY?

THE DIFFICULT part of my plan is, of course, to get the child to realize that what we call good behavior is the most satisfying. The only way it can possibly be done, I believe, is by controlling home conditions so that he will be induced to practice unselfishness and kindness and truthfulness and courage in his childish acts. Make him understand how "goodness"

feels. Let parents try to manage home situations so that repeatedly, with as few exceptions as possible, the child's responses that are regarded as "right" will bring satisfaction here and now, and his "wrong" responses will bring annoyance. In other words, let him taste the fruits of virtue and do not shield him too much from the consequences of his mistakes. That it is genuinely satisfying to take the side of justice and to behave properly, any normal youngster will feel for himself after a few experiments. Precepts — from the bare ten commandments to sentimental sermonizing — do little good.

But suppose he does develop desirable attitudes and behavior under childhood conditions: can we be sure that his lessons will be remembered in adult life? It is not always easy to make the child see that the limited society into which he is born is typical of the larger social structure to which he also belongs. Are we sure that even one who has been trained to desire peace in the home will show pacific tendencies in his nation's affairs? Can we be certain that the boy who would not "swipe" a pencil from a schoolmate's desk will not steal millions from the public when he is a member of a corporation? The problem is whether religion can be a guiding force in the seething, uproarious, cruel



social life of the present day, or whether one must — as millions of others have done — content oneself with religion as an aid to purely individual adjustment, throwing it to the winds when face to face with society and its gigantic problems. For my children, I hope, there can be no such division of life into two parts. Either religion must color all life, or it must be cast aside altogether.

CONDITIONING THE CHILD

I AM NOT discouraged. I think that under the method I have outlined, religious training will not be forgotten or ignored when the child has become an adult. As an illustration of the sound foundation of my belief, let me relate the incident which first brought home to me the possibilities of early training. I once accompanied two boys of eight and ten on their first visit to St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Theirs had been a strict Catholic upbringing and they had been taught when very small to genuflect whenever they entered the little church in the small village where they lived. They knew why they genuflected before a Catholic altar, and they knew that St. Patrick's was a Catholic church. When I preceded these boys into a pew, I, of course, did not genuflect. Did they? One would suppose that after the hundreds of times they had performed this simple ceremony, with never an exception, they would here "bend the knee in adoration." But genuflection in this vast edifice did not occur to them. Without reverence they sat down stolidly beside me like any sight-seeing Protestant. In the terms of the behaviorist, they had been "conditioned" to the little church, with its plain altar and nondescript paintings. A big, beautiful building, with all its grandeur, was not recognized as the home of the Sacrament, and they failed to make the appropriate response.

As I sat beside those boys unadjusted to the new situation, I asked myself, "If so simple and easy an act, and yet one so fundamental to a Catholic, will not transfer itself to another purely physical situation, how are we to guarantee the transference of conduct that is harder, more complex, yet, to one of my

views, far more fundamental?" Then I tried a psychological experiment with the two young Catholic tourists. After we were outside the cathedral, I asked them to go back with me. This time I genuflected. In a twinkling, as if one had pressed an electric button, the boys dropped on their knees. Their training showed its results.

Thank goodness, I thought; if a person establishes certain modes of conduct in a limited sphere, he can certainly utilize these modes in complex situations more easily and more quickly than if he had not established them at all. Perhaps, I rejoiced, our efforts to make children's behavior right in the home and school will carry over into the realms of the city, the nation, and the world, *if* we help them to an orientation in the more overwhelming situation, to see in social affairs the same elemental factors of human relationships to which they have learned to respond justly in the home. Thank goodness, too, I thought, for the tendency to imitate. Through it the child can be "conditioned" so that responses which are really vital will be made in any situation presented by society.

AN EXPERIMENTAL BIBLE

IT MAY be asked what effect this sort of religious instruction which I have outlined will have on certain vital questions. That, of course, depends upon each parent's individual point of view. One rule, however, may be laid down as universally applicable: fact-facing is as important in religious education as in secular education. The youth wishes, for instance,

to know how far the Bible should determine his religious beliefs. It is unfair to give him the book as the final word of God. Already I have told my sons of nine and eleven that I believe the Bible gives us a better understanding of *people* in their search for knowledge of God than it does of God Himself. Moreover, I have told them that in the Bible certain principles of conduct are pro-



claimed which have led to life that, on the whole, has seemed satisfactory to great numbers of people through the centuries. Nevertheless, I have also advised them to check the experiences related in the Bible against their own experiences, and to modify its conceptions in the light of later knowledge.

I want them to understand that the Bible is not a textbook of science. It is principally a guide to conduct based on conceptions of God, highly dramatized in human fashion. If it gives us hints as to desirable ways of living, it has fulfilled its purpose. This does not mean that religion and science should be considered apart. One set of conclusions in Sunday School and a contradictory set in biology class will only lead to confusion. But religion is one realm of thought and science is another. If my children think the principles of the two inconsistent, I shall encourage them to say so. Perhaps after consideration they will find some reconciling principle. The only attitude I dread for them is indifference.

SEXUAL MORALS

ANOTHER great problem which the adolescent has to meet in connection with his religion is sex behavior. Personally I am not sure that we can do much to help youth here, except to be very frank in discussing sex relations, in giving conclusions from life, and in assisting our children to find wholesome activities and interests. At any rate, I certainly hope that I shall have wisdom enough to help my child set standards for a sex life that will be natural and satisfying and yet not wasteful or selfish. A young person who is active, physically and mentally, who has many vital interests in life, is not likely to fall into gross sexual dissipation.

In regard to prayer, it may be said that faith in its powers, in its ability to bring wisdom and strength and courage, is consistent with the theology of anyone who believes in a personal God. One possessing this faith should lead his child almost in infancy to act according to his belief. The teaching should not be postponed, for seldom is the art of prayer learned after childhood.

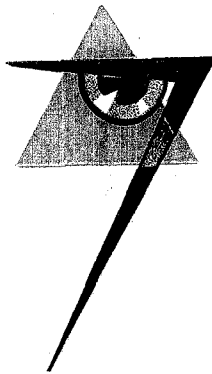
As to the attitude of children toward the religion of others, from the very first I want

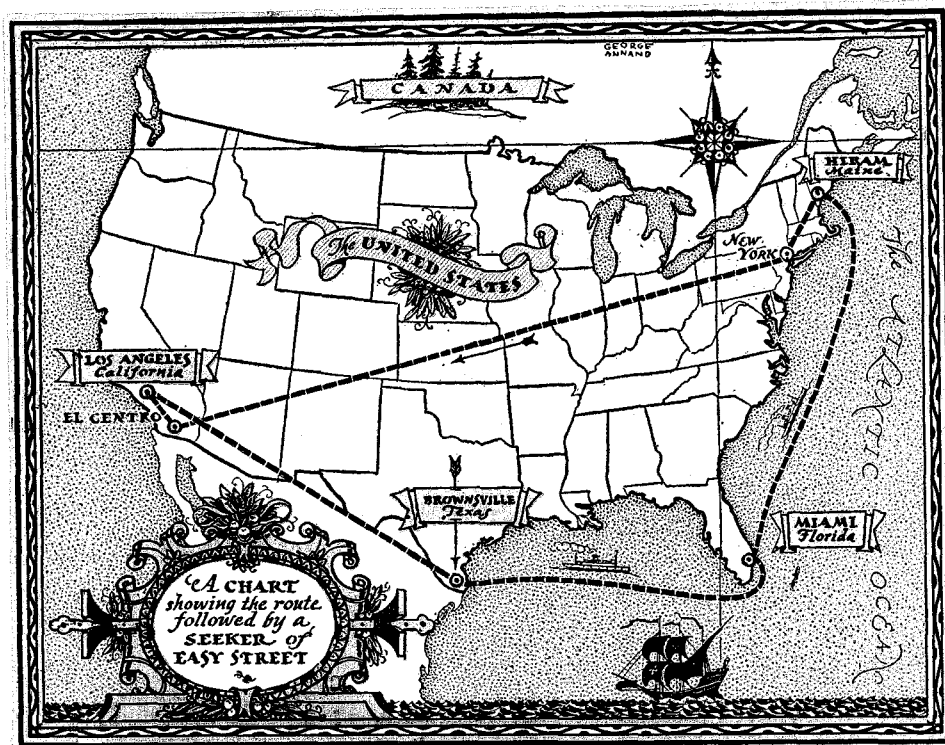
my boys and girls to realize that I don't require them to accept my doctrine in religious matters; that perhaps I may be wrong. If they are to profit by the experience of the race, they must know the outstanding beliefs — not only Christian creeds but also those of the Orient. It won't hurt anyone to join in a Methodist hymn, a Catholic litany, or a Jewish chant, to hear a lecture on Christian Science or theosophy, to read an agnostic or an atheistic book. Perhaps through these experiences the child will come to realize that religion in its various forms is man's attempt to adjust himself to situations annoying and bewildering. With a certain amount of sympathy he may come to recognize that when a person stupidly accepts an absurd religion, it is merely the outward sign of his effort to adapt himself to life. To teach children this is one of the means of inspiring real tolerance, which is itself one of the greatest benefits of "true" religion; the other means is the parent's own freedom from bigotry.

What I wish to teach my children is only illustrative. The same laws may be applied just as effectively to teaching irreligion or a purely ethical code of behavior. These laws, these modes of instruction, may be termed by horrified persons as only "wordly" wisdom. They may say that I started out to give my idea of the right way to instill religious training, and instead I have given only the worldly-wise, the satisfying, the pleasurable way. Such criticism misses the real point. Personal satisfaction

in one's life on earth is the great premise which underlies the scheme of religion used here as an illustration. If God has done anything, He has given us certain modes of behavior which we must utilize naturally if we are to live according to His plan. The human being is made with egotistic impulses, the tendency to do things himself, the power of feeling pleasure and displeasure in action. I believe altruism is possible, but it has to be *learned* — like

everything else — through natural channels. If we do not use natural aids to right conduct, our religion becomes an unnatural — though it is frequently called a supernatural — creation of our imagination; and in following a religion divorced from life we must do violence to our normal modes of response and breed the very conflicts we are trying to escape.





Drawings by George Annand

Where Is Easy Street?

by **ROGER W. BABSON**

ALTHOUGH CHIEF PART of my life's job has been studying fundamental conditions and counseling on economic problems. It is intensively interesting work. It brings continual contact with people at real grips with the world — people for whom life is not a rose garden but a soccer field, people born not with silver spoons in their mouths but with grindstones under their noses. Although I firmly believe that the only real jewels are spiritual, they often seem to have an industrial and mercantile setting. In the following account, therefore, if I appear to overemphasize bank books, check books, and cook books, it is not that they are great literature but merely that they are found in so many libraries. In other words, the Goddess of Economics, like the Goddess of Justice, holds scales. In one pan of her scales are wages of working. In the other pan are costs of living. The biography of every man, woman, and child is largely told by these swinging scales and the

balance struck between income and expense.

The particular biography now at hand, although in one sense a composite photograph, is taken from life itself. Except for certain names, the tale is given to you just as it came to me. The man who told me this experience I will call Hiram, because his birthplace was near the small town of Hiram, Maine. I am at a loss to make you see him as he entered my office a few weeks ago. A great poem can be easily parodied. A strong individuality can be readily cartooned. The toughest assignment for any reporter or illustrator is to picture normality. I suppose that the most famous man in the world, the most talked-about man, is the Average Man. I have always been hearing about this Average Man, but I felt that at last I had met him face to face when I sat down opposite Hiram and heard his story.

It was not that Hiram was undistinguished. In appearance and poise he was somewhat

above what the statisticians gravely call "mean." His "meanness" was evident not so much to the eye as to the mind. His looks were individual enough, but his ideas were the ideas of millions of others. This, I saw, was one of the negative factors in his equation. He was quite a thinker, but his mind followed popular channels as a phonograph needle follows the furrows of a jazz record.

Even more serious, however, was one particular idea — also commonly held — which seemed to possess him especially. At an early age he fell into the way of thinking that success is a matter of locality rather than individuality, of place rather than person. From every word that he said it was plain that he believed fortunes are found rather than made. His life as he related it to me had been spent largely in trying to answer that most futile of questions: "Where is Easy Street?"

I must in candor admit, however, that Hiram's hunt for this famed highway was conducted with some intelligence and energy. He was not a floater. Rather he was an active but unhappy swimmer. As he recounted his various moves about the United States, I penciled this pilgrimage on my desk map. At the end of the Odyssey this map looked like a layout of national pipe lines or a prospectus of airplane routes. Nevertheless, for every hop in this canvass of the country for Easy Street, he had a sensible and plausible reason. He was a living example of the queer fact that some of our worst mistakes are logical mistakes.

II

AS I HAVE already remarked, Hiram was born and reared in a Maine town. Some of those towns in that day had a strong vein of thrift and foresight. It was a common custom to buy a burial lot and lay aside a serviceable sum for funeral expenses. There was evidently a feeling that one of the costs of living was the cost of dying. Other costs were distinctly low. Local farm products were cheap. Blueberries and blackberries could be had for the picking. It was customary to buy cordwood, which the men of the household sawed and split for the stove. Coal, however, was not especially cheap, nor were fancy gro-

ceries, clothing, and other non-local merchandise.

One significant fact, which I gleaned from Hiram's recollections of his boyhood town, was the standard of living. Rarely, for example, did people use the local livery stable for taxi service. Theater parties were unknown and country clubs nonexistent. Gasoline was used wholly for taking spots out of Sunday suits, and oil was mostly cod-liver oil. The only tires were on bicycles, racing sulkies, and collegiate buggies. In other words, the population of that Maine town did not suffer city costs because it did not enjoy city products and services. The real difference was not one of prices but of budgets. This was a phenomenon which Hiram's busy mind apparently overlooked not only while on his ancestral acres but throughout his later search for Easy Street. He was forever remembering prices and forgetting budgets. It is the same fallacy which ruins much of the study of comparative living costs among various localities and periods. The differential is more in the market basket than in the price tag.

Hiram, however, as his reminiscences made plain, was shrewd enough to perceive the lack of opportunity. The region offered fair assets of timber, livestock, and crops, but there was a dearth of cash money. One could keep alive very comfortably, but the man who wanted to accumulate collateral had, according to Hiram's recollection, about as much chance as a dentist on a poultry ranch. So he liquidated his slender resources and set out for the big city. According to the law of action and reaction, which has a hand in human affairs as in physics and chemistry, he moved from one of the smallest towns in the country to one of the biggest cities in the world.

III

IN MARCHING on New York City, Hiram had a delusion that has upset more than one well-laid plan and statistical survey. Hiram reckoned the countless opportunities — but he failed to reckon the countless *opportunists*. He saw the markets but not the *marketeers*. This particular point has such a profound bearing upon the fortunes of most of us, that



I questioned Hiram particularly about it. In itself, the fact that one locality is twice the size of another has little bearing upon the question of which offers relatively the greater opportunities. Opportunity is usually a function not of absolute size but rather the percentage rate of growth. Eventually, this principle was impressed on Hiram, as we shall later note.



Meanwhile, he discovered that living costs in New York were high, like the buildings. He found it impracticable to go fishing in the Aquarium or berrying in Central Park. New Yorkers generally did not keep hens or split up their own stovewood. He foresaw it would be a long wait for the next church supper in Trinity Church. In short, in moving to New York City he had migrated less than four hundred statute miles geographically, but in mode of living and social customs he had been translated a million light-years. I do not profess to say whether the change was an ascent or a descent, but simply that it was a change — stupendous, incomparable.

The thing which finally unsold Hiram on New York City as a possible site of Easy Street came home to him in terms of competition. Having a somewhat mathematical cast of thought, he expressed this to me as “The Law of Squares.” Said he: “If there are five jobs in New York, there are twenty-five men after them. If twenty-five bids were asked, there are six hundred and twenty-five bidders. It’s a city where supply varies as the square of demand. New York! Of course, there are opportunities; but the whole trouble is that everybody knows it.”

IV

AT LENGTH disillusioned with a place where a cover charge alone was more than a chicken dinner in the old home town, Hiram set his face toward the West. It appears that his original intention was to settle in the Middle West, but he confided to me that as the time of departure drew near, New York became more and more abhorrent. Maine, he remembered fondly as the land of the pine, but he bitterly called New York “the land of the outstretched palm,” and he felt that he couldn’t get far

enough away. So he decided to put an entire continent between himself and a metropolis of “tipping and tippling” — I quote him verbatim at this point.

He left New York and arrived at El Centro in the Imperial Valley of southern California. Up to this point I deem Hiram’s moves fairly intelligent and consistent. He had sampled his first locale, which he decided

had low opportunities and low costs. He had tried a second place, which he judged to offer high opportunities and high costs. What more inevitable than to seek some spot where costs would be low and opportunities high? Surely an economic Mecca.

Now the El Centro region is undeniably an extraordinary land. More than once I have pointed out to aspiring young men that the Imperial Valley is tempting indeed to the prospector for agricultural gold. It is an area which, in many respects, offers well-nigh ideal conditions for those who want to take wealth from the soil. When Hiram mentioned the Imperial Valley, I thought at first that he had reached the end of the trail and lived happily ever after. For here, if anywhere, should be found New York opportunities devoid of bell-hops, vehicular tunnels, and night-club hostesses.

Not so, however. I knew the Imperial Valley, but I didn’t know Hiram. He didn’t like the Imperial Valley. Opportunities? Galore. Cost of living? O.K. Then what? Why, the climate, you know. Too agricultural. Invigorating for produce, but unpleasant for people. Other living conditions, too, far from ideal.

I am free to admit that at this stage I lost all interest in Hiram as the economic man, although as a social study I was curious to see how he came out. Here was a fellow who was professedly ransacking the country for a locality where he could build up income and keep down expense. Nevertheless, when he tumbled upon an approximation of such an economic Eden, he shifted his whole point of view and complained about the humidity.

In short — Hiram’s next jump was to Los Angeles. Again quoting verbatim the words of this rather embittered journeyman, he decided he was going to “look for some town where he

could not only make a living but make a life." With this goal in view I cannot criticize his selection of Los Angeles. It is already a great city and — more significantly — it is still a growing city. In my own New England, if a mountain stands in the way of expansion, we build a road around it — customarily putting a historical monument on top. In New York, when a natural obstacle impedes, they tunnel through it. In Los Angeles, however, there is a mountain blocking the city's progress — and I am informed that they are going to remove it altogether. That is Los Angeles. There is a power at work in such communities which is not measurable by my statistics.

Hiram told me that he found Los Angeles a fine city in which to reside and do business. He liked the place and its people, and so did his family. By this time, however, I had learned to sit back and wait for the next chapter. When a man is in quest of a rational goal, there is high hope that his specifications can be met. When he is an economic philanderer, chance alone can tell where his primrose paths will lead.

I think that our searcher for Easy Street left Los Angeles with real regret, haunted perhaps by the reflection that in so rapidly expanding a city, Easy Street might be one of those new streets that he hadn't seen. For all that, he pushed on — or rather swung eastward again. I questioned him closely on why he moved.

"Well," he explained, "I figured that perhaps on the Coast the expansion program might be rather far advanced — not at the peak, you understand, but in the later stages. It seemed to me that the thing I wanted was to get in on the ground floor. The profits are in pioneering, aren't they?"

He also had another count against this city which removes mountains and casts them into the sea. He said that Los Angeles was too attractive. That is, he felt that many people were so eager to live there that they would work for smaller compensation. "Price-cutters of salaries" he called these people who, he believed, took their income partly in the pay



envelope and partly in the place itself.

I questioned about the cost of living.

"Well," he replied, "I found much the same situation as I have everywhere else. Some items are higher and others lower. I have about come to the conclusion that prices are like water: they tend to seek a common level. This seems to be especially so if you include the price of labor with other prices. Higher wages, higher prices; lower wages, lower prices: so the net is pretty constant wherever I've been."

IN SPITE of this discovery in applied economics, Hiram was still restless. The green lawns and golden architecture of Easy Street still beckoned. Once more he barreled the family china and shifted to Brownsville, Texas. At that time the lower Rio Grande area was comparatively "undiscovered." The territory is now more widely known and its remarkable resources are better appreciated. Hiram's entry was not perfectly timed. As I have already explained, he was in some ways a keen fellow in spite of the contrary conclusions you might draw from certain aspects of his history. He saw clearly the great latent assets of the Brownsville site. He thought, and correctly so, that here were the makings of an economic advance.

The trouble was that he was slightly ahead of the trend. A less alert man would have passed the opportunity over. A more patient man would have waited for it to mature. Hiram was a combination of alertness and impatience. At times this may be a bad blend. He learned later an important principle: a locality may undeniably possess latent resources, but they are likely to remain latent until some destined day arrives. Moreover, the man's judgment had probably become mildly demoralized by the repeated frustration of his aims. The continual upheavals had not helped matters. He told me that in the old home town there was a saying that two moves are as bad as a fire, and I think he was beginning to believe it.

His faith in his own infallibility was shaken, but one more project occurred to him. He con-

cluded that in order to find Easy Street, one must go to a locality which has actually demonstrated its ability to boom and then has suffered a temporary recession. Go there in anticipation of the next upward movement was his idea. So he entrained for Miami, where, he said, a night's bed is more than a week's board used to be in Hiram, Maine. Here he met some old friends of his youth.

These people used to be neighbors of his in the Maine village. But the automobile and the tourist industry had brought new life to the old town. His friends had done well — so well that they came to Miami in the winter. They told Hiram that on the way South they visited another old mutual friend in New York City, where he has had a splendid career. They also said that they had gone to Los Angeles the winter before, and their opinion was that expansion was just beginning. On the way they had visited a son in El Centro, who was making a small fortune.

"Where do you go from here?" asked Hiram.

"To Brownsville" — and they told of remarkable developments about to appear there.

"That," said Hiram, "was the last straw. I felt that I was through — completely and finally licked."

VI

THE LAST straw, however, although it may break a camel, is sometimes the thing needed to make a man. During his wanderings Hiram had heard more or less about electric power and the growth of the electric power industry, especially in connection with water power. His spare time he spent in reading government bulletins and reports issued by the Department of the Interior on water power. Considering both available power and population, it appeared that the State of Maine headed the list. Thereupon he made up his mind to go to Maine the following summer on a little vacation and, incidentally, see what was being done there in the way of power development.

After traveling about the state for a month in his "flivver," he found that the best available power not yet harnessed electrically was in connection with an old mill near where he was born. In fact, as a boy, when he went to visit his grandmother, he would lie in bed and be lulled to sleep by the roar of the water over

this dam. He got an option on this property and sold the option to a large power company, receiving his commission in stock. This stock has so increased in value that he is now independent back in his old home town, living on his income and still listening to the roar of the falls — but as a retired owner of public utility securities.

A thick volume of economics could be written on Hiram's swing from Maine to Miami, via Los Angeles. More vital, however, is the spiritual problem involved. Hiram set out to find Easy Street, and in the end he did find it — by returning to the point from which he began his search. I am not sure, however, that he really deserved his good fortune. As he finished telling me his story, I couldn't help thinking that there would have been more poetic justice in it if Hiram had returned home only to find that an old boyhood friend had developed all the available power sites while he was scouring the country for his economic El Dorado.

I am sure that this would have been the conclusion of ninety-nine out of a hundred similar cases — Hiram's case being the exception that proves the general rule. A successful and satisfying life is not usually attained by chasing fancied salaries and fictitious costs of living. Wise men often wander, but wherever they are wandering you also find them working. Any real career and any joyful life must be *constructed* as well as discovered. The only way is to *earn* your way, for you will learn sooner or later that you cannot crash the gates of happiness.





Drawings by Julian de Miskey

Sometimes, it becomes

A First Short Story

I

MR. ASH elevated his feet to the porch rail and sighed gently. His thought was of this and that, and had no bothersome trend to it. He had no definite longings; but it was a time when the Ash credit was on a cash-and-carry basis, and he would have considered it a boon if some stranger to him had opened a grocery in the neighborhood.

At the moment, Mrs. Ash occupied a piece of suspended furniture known as a porch swing. She occupied all of the swing—its nooks, its crannies, its far reaches, and its way places; for a great deal of food had gone into the making of Mrs. Ash. But that was quite all right with Mr. Ash: he rather admired a woman of quantity.

"Lemme see, now," said Mr. Ash, "ain't this the day they was goin' to come and get the piano?"

"That's what that agent said," replied Mrs. Ash. "But after I give him a piece of my mind, he went away without sayin' yes or no either way. Why?"

"Oh, I thought I seen a big truck come across the bridge a while ago."

"I suppose it's them."

Time answered expectancy, and shortly a capacious truck drew up at the Ash door. From it descended a tall, thickset man accompanied by a short, thickset man, and the former produced a crumpled slip of paper from a hip pocket. "This where Mr. Pete Ash lives?" he inquired.

Mr. Ash beamed upon him. "You got it right," he admitted. "We live here."

The tall man carefully smoothed the creases from the slip of paper before returning it to his pocket. He scratched an ear pleasantly. "You people got a piano?"

"Why yes," said Mr. Ash, "we got a piano."
"Well, we come for it," the tall man said calmly.

"It's in the front room there," Mr. Ash directed affably. "We would of kept it, only seems like times is powerful hard. Your boss is prompt when a man gets behind."

Mrs. Ash interposed, "I certainly give him a piece of my mind."

"Did you now?" the tall man questioned genially. "I been thinkin' up things to tell him some day myself. It ain't no proper job for a lady."

"Go right ahead in," Mr. Ash invited. "Push the bed out of the way and help yourself. I think it's in good shape."

"The stool's got a leg broke," said Mrs. Ash. "I don't just remember how it did happen."

"Maybe you set down on it," said the short man helpfully.

Mrs. Ash looked upon the short man — and saw him. "No," she dissented, "I throwed it at something or somebody."

"Somebody," said Mr. Ash.

The short man felt the urge of action upon him and went into the house, soon returning with the piano stool. It did not belie what had been said of it. It wore its scars in the open. There was little of reverence in the short man's manner as he tossed it into the truck.

"Did you hit what you throwed at?" the tall man questioned.

"I don't just remember," said Mrs. Ash. "Sometimes I hit, and sometimes I miss. Things moves around."

"A even break is fair enough," said Mr. Ash.

II

THE TALL MAN settled comfortably on the porch rail, while the short man chored about inside, wrapping the piano with canvas and quilt and stout twine. "I suppose," said the tall man, "it went in that door?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Ash. "Right through

necessary to move a piano

by **GEORGE WELLINGTON**

that very door. You might say it was a near fit, though."

Mrs. Ash bethought herself of the proper posture of a lady with a public, and crossed her legs. "Didja think the house grewed around it?" she asked.

"Well, now," said the tall man, "you'd be surprised the places I've took pianos out of. Most always something gives."

"They *are* a good bit of bother for what you get out of 'em," said Mr. Ash.

"But you got to admit they're classy," Mrs. Ash insisted. "There ain't no bigger piece of furniture you can get."

"I seen a powerful big bull fiddle once," said Mr. Ash.

"Fiddles ain't got no middle," said Mrs. Ash. "They're full of wind. Now that talkin' machine we used to have — I liked that. You could play the same piece all day if you struck something you liked."

"We lived on a farm then," Mr. Ash explained. "Times got powerful hard, and they come and took it."

"A farm is the place to live," said the tall man.

"Farmin' ain't so bad," Mr. Ash admitted. "We might try it again if they ever do anything about farm relief. There was a lot of talk about it then, and we set and waited and waited, but they didn't do nothing. So after the pig died on our hands, we left."

"That pig never did grow up into a hog," said Mrs. Ash; "just stayed pig all its life and then died too quick to kill."

"It was a natural-born runt," Mr. Ash assured the tall man. "Never seemed to have the appetite a ambitious pig ought to have. Everybody lost money on it. We bought it on payments and it never grewed up to meet 'em."

The short man here committed the tactical error of appearing in the doorway with a large plug of tobacco in his hand. Both Mr. Ash and the tall man graciously took a chew.

"That's a dirty habit," said Mrs. Ash, her

manner palpably and undisguisedly envious.

"It ain't any too handy," the tall man agreed. "Last week we was on a kitchen-cabinet job and Shorty got cornered with a neck full of juice. It went down on him."

"Unhandiest kitchen I ever got in," explained the short man. "Not a coffee pot in sight. Just a new-fangled electric contraption, all nickel."

"We had one once," said Mrs. Ash. "They're awful nice."

"They ain't handy in a pinch, though," the short man insisted.

The tall man and the short man went into the house, and Mr. Ash moved his chair so that the path to the truck might be clear. Mrs. Ash saw the tall man place his shoulder against the piano and heave. Mr. Ash heard the short man's grunt of effort.

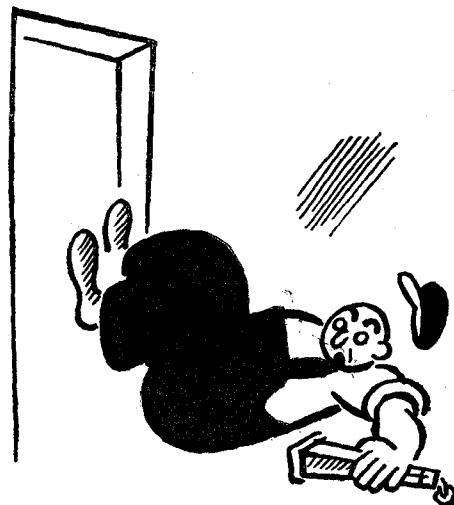
"Something's gonna give," Mr. Ash predicted.

The short man rolled out at the door, a part of the piano firmly clutched in his hand.

"I said so," Mr. Ash proclaimed.

"That glue wasn't no good," said Mrs. Ash. "I forgot about fixin' that leg."

As it was mixed company, the short man refrained from words. There was something positive, however, about his manner as he tossed the piano leg into the truck. Presently he had secured a sound hold. But because of the canvas which swathed it, the piano became wedged in the doorway at about its halfway point. It was not a time to spend effort fruitlessly, and no effort was



expended. The short man surveyed it thoughtfully.

"Looks like it's stuck," said Mr. Ash.

"Yes sir, it's stuck," the short man admitted.

"Looks tight to me," assented Mrs. Ash.

From within came the reassuring words of the tall man: "It'll come. One more good heave and the job's done."

III

BUT BEFORE the good heave could be applied, there came an interruption. "Hey, maw! Help! Yow! Hurry, maw, wontcha!" It was a shrill but strangely muffled voice which sounded at the back of the house, and there was an accent of desperate need about it.

"Sounds like Bill or Jim," said Mr. Ash.

"It's Jim," said Mrs. Ash. "They're into somethin'."

Mrs. Ash did not move with precision nor with alacrity; but in the determined manner of one bound somewhere, she attained a momentum which swept her in a wide arc as she rounded a corner of the house. Then, though breathless, she managed a piercing shriek.

The tall man, whose route led directly through the house, was the first of the men to reach the point of interest. He was too late to be of heroic service. Beside an open cistern, a small boy of five or six years lay prone, his head and shoulders dripping wet. A larger boy, of perhaps eight years, was receiving rough and vigorous treatment at the hands of Mrs. Ash, who gasped "Murderer!" with each shortened breath.

Mr. Ash and the short man came around a corner of the house at a brisk trot. "Hey, what's goin' on here?" said Mr. Ash directly. "What's wrong with Bill?"

"Bill's dead!" wailed Mrs. Ash. "Jim drowned him by the feet!" Seemingly, this realization to which she had given utterance was the last straw: Mrs. Ash released her hold upon Jim, crumpled in the middle like an emptying sack, and went a-sprawl with no eye to her audience.

Jim Ash had been thoroughly shaken — even at the moment events had him by the scruff of the neck; but a whimper of protest remained in him: "I didn't do it neither, Paw! Bill drowned hisself head first in the cistern!"

As though to refute all the evidence, Bill Ash



chose that moment to stir feebly and mumble, "Toad, he jump!"

Mr. Ash stooped over the water victim and took him in his arms. "Why he ain't dead," he said in some excitement. "You're all right, ain't you, Bill?"

But it seemed that Bill had said his all. His eyes did not open, and he had the bedraggled appearance of one who harbored more water than words.

"We better roll him on a barrel," said the short man.

"Barrel's too big," the tall man objected. "He ain't only bucket size."

So they rolled Bill on a bucket, and the results were gratifying. Shortly Bill was as well as ever.

"Wasn't a gallon of water in him," said Mr. Ash, as he sat down upon a back step. "No sir, not a gallon in him!"

"'Bout a quart," said the short man.

"Less'n a pint," said the tall man, and the matter was settled.

IV

IN THE GRIP of tension, Mr. Ash seemed waiting for a familiar voice. He relaxed somewhat as he glanced about for his mate. She had not stirred since the moment of her collapse. "Why," said he in surprise, "what's wrong with her?"

"They go like that," the short man said reassuringly. "Just 'plop' — and they're flat as a tire. My woman is like that too."

"Yes sir," Mr. Ash agreed. "There she is, flat on her back, and not a drop of liquor in the house. I been aiming to get me a still right along, but she's dead-set agin it."

"A still is a handy piece of furniture," said the tall man. "Why it'd pay for itself in no time. They don't never blow the roof off if you handle 'em right. They're just like any other

piece of machinery — you can't push 'em."

"That's what I always say," agreed Mr. Ash. "But she's agin it, and now look at the shape we're in!"

"Sometimes they're gone for hours," said the short man. "Best way is to let 'em come to gradual. Anything sudden, like a slap or a kick, and you got a backset on your hands. Some systems is strong, and some ain't so strong. My woman'll go out like a busted bulb, and to look at her you'd think she was strong as a horse." It seemed that the short man knew his subject.

"I guess I'd better bail some water on her," said Mr. Ash.

"I wouldn't," the short man counseled. "Nature's workin' on her right this minute. And even if most everybody does monkey some with nature, I always say it don't pay."

"If I douse her," said Mr. Ash, on the verge of soliloquy, "she'll be sore. And if I don't douse her, I'll never hear the last of it. She'll swear I wouldn't lift a hand to bring her back from the brink of the grave. It puts a man in a fix."

As this statement indicated a position beyond advice, no advice was given.

"I better douse her," Mr. Ash decided after a moment of silence. "She'll get over that quicker." Suiting action to word, he dipped a gallon or so of water from the cistern and sloshed it over his wife's face.

The response was immediate. With unexpected suddenness, she sat up and stared vacantly about her. "Where is he?" she moaned.

"Who?" asked Mr. Ash.

"My little Billy!"

"Oh, him and Jim just took after the cat. They left here lickety-split not a minute ago."



Immediately Mrs. Ash was her old, vigorous self. "Just you wait till I lay hands on that young man," she said.

As if the threat possessed some magic potency, Jim and Bill Ash put in their appearance at that moment, dashing around the corner of the house in full cry after the cat, which was holding its lead two leaps ahead of them with tail up and ears laid back.

"Come here," Mrs. Ash commanded her youngest. "I got a crow to pick with you, young man."

Bill Ash did not advance, neither did he

retreat. Even in his time his mother had picked a crow or so, and he knew there was no harm in it. Besides, one who has just met Death and conquered it should not be afraid of a mere woman, even if she does happen to be your mother. That personal triumph still loomed larger than anything else in his world, and confirmation of

the wonderful fact seemed, for the moment, even more desirable than the cat. "Is it so, Maw — what Jim says?" he demanded.

"No," said Mrs. Ash. "What'd he say?"

"He says I got drowned plumb dead."

At this juncture, explanation crowded itself upon Jim. "We was tryin' to catch a toad, Maw. It was settin' on a chip in the cistern and I held Bill down to get it. It jumped, and Bill slipped, and I yelled."

"He jump," Bill repeated amiably, and none doubted that his watery mishap was definitely a part of his past. All adjourned to the porch.

The tall man retraced his steps through the house in order that he might be in position to apply the good heave when the right moment was at hand. Mrs. Ash returned to the porch swing. Mr. Ash eased himself against the porch rail. The two little Ashes managed to get in everybody's way at once. The short man took another firm hold on the piano, braced his legs, and yelled, "Hey, let's go!"

The good heave was heaved — and there, at last, the piano was out on the porch. Not an Ash withheld admiration as the work of loading proceeded, though it was necessary for one or the other of the men to pick Bill Ash up and



set him down out of the way at different stages of the work. Jim was moved by elbow or toe, as occasion required.

"So long," said the short man, as the tall man got the truck under way.

"So long," said Mr. Ash.

"So long," said Mrs. Ash.

"So long," said Jim.

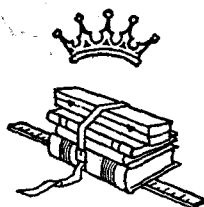
"So long," said Bill.

"Well," sighed Mrs. Ash, when the truck bearing the piano had passed from view, "I know where supper is; I can lay hands on it. But breakfast, I dunno."

"Oh, breakfast ain't nothin' to worry about," Mr. Ash assured her. "That's another day. I guess there's still a few worms in the ground. We'll have catfish for breakfast, if they bite."

Can we Make our Children BEHAVE?

A Socratic Dialogue



JOHN B. WATSON

vs.

WILL DURANT

Persons of the Dialogue

JOHN H. AYERS — Captain in the Police Department of New York City

WILL DURANT — Philosopher; author of *The Story of Philosophy* and *Mansions of Philosophy*

HENRY GODDARD LEACH — Editor of *THE FORUM*

DONALD F. ROSE — Prolific writer and father (he has ten children)

JOHN B. WATSON — Psychologist; founder of Behaviorism

PLACE — The home of Henry Goddard Leach

TIME — After dinner

M_{R. ROSE.} I realize my presumption in opening this discussion, but I want to forewarn you gentlemen that anything you may say concerning the training of children — mechanical or otherwise — is going to fall on appreciative ears. I have in my home ten behaviorists, or misbehaviorists — six of them boys and four girls.

Mr. DURANT. Are they all yours?

Mr. ROSE. They are. I'm quite sure of it.

Mr. DURANT. My God! You are a machine!

Dr. WATSON. He has the right to speak as a machine.

Mr. ROSE. But not as a super-machinist or behaviorist. In fact, I may as well state my position right now. My only theory about bringing up youngsters is to treat them, if I can, as animals with a soul which is beyond my reach, beyond my touch, and a body which is very much within my reach and occasionally comes under my touch, and between those two things, a mind which is in the process of formation. It may be unscientific, but I feel that I can do more damage to those children by regarding them as adjustable mechanisms — in other words, by adopting Dr. Watson's doctrine of behaviorism — than I can by leaving them entirely alone.

Dr. WATSON. Apparently you have the same idea as a good many people — that behaviorism means thrusting your own personality on a child or trying to train him up the same way

you make iron filings come up to a magnet.

MR. ROSE. Well, what does it mean?

DR. WATSON. In general terms, it means controlling the phenomena which surround you. Specifically, it means controlling the environment and thereby controlling the behavior of the child.

MR. ROSE. I can teach one of my boys how to reason, and I can stimulate his reasoning by conditioning his environment, but I don't want him to reason the way I do; if he did, he would be uninteresting to me. To direct him mechanically would take the spice out of his life and mine too.

DR. WATSON. I am perfectly willing to let the child's environment shape his life and not try to impose any set system at all. I am not interested in using him merely as a laboratory for behaviorist theories. But if I want to take certain reactions out of him, or put others in, I know exactly how to do it.

MR. DURANT. Do you apply mechanical principles to the child or do you treat him as a living being?

DR. WATSON. If I want to change him, I *must* apply mechanical principles. For instance, if I want to teach him that he shouldn't jerk a glass vase off the table but that he can safely take down a wooden box, I set up an electric grill around the table and when the child reaches for the vase, I give him a little shock which makes him draw back his hand; when he reaches for the box he is allowed to get it and handle it. I can set a mechanism which will make him cautious about crossing streets, or petting strange dogs, or which will rid him of a prejudice against eating in a certain room.

MR. DURANT. I don't think you do justice to your own intelligence when you speak of these methods of teaching the young as setting certain mechanisms. I don't think they are mechanisms; they are the operation of a very subtle intelligence upon living substance. Long before the mechanistic attitude developed, human beings brought up children, and they brought them up pretty nearly as well as we do — some people say better. As for me, instead of wondering by what mechanical principles I can produce certain stimuli that will bring out certain responses in my child, I say to myself — "Here is a living, growing, sensitive, egotistic, emotional thing. How can I deal with it?" This way first of all: I must

imagine myself in his — or her — position. When I put myself in her place, I think that I get the best results. Instead of a mechanical approach I would make a vitalistic approach.

MR. ROSE. As far as Dr. Watson's mechanisms are concerned, it seems to me that they only scratch the surface. There is some entity in a human being that is quite beyond the range of test-tube and guinea-pig experimentation. Why is it so difficult to do anything with these children of mine? Nothing, it seems to me as a father, is so tenacious and hard to influence as that soul, or whatever it may be, that is the essential child. I can impose discipline on a child, but I know that such discipline is on the outside and that beneath it is the child himself — himself from possibly the age of three months. In fact, I sometimes think the younger they are, the more positive their natures are. Let me illustrate. My family is large and there is no opportunity for the children to get individual attention. They all get the same treatment, yet each is different.

DR. WATSON. I am surprised that you would make such a statement.

MR. ROSE. I make it out of experience. The children are different. I'm asking why.

DR. WATSON. I can push you right to the wall and show that ninety-nine out of a hundred of their reactions are almost identical. Maybe one is a little more irritable and another a little more docile; but I am sure that they all eat with their forks and comb their hair in the morning and wash their faces . . .

MR. ROSE. I'm not so sure of that. You are comparing a trivial matter of washing behind the ears . . .

DR. WATSON. Trivial?

MR. ROSE. . . . with differences in character so marked that two of the children might belong to different families. For instance, I have two children within a year of each other. One is intensely shy, sensitive, quiet, and altogether a high-strung type. The other is extremely social, a born organizer at five years of age.

MR. DURANT. Such instances are common, Dr. Watson, and they are difficult for me to understand in mechanical terms. Furthermore, what about the ambition of youth? And what about genius?

DR. WATSON. I guess you have the advantage of me. I have never seen a genius. I have

seen cases where terrific father-fixations stimulated children to play chess at the age of two or three years, with the result that they became great experts by the time they were seven. I have seen the same thing where the mother was tremendously interested in having her child learn to play the piano. The child's ability in these things is explicable in terms of habit formation driven into him through environmental settings.

MR. DURANT. Here is a case that will interest you. A certain well-known author, whom we will call A, belonged to a family none of whom could read. His father and mother had no intellectual interests, although in character they were far superior to their children. To me it has always seemed strange that A possesses a passion for knowledge. That passion received no encouragement; on the contrary, every time he was seen with a book he was told that reading was a waste of time, a strain on his eyes, and why didn't he go to bed. Now if A had had a behavioristic father who put books in his hands, encouraged him, and shaped him to a literary career, perhaps your explanation would hold. But, admitting the power of environment and training, I see behind A's success as an author this strange spark that drives us ahead. You will say that it is mystical to speak of a spark, but it is as real to me as any material object that I perceive with my eyes.

DR. WATSON. We have no idea, I think, what little, insignificant conditioning factors — things which usually pass unnoticed — may plunge us into terrific, organized forms of movement. Since you've mentioned ancestry — look at mine. As far as I can discover, none of my forefathers was an educated individual. Somehow I managed to plow through to my last year in college, but not until that time did I receive a definite stimulus — the one which was to shape my career. One day I handed in a paper backwards to a professor of philosophy — whom, incidentally, I liked a great deal — and he flunked me. "It was a good paper," he admitted, "but you handed it in backwards." My reaction was: "I will teach that fellow psychology yet." About eight years later he wrote up to Johns Hopkins wanting to know if he couldn't take postgraduate work under me.

MR. DURANT. In our last conversation* I

*"Is Man a Machine?" — THE FORUM, November, 1929

said that my severest repulsion against mechanism is that it is an obviously easy explanation. I think that your explanation of your success in the field of psychology falls in the same category. Reality — especially organic reality — is not nearly so simple as the external imagery of mechanisms would imply. It can't be explained by a mechanical formula.

DR. WATSON. The formula, Durant, is always *ex post facto*. No genuine scientist would try to find only the facts which fit into the formula. The discovery of the last planet, Neptune, is an example. When the French and British astronomers saw, at certain times, variations in the orbit of a planet adjacent to the Earth, it would have been quite possible for them to assume that the now commonly accepted mechanical formulation of the universe had broken down. They might have assumed that there was some extra-mechanical principle at work up there that accounted for the misbehavior of the planet. But, instead, they stuck to the theory that had been worked out on the basis of other facts, and deduced from it that the presence of an unknown planet at a certain spot would explain everything. When the telescopes were trained on that spot, the planet — Neptune — was found. The astronomers didn't have to give up their mechanical principle. They did, of course, have to modify their particular formula to fit the newly discovered facts. Every formula must be so modified as science develops; none is adequate for all future developments and we don't expect any one of them to last forever. But the mechanical principle behind the formulas will hold.

MR. DURANT. Consider those very astronomers of whom you speak. I see them — and other human beings — struggling for knowledge. I see them facing all sorts of difficulties. I see them attempting to do things that may be of no material use — all because of some splendid lust for advancement and self-development. Those men who discovered Neptune had to defy all the weariness of the flesh. Their work is an example of what I call the upward urgency of life. I ask you, do you believe that the curiosity, the eagerness, the patience, and — you will pardon the word — the genius of the man who discovered that star can honestly be explained by a mechanical principle?

MR. LEACH. Durant, a little while ago you

mentioned a vitalistic approach in the training of children. I wish you would enlarge a bit upon your conception of the vitalistic principle. Have you any guesses as to what it is all about, or how the human mind is going to pry into it?

MR. DURANT. I thought I had already said more than I knew.

DR. WATSON. Maybe we both have.

MR. DURANT. It is possible that Dr. Watson, with whom I disagree so much in theory, is, in practice, on the right track. Perhaps if we could come back here three centuries hence, we should find psychologists making or remaking human beings just as the physicists to-day have remade the external world. But — this is the basis of my argument — I think it will only be by the most sympathetic attempt to understand living things as *living* that this will be accomplished.

DR. WATSON. But right now we have developed a technique which will allow us to do exactly that — to make and remake human beings.

MR. ROSE. To *make* them?

DR. WATSON. We have gone a long way toward understanding the composition of an amœba, and I don't believe that it will be any two million years or even fifty years before. . . .

MR. ROSE. Maybe any minute now!

DR. WATSON. Yes, maybe any minute — before we can build a single-cell organism like the amœba. It is not proven, but nevertheless I firmly believe that if the necessity arises, we will grow men in test tubes from the ordinary chemical units now on the shelves of our laboratories, plus a very much more accurate knowledge of physiochemistry than we possess at the present time. And as for remaking human beings — and this subject is the one which primarily concerns us, since we are speaking of training children — as I said, we have even now developed a technique which allows us to build up various types of individuals and by which we can instill what you gentlemen would

probably term “a personality” of one kind or another into the child.

MR. ROSE. Can you take a pair of identical twins and raise one of them intelligent and the other one dumb?

DR. WATSON. I don't use the term *intelligent*. I don't know what people mean when they use it.

MR. ROSE. My sister has no children of her own. She adopted two month-old babies at the same time. She brought them up alike. One is what I would call in my unscientific fashion “an intelligent child.” The other one will never be intelligent.

DR. WATSON. If you will let me pick out two individuals, both of whom are healthy organic machines, I will guarantee to make either one

of them intelligent. I will make one a musician and the other a sailor — or any vocation that you choose.

MR. ROSE. What interests me most, Dr. Watson — and I spoke of it a while ago — is that individuality, so far as I can observe, is not made. We can talk about embryological responses and so forth, but somehow or other children are intensely individual from the time they are a few

months old. They are emotionally different.

DR. WATSON. I can make and remake their emotional set-up at will. Here is a specific example. It was a pride of ours to raise our children without fears. . . .

MR. ROSE. I was able to do that before I ever heard of behaviorism.

DR. WATSON. You probably were. But to come back to my example: The children had been accustomed to sleeping alone in the dark. One night a heavy screen toppled over. The children were frightened and henceforth had to have the light on and the door open. I reconditioned them. Little by little I dimmed the light and each night I closed the door a bit more. In five days they were back to normal.

MR. DURANT. It seems to me that that is another example of calling a process mechani-



Drawings by John Melching

cal when it is really the operation of a very subtle intelligence upon living substance.

DR. WATSON. But an individual living absolutely alone, with no human hand to set the situation, will display a great number of conditioned responses based on the phenomena of nature. A clap of thunder, the eruption of a volcano — these will set up a reaction in him that will cause him to run away.

MR. DURANT. How would you explain the fact that this susceptible organism, man, has not been overwhelmed by these stimuli but has turned around and practically mastered them? He has doubled the length of his life, he has changed America from a wilderness in two hundred years. In short, he has shown everywhere astounding resourcefulness in molding his environment to his own desire. Is that characteristic of a machine?

DR. WATSON. I don't think that is wholly peculiar to man, do you?

MR. DURANT. It is true of all life.

CAPTAIN AYERS. Can a policeman offer an opinion on this question?

MR. LEACH. Surely. We want to hear from the layman as well as the scientist.

CAPTAIN AYERS. Dr. Watson has made an effort to show that by mechanical means we may interfere with or control the actions of the human animal. But does that prove we can consider a child as nothing more than a machine? Or that we can do away with common sense in raising them? Doesn't it just prove that certain mechanical operations that are the

result of natural impulses contained within that body may be interfered with, just as the working of any machine constructed by the hand of man may be upset by throwing a monkey wrench into the works? Because we are able to interfere with the performance of a machine, does not prove that we know anything about the nature of the impulse behind it or within it.

MR. DURANT. Exactly! Dr. Watson, you have said a good many things about your ability to shape people in various ways. Certainly. Thank God, we *can* shape life in a great many ways; but the life has to be there to start with. It has to have all sorts of impulses, desires, and sensitivities if we are to do anything with it. In short, it is because of these non-mechanical elements in these living organisms that we can get certain results by applying, in our haphazard and imperfect ways, what you call mechanisms and what I call an attempt to understand living, growing, and willful beings.

DR. WATSON. Except for that little, fundamental difference of names, we seem to agree entirely.

MR. ROSE. But how about my children? With the permission, perhaps the approval, of both Dr. Watson and Mr. Durant, I presume it will be all right for me to go ahead and teach my boys to treat their bodies like machines, make them efficient, and then behave like men. Is that right?

MR. DURANT. You're the Daddy!

**Next month Will Durant and Howard Mumford Jones
will debate the question:**

"Are the Cultural ABC's Softening Our Brains?"



Dishonest Business

by JOHN T. FLYNN

ILAY DOWN this proposition — that the ethics of business is on a very low plane. By ethics I mean the science of conduct. Ethics sets up tests by which conduct is adjudged right or wrong. When we speak of the ethics of a given man, we refer to those rules of conduct by which he governs his life — not some nebulous, half-perceived code which, under pressure, he is willing to admit may be better. When we speak of the ethics of a group, we refer not to the more elevated moral principles which guide a few of the advanced members of the group, but to the generally accepted notions of permissible conduct which dominate the group as a whole.

I wish, therefore, to warn here against two forms of argument which must be ruled out in discussing this subject. First, it will not do to point to the exalted principles of a few exceptionally strong business men as examples of the high character of business as a whole. Second, it will not do to point to the conduct of business men outside of business. Outside of business we will find business men, as a rule, behaving in accordance with a more exacting ethical code. It is in the transaction of their business that they conform to those lower ethical standards of which I complain. It is to their business ethics, not their social ethics, that I am now addressing my criticisms.

Let me add another observation by way of clarifying my position. I do not say that business men are scoundrels. Indeed I know they are not. These gentlemen, before they are business men, are men, and as such have a collection of frailties to which all save a few heroic souls are heir. In business they react to certain influences which may be relied on to produce the same effect upon any man.

WAR AND BUSINESS

WE SAY all is fair in love and war. Love and war are pursuits. We might more truthfully say that all is fair when a man sets off in pursuit of something. The extent to which

he unloads his ordinary social, human, and ethical standards will depend upon the violence of the pursuit. In war he resorts to lies, deception, cruelty, theft upon a grand scale, to say nothing of a host of nastier little sins such as pomposity and intolerance. Business is a pursuit. It is the pursuit of money. And if the pursuit of profits in business is not characterized by immoralities as dark as those which disfigure war, it is merely because the chase is not animated by so much violence. The mood and tempo of the pursuit is calmer. We hear business men spoken about as honest and honorable. They *are* honest and honorable in accordance with the specifications of those terms current in the business world. But the business man's definition of honesty and honor is broad enough to include a good deal of conduct which the moralist must condemn.

The modern, speechmaking business man loves to dilate upon his great advance from the rude morals of the last generation. To-day he gives sixteen ounces to every pound, puts the truth upon his labels, points with pride to his "one-price" policy, and stands back of the integrity of his goods. His unregenerate progenitor weighed his thumb in with his goods, used labels as false as a circus poster, charged any price he could get, and proceeded generally on the theory that the man who bought had to take care of himself in the transaction. There is no doubt our modern business man does not resort to these petty-larcenous practices to the same degree as his praying and hymn-singing predecessor.

The reformation, however, has not been wholly the product of spiritual processes. The inspector of weights and measures, the pure food laws (bitterly contested), the Federal Trade Commission, and the general statutes have had something to do with the reformation. The rest of it has been the product of two other forces: society has organized against the business man, and business men have organized against each other. The retailers have organ-



COMMODORE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

The Staten Island ferryman who started life with a skiff and a pair of oars and amassed a hundred million dollars

ized to force the jobbers to deal fairly with them. The jobbers have extorted a more equitable basis of dealing from the manufacturers. The manufacturers have compelled better weight and quality at the hands of the producers of raw materials.

Education has also had its effect. This always makes for refinement, even in the processes of sin. The illiterate gangster fetches his victim a crisp blow over the scone and helps himself to the victim's valuables in the most direct manner. But this is crude, messy, dangerous, even revolting to a man of delicate sensibilities. The educated brigand naturally turns to subtler, safer, more profitable, and more refined methods. He becomes a fake stock salesman, or perhaps a promoter. So, too, our modern business man achieves the aim of all commercial sinners — which is profit — not by the petty-larcenous methods of the old-fashioned grocer, but by the more refined and respectable methods of the corporation director.

DISEASES OF BUSINESS

THE PETTY vices were peculiar to little business and to little business men. Big business has outgrown them as a man outgrows the diseases of childhood. But, unhappily, he develops maladies peculiar to his mature years. He may not have the measles, the whooping cough, and the mumps, but this does not mean that he is necessarily in perfect health. He may develop a bad case of rheumatism or gout.

The new diseases of big business have to do rather with what might be called a serious impairment of the fiduciary relation. Big business is now owned by corporations, and the corporations in turn are owned by thousands of stockholders. As a rule, these stockholders are helpless against the managers. I do not mean that all corporation managers take advantage of this helplessness to rob the stockholders. I do not mean that any considerable number do not give their stockholders a pretty good brand of management. But I do believe that the current brand of ethics looks with tolerance upon a reasonable latitude within which directors may exploit their corporations for their own enrichment.

Let me point to an example. The Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad failed five years ago. It had been a prosperous road and its failure shocked the country. The resulting receivership brought its recent history into the open. The Interstate Commerce Commission investigated its affairs and among other things here is what it found:

One director was also head of a great copper producing corporation. He encouraged a policy of electrifying the road, and when this was voted through, he sold the road four million dollars' worth of copper. Then the road needed power. He organized a power company, made millions out of the capital structure of the new company because of its contracts with the railroad, and under these contracts supplied power at a price far higher than that paid by many smaller users.

Another director was also interested in the copper and power contracts.

Still another director, acting for the road,

bought a bankrupt railroad. He got the St. Paul to assume about seventeen million dollars' worth of bonds at par, guaranteeing principal and interest at five per cent, and he paid ten dollars a share for the stock. Before he contracted the St. Paul into this onerous and costly deal, the stock of the defunct road had been selling for a dollar or two a share, and the bonds were way below par. When questioned about this business, his memory, as so often happens with corporation magnates on the witness stand, completely broke down.

The bankers for the road negotiated a heavy loan in France. Later some \$34,000,000 of these French bonds made their way into the office of an allied banker. The road's bankers then proposed to retire as many of these French bonds as they could buy up, all the time knowing where they could buy them cheap. The road agreed to pay these bankers fifty per cent of everything they saved. So they went over and took up the \$34,000,000 in bonds for \$29,000,000. Thus they cleaned up a pretty penny on the railroad which they were supposed to be advising financially.

All this, of course, was concurred in by the other directors, most of whom were allied with these directors or bankers in some way. And it was done to a railroad which was moving with alarming swiftness toward ruin. Before the final crash, the directors — or most of them — had unloaded their stocks on the unsuspecting public. When the road went into the hands of a receiver, the bankers cleverly manipulated the processes of ruin so as to put themselves in control. They then set in motion certain very well understood and standardized schemes for pushing the bondholders out of the picture at a heavy loss, enabling the promoters to get control of the stock at a song and make a handsome killing on it.

The only reason for telling this story is that these directors were men in the very front rank of business life. And their conduct in the management of this railroad has had no effect whatever upon their high standing. They would be eagerly welcomed into any board of directors.



Crayon drawings by Ioan Opffer

WILLIAM HENRY VANDERBILT

Who inherited seventy-five million dollars and left two hundred million when he died

OIL AN EXAMPLE

ALL THIS is not very far from what went on in the oil industry. Much type has been consumed retailing the machinations of Sinclair and Doheny in bribing a high officer of the government and in defying the courts. What has been lost sight of is that these gentlemen, as well as the heads of a dozen other oil companies, were engaged in operations from which they were profiting personally at the expense of their stockholders. One such example was that of Colonel Stewart. But Stewart was only one of half a dozen corporation heads in that same deal to milk their own corporations. And the conduct of these men was approved throughout, not merely by a few familiars, but by their directors, numbering half a hundred men who might be considered among the leaders in the oil industry. They could see nothing in all of these transactions to warrant any lack of confidence in the conspirators.

Another queer slant on the business community concerns the trust relation. The sensational phenomenon of the present moment is the investment trust. What is an investment trust? It is a device by which the small investor is given, through pooling and central management, the benefit, first, of diversification in his investments, and second, *of expert selection and direction*. And now we see investment trusts being organized weekly by investment bankers. In certain cases one investment banking house will sponsor two, three, four, or more such trusts. Here, then, is a banking house of issue with stocks to sell, controlling an investment trust with money to buy stocks. Some of these, of course, are real investment trusts; but, as a matter of fact, a good many of them are just catch-alls for stocks and bonds of investment houses. Yet upon their directorates will be found hundreds of leaders in business all over the country. Upon what principles of ethics can this situation be defended?

MERGERS

ANOTHER current phenomenon of industry and trade is the merger. Here is a great department store. Its owner is a gentleman of large kidney in his community. He is the big frog in his small pond, and we know from experience that he enjoys his position. Yet we find him selling his department store to a chain and exchanging the position of master and mogul for that of local manager or third vice-president in the chain — his cherished independence all gone. Why does he do this? The answer, in many instances at least, will be found in the fact that the chain offers him a solution of that age-old problem of eating his cake and having it too. A department store which he could not possibly sell for five million is turned into the merger at ten million. The department store manager takes his price in stock. Then he can slowly feed that stock into the market. After a while he has sold enough to get back his five million purchase price in cash, and he still has that much stock interest in the chain. He may not succeed in this heavenly scheme, but at least that is the idea. And this is back of most of the mergers which are now amazing the stock market.

When a business man talks about modern business ethics and the new codes, he usually has in mind the change which has come about

in the relations of competitors. The president of the Bolt, Nut, and Rivet Manufacturers' Association tells the Pennsylvania Chamber of Commerce that the growing evil of modern business is selfishness. However, the bolt and nut men have met this dragon and slain it. They have "developed a degree of unselfishness never before attained either in our industry or any other we know anything about." And what does this unselfishness consist in? It has come about by having all the nut and bolt and rivet manufacturers get together. Instead of fighting each other until nuts and rivets were within the reach of the poorest home, they now stand together as a group. "We can look the world in the face with pride," he announces, because now "our competitors are our friends." But what about the people who must buy rivets from them? What dividends are they getting in this glorious piece of unselfishness?

This union of competitors is looked upon by a good many people as one of the most disturbing and pernicious tendencies in modern business. I certainly look upon it as such, and I am neither against big business nor against group action. But I have seen a good deal of what the unregulated combination of competitors in industry means for the public.

THE BUILDING TRADES

ISAT for months listening to Samuel Untermyer as he brought to light the practices of the building construction and materials industry of New York in the famous Lockwood investigation. Conspiracies against the public interest, against the house builder and house owner, not only in violation of law, but in violation of every principle of humanity; contracts founded on lies and deception; trade cliques hidden behind all kinds of false pretensions; chicanery, rigged-up prices, fake bids; bribery of public officials, labor union officers, rival agents — subterfuges of every sort to fool the public into thinking that competition still existed. The serious thing about all this was that it was traced, not to a few unscrupulous brigands, but to hundreds of firms and even thousands of individual firm members and corporation officials — many of them men whose names would have been included in almost any list of leading citizens.

And all this was carried on in the name of that beautiful idea of self-government in in-

dustry, which is nothing more or less than a choice piece of bunk meaning "industry organized against the public." In the one instance cited it resulted in one of the most reprehensible conspiracies against a whole city ever unearthed, and it produced losses of hundreds of millions of dollars to the people of New York.

I think business will begin to get a little better when business leaders stop talking about how they got over the measles and mumps and begin diagnosing their adult ills; when they stop boasting about their regeneration and

begin to set up an ethical ideal for business in its modern forms. In these forms the leaders of business are officials bearing the same relation to their stockholders that public officials bear to the voters. At present, business is shot through with all those forms of dishonesty which we know so well in public life and which come under the general head of graft. When every form of grafting in business is recognized for what it is, and business organizations begin to denounce it and punish it, then — and not until then — will we see business moving up to a higher ethical level.

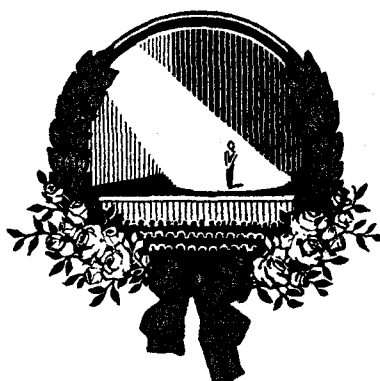
To be answered by Dr. Julius Klein of the Department of Commerce

Ladies of the Platform

by EUDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON

LABOR-**SAVING** devices in the home, birth control, clubs, equal suffrage, and other forms of emancipation combining to create a new profession for women, have contributed the "lady speaker" to modern society. Until recently, as time is measured, women suffered from the inferiority complex set up within them by the Apostle Paul. During our childhoods those of us who are now flirting with the mid-thirties classified all women who lifted their voices in public with the Siamese Twins and the snake-eater at the circus. The church, which offered women about their only chance for activities outside the home, was still endeavoring to suppress their vocal participation in its work. Had not the Apostle said clearly: "Let your women keep silent in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak"? So, deep into the subconscious went the inhibition.

Finally, along came the higher critics to junk many of the misogynic philosopher's precepts, and forthwith women shed their traditional complexes as easily as water moccasins shuffle off their skins with the coming of spring. The



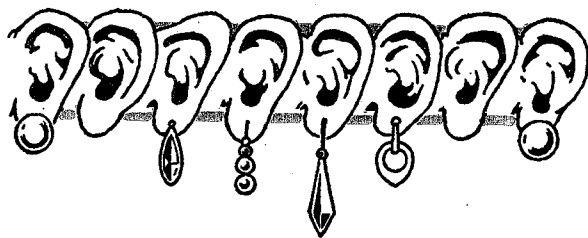
Drawings by Geoffrey Norman

public speaking class attached itself to the club, the Young Women's Christian Association, the summer assembly, and to practically every other organization that exists to lift the cultural or religious level of the world. After a woman makes the first plunge and rises, still conscious, above the sea of upturned faces, she has fixed within her a longing for the

limelight which throws into dank shadow the simpler pleasures that once diverted her.

Why is it that the ladies feel this irrepressible urge to speak? A career on the platform, even for the few who attain real eminence, offers scanty reward in specie. For the woman who does not furnish entertainment beyond her community and its purlieus there is almost no compensation at all. The services of the half-dozen feminine celebrities who receive a hundred dollars or more for their lectures are not conspicuously in demand. The small clubs either append to their courteous invitations apologies for the emptiness of their treasuries or state tactfully that a ten-dollar honorarium is all they can afford. Fifty dollars from a large city club the speaker views as rare munificence,

and twenty-five dollars is considered adequate generosity. So conscious are many organizations of the honor they confer by opening their meetings to speakers that they do not even offer to pay expenses. The president of a state association of university women, proffering the hospitality of her platform, recently explained pathetically that there was no money for railroad fare. Since the speaker invited could not then contribute fifty dollars to the cause, she was forced to refuse the honor in favor of some more affluent member of the profession. One woman who has made thirty-one speeches in the last twelve months confesses to a total income from them of one hundred and forty dollars.



THE ITCH FOR FLATTERY

THE ADULATION which all women crave, and which can be given in full measure only to those who stand now and then in the public eye, is their chief compensation. And how gratifyingly the audiences do flock around the ladies of the platform! They may be frugal with money, but they are prodigal with adjectives. Women restrained in other social relationships will compliment the visiting speaker on everything from her subject matter, her voice, her gestures and posture, to the clothes she wears and the shape of her teeth. Since the serpent made pleasingly effective remarks to the mythical mother of the race, daughters of Eve have found flattery sufficient excuse for continuing many sorts of endeavor. So don't believe the woman who dwells in high-sounding euphemisms upon the sacrificial quality of the public service she renders. Remember that she is having the time of her life whenever she appears before an audience. She is achieving something she interprets as self-expression; she is escaping a domesticity which bores her; she is feeding an ego other relationships have left undernourished; she is broadening her social contacts; and she is getting the sort of publicity in which little minds delight.

With praise flowing freely, whether deserved or undeserved, it is not surprising that the ladies of the platform are egotistical, or that sooner or later we develop an overconfidence that causes us to appear before audiences with insultingly insufficient preparation. Just let us speak long enough and we become insufferable asses. We gather our platform manners about us like a cloak that protects us from the elbows of the common herd, and we carry them wherever we go. In an exaggerated consciousness of our own mental powers we tend to underestimate the quality of public intelligence. The woman who has listened long enough to the flattery of female audiences begins to think of herself as a sort of demigoddess. From the imaginary height upon which she has placed herself she stoops toward the world, the professional smile seldom leaving her benign countenance.

While the presidents of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the Presidents-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution and others who head large national bodies of women cannot be said to be typical of the ladies of the platform, they are the summation of all the qualities public speaking engenders in women. Addressing group after group of their own dear followers, receiving flattery, flowers, and other tributes both material and spiritual, they open to their adoring worlds like day lilies in May sunshine. Their countenances testify that they have achieved the *summum bonum* of human existence and are satisfied. God's in His Heaven, and during their administrations all will be right with the world. So, enriched by happiness and love, they seek to bring joy to those who hear them. Dear ladies they are — sweet and charming, using their golden gift of oratory to brighten other women's dark corners.

WHERE IT ALL BEGAN

TWO GREAT conflicts, which the World War brought to successful conclusion, were the means of rallying the oratorical clans — the one leading to emancipation for half the people and the other to bondage for all of them. Equal suffrage and temperance called women from the hearth to the stump and set the pattern for two types of oratory enduring even to this day. The "causes" developed the militant and the sob-sister — the suffragists leaning to militancy

and the temperancers to pathos. Women soon found that fighting in public and crying in public had it all over the domestic demonstrations in which they had engaged through ages past. The lady with the face of a Puritan maiden and the ambition of a Cromwell, who escaped from the restrictions imposed by a ministerial husband, a New England pastorate, and a delicate child, into the hearts and platforms of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, began to glow with a sense of her own importance and the bigness of the cause, the success of which seemed to depend upon the persuasive quality of her oratory. The suffragists realized very soon that advocacy of the larger homemaking was vastly more enjoyable than wielding mops and dustpans and rolling pins.

Never believe the stories of hardships which the graying veterans delight in telling. While the guns were spitting fire and the bombs were bursting in air, a good time was being had by all. Women love being martyrs — and martyrdom on the stump has all the publicity features and none of the discomforts of burning at the stake. The perfectly normal craving for adventure, which women have endeavored to suppress, found its first satisfaction in the good old forensic days. Until prohibition became a law, if not a fact, and women lost some of their eagerness to vote because the privilege was granted them, fledgling orators grew their wings and learned to soar far above their mundane sphere. There was gloom in oratorical circles during the hiatus following the two federal victories, and it lasted until the ladies were launched upon other troubled waters.

THE TEST OF TEARS

THE women who have been plying the speaker's trade longest are those who stand on religious platforms. Religious speakers are born — not made. The person who excels before the church group must know how to make the people cry, for a religious talk falls quite flat if it does not cause a quick and fluent reaction of the lachrymal glands. A woman whom I love for her humorous, cheerful attitude toward life could safely sign a contract to reduce

to tears in three minutes all within range of her voice and to make them admit that they had enjoyed their grief. That is art — and vastly more: it is genius that comes as a gift from heaven. The recipient of such divine beneficence is always in demand, for there is nothing more relaxing to taut nerves than a good, hearty cry that shakes our very soul to its depths.

Every major denomination now employs lady speakers to do its chores. In these ranks are to be found women who formerly stumped for suffrage and those who bore some of the burden of the prohibition campaigns. Chiefly representing missionary societies and junior activities, the sisters of the religious platform ply their trade for salaries calculated to contribute more to treasures in heaven than to the amassing of worldly wealth. Ladies must speak, whether or not speaking produces a wage upon which ladies may live in affluence. Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to speak or die. For presidents of women's societies the classic figure seems to be six hundred dollars and traveling expenses. The ladies are not to be pitied, however. As they go their rounds, they are entertained royally by the sisters and sometimes by the brethren, and they think of themselves as occupying pedestals of unique height and importance. They visit the churches, conduct classes for Sunday school teachers and other workers, descend frequently upon the denominational colleges, and are specialists in the technique of conventions.

SNOOPING FOR SUBJECTS

I USED to know one college visitor who bore the opprobrious nickname of Mrs. Pious Meddler. Like most of her kind, she talked in saccharine tones of home, heaven, and mother, laying constant claims to recent divine revelations and in odd moments spying upon student recreations. After her visits to the colleges, complaints invariably came from devout brethren who deplored that students at a denominational school should engage in so unholy a pastime as dancing. It is the pious meddlers' right to "compound for sins they are in-



clined to by damning those they have no mind to." Like the churches they represent, these ladies of the religious platform endeavor to preserve the traditions. They are employed to serve the people sedatives that will help them bear the hardships of this world and think on the joys of heaven. They inveigh against progress because progress involves a mental exercise that may be deleterious to orthodoxy. Indeed, no toilers ever worked better than they or were ever more deserving of the plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

There is nothing more remarkable than the ingenuity with which platform reformers of the female variety turn all topics toward the channel of their special interest. We have one in the South who is inoculated with the belief that the Lord has ordained her to save the world from anarchy, atheism, bolshevism, and free love. Like an alarm clock, which nobody loves although it renders a valuable service, she strikes her warning whenever an audience is available. In everything new she sees the dire handwriting on the wall. The movements for the reduction of armament, for training rather than punishing criminals, for the abolition of capital punishment, new theories bearing upon child training, the revolt against militarism — all these she declares to have their origin in communism. Schools, colleges, and universities she suspects of waving the red flag and of teaching free love. Her audiences tremble while she tells them of the rapid spread of atheism, of the sexual outrages in the colleges, of the strikes communists are exciting, of the threatened overthrow of our dear capitalistic form of government, and of the imminent junking of our revealed religion, our home, and our family life. She ended an address recently with this oratorical peroration:

"We must be under some flag. Through ignorance shall we unconsciously drift toward the red flag of atheism, communism, and sex freedom, or shall we be aroused in time to see

that our youth is trained in those principles that have made this government the happiest and greatest government on earth? Shall we not see that in our country there is allegiance to one flag — not the red flag, but the red, white, and blue?"

This speaker works in the Federation of Women's Clubs. Her kind abound, moreover, among the Daughters of the American Revolution. I recently heard one daughter who ranks high in this society classify all opposing the cruiser bill as pacifists desiring to undermine the government. "You have no idea," she said in effect, "what insidious forces are at work. Pacifists do not sleep. The D.A.R. must be vigilant if the country is to be saved." Earnest souls are these ladies, appointed to check the forces of disruption.

LADY WAGS

EVEN WORSE than the reformer is the lady humorist, though fortunately she comes of a rarer species. While hundreds and thousands of women set about to reform the world, only a few try intentionally to make it laugh. Of course we should be grateful for all the good laughs life gives us, yet it is most annoying to feel that your risibles ought to be affected by the sort of thing the lady humorist intends to be funny. As soon, however, as a woman gets a reputation as a wit, audiences find amusement in anything she says. So, never forgetting that she is an enormously funny person, she gets funnier and funnier as time goes on. Here is a sample of the wit of the lady humorist:

"I didn't know until an hour ago whom I was to present this afternoon," said a woman appointed to introduce a visiting speaker. "The chairman, who probably didn't know either, said to me the other day, 'What difference does it make? What's in a name? A rose would smell as sweet by any other.' Which didn't help me much because I came here to introduce this speaker, not to smell him." The audience, primed for its rôle, laughed loudly.



A lady humorist presented the Governor of her state somewhat as follows. "When I agreed to preside to-day, I wasn't told that his Excellency would be the speaker. The chairman said that she was handing me a pig in a poke. Now I ask you, does the Governor look like a pig?" (Mirth from the audience.) "I'm not used to presenting governors, so I went to the state seal for inspiration. There I found a man with his foot on another man's neck, with *sic semper tyrannis* written beneath the picture. It occurred to me that the seal might represent the Governor and the state legislature, for the Governor certainly has his foot on the neck of the legislature."

The audience laughed again. His Excellency forced a dry little smile. He was trying to swallow gamely his first gulp of the humor ladled out by the ladies of the platform.

POLITICAL AMAZONS

POLITICS offer a fine new field for the ladies. In fact, the war horses of suffrage would lead dull lives if it were not for an occasional political campaign in which we could step again to martial music, heads thrown back, nostrils dilated, manes tossing in the wind. Like Civil War veterans on Decoration Day, we who received our training from Mrs. Catt, Hannah J. Patterson, and Mrs. Frank J. Shuler fall in line when the politicians issue their calls to arms. As the bands begin to play and the banners to wave, we return to the element we love, just as old soldiers come back to Gettysburg. The last presidential campaign, with its vitriol, its vituperation, and its invective hurled in every direction, furnished those who used to stump for suffrage more fun than we have had since we harangued the legislatures and picketed the White House. The

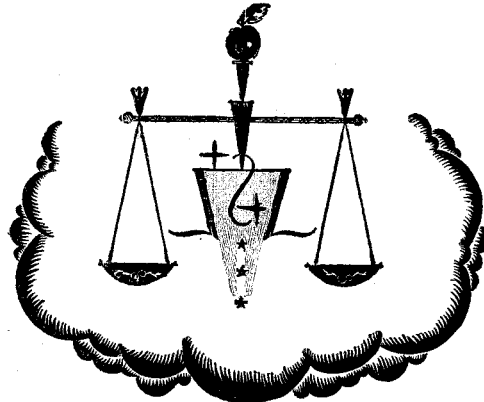
old-line suffragists were to be found in the ranks of both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Smith, speaking with the oratorical fire we feared we had lost when the "cause" was won. There is nothing that can stir us like a good, live fight; there is nothing that can thrill us like a band. The orators, formerly of both suffrage and anti-suffrage persuasion, are permanently listed with the speakers' bureaus of the parties.

So the ladies of the platform are in their heyday at last. Cultural clubs want book reviews and literary addresses. Parent-Teacher Associations must be guided by pedagogical speeches. Civic organizations must be whooped up periodically. Groups with *raisons d'être* — religious, charitable, or fraternal — are demanding our gratuitous services, and the politicians are welcoming our speeches so long as we do not ask for a share of the spoils. When the Southern Baptists recently, relegating to back seats the Apostle Paul and his advocate from Kentucky, permitted the president of the Women's Missionary Union to address their convention, one of the few remaining fortifications of the conservatives was taken. In addition to the old platforms we have stormed, we are constantly finding new ones, perhaps of our own building. Corresponding to every organization the ingenuity of man can concoct, a woman's group springs into being so that no mother's daughter should want for a chance to give voice to the faith that is in her. Business and professional women, Altrusans, Quotans, federated women, daughters of all the fathers — from the Pilgrims down — are learning to roar like Lions, to flap like Eagles, to gallop like Elks, to hammer like Masons, to hoot like Owls, and to enter into the puerile pursuits in which Rotarians and Kiwanians delight. Let no man dare enjoin us to keep silent!



What I Believe

Living Philosophies — IV



Drawings by John Melching

by FRIDTJOF NANSEN

*Norwegian explorer, scholar, diplomat
Awarded Nobel Peace Prize 1922*

IT IS STRANGE how very rarely one hears men explain frankly and clearly their faith, what they actually believe in their innermost selves and in their sincerest moments; what higher powers they admit, if any; what future. Is this because of a kind of shyness, a consideration for the convictions of others which they do not wish to disturb? Or is it because many people have not been able to arrive at any conclusion as to what they actually believe? Perhaps both. When Charles Darwin was asked about his faith, he answered: "What my own views may be is a question of no consequence to anyone but myself. But, as you ask, I may state that my judgment often fluctuates. . . . I think that generally (and more and more as I grow older), but not always, an Agnostic would be the more correct description of my state of mind."

But although a man's faith is, to some extent at least, his private affair, nevertheless it may have a great effect upon his actions and conduct, and may thus be of importance to his fellow men. It is especially urgent to examine the beliefs of the remarkable age in which we are now living, for in spite of the tremendous advances made by science and the constant evidence of the continuing ability of the white race — portents which might be expected to give confidence, buoyancy, and hope — one often hears the anxious question: Whither

mankind? What is the future of Western civilization? The war may have contributed greatly to this gloomy foreboding of some catastrophe to come, but the real cause lies deeper. The real cause lies in the fact that the thinking world is now in a difficult transitional period: old, established truths are shaken and overthrown, old creeds and dogmas are largely abandoned, and there are no new ones ready to take their place.

Whether there are absolute truths we cannot prove or disprove. But having got the capacity of thinking, we ought certainly to use it in deciding those questions which are of most importance in our whole conduct of life, and we must let our reasoning be guided by what we recognize to be the truths of our time. To allow our faith, our views of existence, to be tyrannized by the commands — whether illogical or not — of some other person, "a prophet of God," has nothing to do with morality or goodness. The command "thou shalt believe" is not moral; if we can force ourselves to obey it, we do so not because we are convinced that it is the naturally good and right thing to do, but for fear of displeasing some divine power, and of thus exposing ourselves to punishment. This is the contrary of morality, for we make ourselves subject to an alien despotism in order to gain something by it. Commands such as this are remnants from times when people believed

in war gods, gods of vengeance and reward, like the Yahweh of Israel. In our day it might be expected that we should have outgrown such superstitions, and that we should consider it our duty to try, as best we can, to bring our views of life, our faith, our principles of morality, into harmony with our reasoning, and to base our conduct of life on principles which we consider to be right and just.

THE LAWS OF NATURE

WHEN WE TRY to form our view of existence and of the system of the world, we have nothing to be guided by but our observations — that is, our scientific research — and our logical thinking. We are thus led to assume that the whole universe — the inanimate as well as the animate world, the physical as well as the spiritual sphere — is ruled by what we, with a general term, call the laws of nature, and that these laws determine the past and the future. We can discover no fundamental difference between inanimate and animate matter, or between the physical and the mental processes. They are all parts and processes of nature. Organic life is a form of energy, and is subject to the same laws that determine the motions of electrons and of heavenly bodies. We do not know yet how organic life and its forms first came into existence on our planet; but that does not prove that we can never know. We know that it must once have begun here, and that it will some day cease, when the sun is cooled so much that the temperature at the earth's surface sinks below a certain level. This is an inevitable process in the endless circulation of the universe. Furthermore, we know that organic life is inseparably bound up with forms of matter and is sustained by supplies of energy, and that it ceases with the destruction of those forms and with the lack of that energy. We can sterilize matter and destroy all life. It is therefore hardly logical to assume that organic life is something fundamentally different from the processes of inanimate matter: they are both produced by physical or chemical energy.

And now the soul? It is an inseparable part of all forms of organic life — animals and plants. We cannot really imagine any living form without a soul, or a soul without a living form. Where life begins the soul begins, and where life ends the soul ends. We can speak

about an unconscious and a conscious soul, but we cannot possibly draw the line where the individual, conscious soul begins in the ascending scale of organic forms from the lowest plants and animals to the highest mammals and man, any more than we can in the development of the individual man from the ovum to the adult. When is the individual soul of a man created? Is it at conception? I believe it is. If so, it cannot originally be an indivisible entity, for it arises from two primary components, the spermatozoon and the ovum, and it derives its specific qualities from both sources. But then we have the development of some eggs — for instance, those of bees — without sexual fertilization. This does not detract from my thesis. The processes which constitute the elementary soul are transferred with the sexual cells from the parental forms to the offspring, and the sexual cells are differentiated and set aside at the earliest stages in the development of each individual. The soul may thus be considered as continuous, like life itself, through all generations, but it grows "self-conscious" in the development of each individual of the higher animal forms.

NO INDIVIDUAL IMMORTALITY

CLOSELY CONNECTED with this question of a conscious soul is the old postulate of its *immortality*, which arises from our fear of annihilation, or rather from our desire to live. The claim that the soul should continue to exist after the decay of the body and its organs — by the processes of which it was produced — is so contrary to all reason that it cannot be dealt with as a scientific problem. The question naturally arises: at what stage in the development of the animal forms is it assumed that the immortality of the individual soul was introduced? Is it a prerogative of man only? But if so, had the Neanderthal man, or the Pithecanthropus an immortal soul? Has a gorilla, or even an elephant, a dog, a tiger, a chicken, a serpent, a fish, a lobster, an oyster — has each of these an individual, immortal soul? Where can we possibly draw the line? And where in space are these enormous quantities of individual souls continuing their immortal existence? The Mohammedans are perhaps the most exclusive, claiming that immortality is a prerogative of the human males, and that not even the human females possess it; but against this

our modern champions of women will probably make a violent protest.

The soul in its higher forms is impulses, feelings, memories, conception, consciousness, will, thoughts. We cannot imagine these activities to be attached to solitary electrons or atoms; we must rather assume that they arise by a coöperation of electrons or atoms in an immensely complicated system. Our investigations prove that these activities of the body and the soul are based on the supply of chemical energy. When the body and its organs are destroyed, and the parts of the complicated system forming the seat of the soul are scattered, these mental activities must cease, and the individual soul can no more exist as such; if it continues, it must be something entirely different, deprived of all the characteristic qualities of the individual soul that was a part of the body. And what is our individual soul really? It is inseparably bound up with every part of our body, not only with the brain and the nervous system, but with every functioning organ, every muscle. Alterations not only of the brain, but of other parts of the body — the sexual and other glands — may entirely change the nature of a man's soul, of his whole character, and make him a very different personality, good or bad, moral or immoral. For example, by an operation a hopeless sexual criminal may be made a fairly decent and moral person. The specific qualities of the soul can be cut away slice by slice from the brain, until nothing but the mental activity of a low animal is left. Notice the gradual degeneration of the soul of a man attacked by general paralysis. Which soul is going to survive?

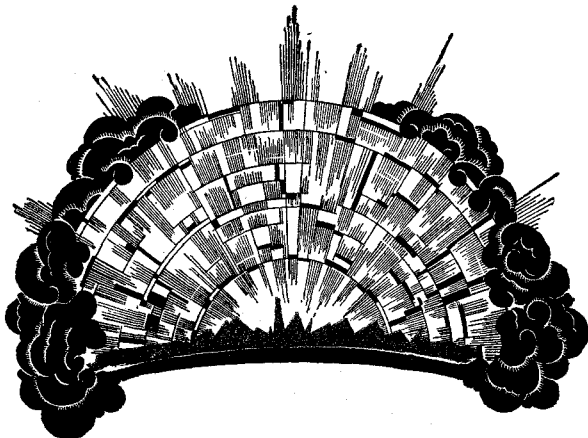
For numbers of people it may be a consolation to think that the soul is immortal, and that there is a life after this where there may

be some compensation for the sufferings and shortcomings of this earthly existence; but certainly it is a less selfish, nobler, and a more wholesome faith to believe that our life is *here* and *now*, that we are passing links in the continuous chain from the past to the future, that we survive only in the effects of our thoughts and acts, and in our descendants, and therefore that we have to do our very best in this one life. This view is apt to strengthen the feeling of solidarity, and it forms a sounder basis for our conduct of life and for the progress of the community than obsolete illusions and postulates, and a doctrine based upon the selfish idea of the salvation of the individual in another life.

THE ILLUSION OF RESPONSIBILITY

INSEPARABLY bound up with these questions is the old problem of free will. When everything that happens is subjected to the laws of nature, when all our actions, great or small, are determined by the endless series of causes and effects in the past, there is, of course, no room for a free will, and there cannot really be any responsibility in the manner in which we generally understand it. All the ingenious attempts which have been made by great thinkers to get round this simple fact, seem more or less futile. The laws of nature are inexorable, and admit no more of a free will than of an absolute cause, whether we call this cause "will" or "God." The whole personality of an individual — his qualities, his character — is determined by birth and environment, by inheritance and education. It may perhaps be said that a strong man can more or less educate himself and shape his own character by his own will. But this will is not free and independent. It is itself a quality which has been inherited and may have been strengthened or weakened by education and environment; its functioning at any moment is determined by previous causes. In reality, therefore, an individual can no more shape his own character than a tree can shape its branches. Whether a man becomes what is called good or bad, moral or immoral, and what views he holds, depend entirely on his inherited qualities and how they have been influenced and developed by education and environment.

Those people who fear that this doctrine may wipe out the feeling of responsibility, which is so important for all social life, may find



consolation in knowing that in the moment when we act, we all of us believe that we are free to decide. Even the most positive determinist acts under the illusion that when he is doubtful about what to do, his final decision depends on himself and not upon the workings of previous causes. This idea, even if it is an illusion, seems to be necessary for the welfare of the community, and it is hardly possible to exterminate it in practice from the conscious soul of which it is a part — a soul whose existence is determined by previous causes.

Closely connected with the doctrine of determinism is the question of purpose. If everything is determined by the laws of nature, how, then, can there be any purpose of the whole? The truth is that the eternal laws are because they are, and can serve no purpose outside themselves. Some people argue, however, that if there is no purpose, then the whole universe becomes meaningless. But this proves nothing. Who has any right to say that the universe must have a meaning? Meaning and purpose — are they not really egotistical ideas belonging to our little organic world? Can they be applied to the universe and its endless circulation?

When on a starlit night our eyes are lifted to the heavens and wander far into infinite space toward other Milky Ways, and we are inspired by the wonderful grandeur of the whole, by the sublime majesty, we get a feeling that it is, always was, and always will be, and demands for meaning and purpose dwindle into petty impertinence. Once, a long time ago, our organic living world arose and developed on this little planet, and some day it will again disappear. Is it not to ask too much that it should also have a meaning, a purpose, outside its own changing processes? We may say that the purpose of the grain growing on our fields is to provide food for human beings, since grain-growing is a specialty of ours, but it would be ridiculous conceit to say that the sun is shining in order to make our grain grow, or to think that the purpose of matter and energy is to

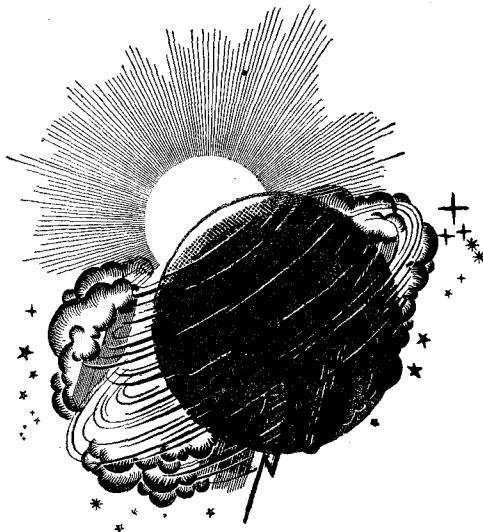
make our existence possible on this planet.

To many people it may seem even harder to give up the idea of a purpose of existence and a wise scheme of things, than to have to accept the doctrine of determinism and to abandon the idea of a free will, though the one is an inevitable consequence of the other. But just as in the instance of free will, we do not act according to theory: in practice we all act as if there were a purpose in our lives. We can no more get away from this idea than from that of a free will; it is too deeply rooted in human nature, being determined by previous causes.

THE PROPS OF FAITH CUT AWAY

IT IS OBVIOUS, however, that as the so-called materialistic views of life, mentioned above, spread and pervade the thoughts of the common people, their whole philosophical and religious conception of existence is radically shaken. Old creeds, old religious systems, dogmas, and superstitions, which

formed the mainstay of their views of life, can be upheld no longer; and there are hardly any adequate and satisfactory new doctrines ready to take their place. Worse than this, however, is the fact that the idea of morality was hitherto generally bound up with religion, that the current moral rules had their origin chiefly in superstition, and one had to obey them in order to please some supernatural beings, or to obtain some reward here or in another life. People who discover the fallacy of their old superstitions and throw them overboard, may, therefore, be likely to throw their moral rules overboard too, without being able to find new ones. Thus they lose their mental balance, their foothold on life. Their moral and social ideas fall prey to the winds, or disappear in the melting pot. This state of things will inevitably create unrest, uncertainty, confusion, aberrations, often spreading in wide circles, like some forms of communism, and it has an unfortunate effect upon all social life and on the welfare of the community. It paralyzes the hope of a better future.



But nevertheless we dream of a new era for mankind, a time of a better life, of lasting peace, of brotherhood and good will between individuals, classes, and peoples, of mutual confidence and coöperation. Can this dream be realized? Some people think that a better world can be created by sudden improvement, by dictatorial commands, by force, or even by revolutions. It was people of this frame of mind who proposed to wage a "war to end war," but all they reaped was destruction. The old proverb that Beelzebub has to be driven out by Beelzebub is a dangerous one: the use of evil will create more evil, war more hostile feelings, and the use of force more need of force. The lasting betterment of the world cannot be reached by short-cuts of this kind; it must come by gradual growth from within. It can only be attained by education, and time is needed.

It helps nothing to say that men have first to seek the Kingdom of God, unless we know what God it is, and whether He can satisfy modern requirements. No longer can the God be a despotic, supernatural being, giving commands which we have to obey, whether we find them reasonable or not. He has to be the principle of good, the code of ethics which should guide our whole activity and conduct of life.

MORAL STANDARDS NOT ABSOLUTE

MORAL RULES cannot be expected to be any more absolute or everlasting than any other ideas of men. What is considered to be moral will naturally change with time and circumstances. Many moral commands still proclaimed to-day are flagrantly out of date and even harmful. Let us take as an example what is considered to be sexual morality. According to one code, the object of sexual intercourse is to produce children. It is therefore moral to get them and immoral to prevent conception, even if the children will inevitably be born to spend their lives in misery and bad health. This is cruelty and not morality.

Again, let us think of the nationalistic moral code. When a man acts for his country, he has to give up his own private moral principles; if he can gain something for his nation by this surrender, it is supposed to be his moral duty to lie, betray, steal secret documents, rob, and murder. And if he succeeds, he is highly praised as a great patriot and benefactor of his country. If a man is ordered to go as a spy into a

hostile country, it is his moral duty to go and to do his best to discover by trickery the secrets of the enemy. If he is caught, he has to be shot, and the soldiers who get the order to shoot him are morally obliged to do so, even though they may be convinced that he is really an excellent man of high moral qualities.

It is necessary to build up a new, sound moral code in harmony with modern views, freed as much as possible from superstition, and based on the old principles of solidarity and love. It should be clearly understood that moral rules are not commands which have to be obeyed through fear — the lowest instinct in man — but they are good in themselves, because their observance furthers the welfare of men in this life, and has nothing to do with the egotistical idea of an individual salvation in another world. As a general rule it may well be said that moral acts are those which in their final effects do good to the individual as well as to the community, while immoral acts are those which finally do harm to the community or the individual, or to both.

FEAR RULES MANKIND

IF WE REALLY hope to be able to approach a better future for mankind, the first condition is to have courage and not to be dominated by fear. We need courage to throw away old garments which have had their day and no longer fit the requirements of the new generations; we must work calmly and with confidence to lay a new and safer foundation for the ethical life of the individual as well as the community. Above all, we must not allow fear to keep alive the distrust and hostile feelings between classes and nations which are the most serious threat of the future. Nations fear each other and think that in order to safeguard their future it is necessary to be armed against every neighbor. We see that some of them even think that armament increases their ability to keep a potential enemy in subjection, but to an impartial spectator this method must seem to have just the opposite effect. It is obvious that as long as views of this kind prevail among nations, there is no hope of securing a lasting peace. If nations could overcome the mutual fear and distrust whose somber shadow is now thrown over the world, and could meet with confidence and good will to settle their possible differences, they would easily be able to estab-

lish a coöperation which would secure a lasting peace to the benefit of every one of them, and would further the welfare of the whole world.

Another distressing fact is the lack, up to the present, of almost any kind of morality in international politics and in the conduct of nations toward each other. Whatever they may have professed with their lips, there has in practice been a perfect anarchy which gave a nation the right to do anything, if only it had the necessary power. It may be said that since the establishment of the League of Nations and the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague, this condition, at least to some extent, has changed. But perhaps these institutions were established not so much from love of justice as for the sake of security. We have yet to see the Powers which sponsored them make any worthwhile reduction of their armaments.

Now as to class warfare, it is indeed difficult to understand why all these strikes and lock-outs are still necessary and why the classes have not yet been able to find any more rational means of settling their differences. It is evidently the result of a deplorable lack of the feeling of solidarity on both sides. By all modern inventions and progress in science, by better hygiene and medical care, it is certainly possible to improve materially the conditions of life for all classes, to make life fuller, richer, healthier, and happier for all citizens, and greatly to reduce the difference between the poor and the rich. By modern improvements in architecture, lodgings can be made much better and, for the poorer classes, more comfortable. The greatly improved transportation systems — automobiles, motor busses, tramways, rail-

ways, and so on — make it possible for people to live farther apart, instead of being crowded together in narrow streets. Radios, movies, phonographs, and other contrivances make it possible for almost everybody to get entertainment. With the cheap clothing procurable, most people can be fairly well dressed. We have thus the means to create a brighter, more satisfactory existence for all men. It is left to us to use them. We should, therefore, have reason to look with confidence and hope upon the future.

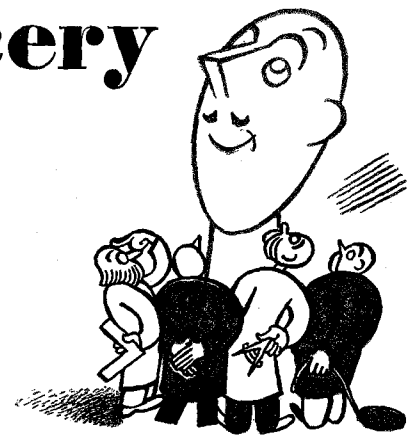
Social problems can no longer be solved by class warfare any more than international problems can be solved by wars between nations. Warfare is negative and will sooner or later lead to destruction, while good will and coöperation are positive and supply the only safe basis for building a better future. If all classes meet in perfect confidence, equally anxious to coöperate for a lasting betterment of the social condition of their whole people, then, and only then, can an arrangement be attained which will benefit all parts. Citizens will have to examine calmly the natural possibilities of their country, what trades they condition, and how these trades and their profit can be divided among the classes and among the people in the fairest manner.

But this, of course, involves the determination of each class to make the sacrifices necessary for the attainment of the desirable end. What is needed is the feeling of solidarity and love pervading all our actions and thoughts. And we should always remember that love and tolerance are the most beautiful trees in the forest.

**Next month, the fifth paper in this series of living philosophies,
by Dean Inge**



Science and Sorcery in Mental Tests



Drawings by Julian de Miskey

by HARRY MILES JOHNSON

Psychologist, Mellon Institute, University of Pittsburgh

FOR SOME twenty-five years, psychology has been afflicted by a movement, the aim of which is to devise means of measuring, or "testing," a variety of supposed personal traits, and to use the results of such measurements to predict the achievement that the tested persons may be expected to make in some kinds of socially valuable endeavor. Nothing in the previous history of psychology has rivaled this movement in respect to the effort that it has aroused, the intense, uncritical zeal of its converts, or the disregard of logic and the principles of scientific interpretation that attend their application of its results.

Certain professors of psychology at reputable institutions now modestly admit that they know how to determine the generosity of your boss, the submissiveness of your wife, the social intelligence of your salesmen, and the smartness of your children. Their technique is being extensively applied, for example, to your boy in high school. They claim to have found, within a tolerable range of certainty, the limits of his capacity for certain kinds of development. His capacity for learning mathematics, they may say, is low; the tests prove that much. Therefore he need not try to become a master of arithmetic and geometry, and should not train for such a profession as engineering, in which the lack of mathematical skill is a handicap. Likewise his capacity for learning to use his hands has been tested and found low: hence he should not plan to follow a trade. His ability to reason logically has been measured

and found mediocre: therefore he had better not attempt to enter the law. His capacity to adapt his behavior to that of his fellows, however, is much better than average; so is his ability to memorize phrases and use language. He should therefore specialize in rhetoric, literature, and oratory — the fields for which "nature" has best qualified him — and plan to take up advertising, salesmanship, or preaching as a career. He should attain success with a minimum of effort in such activities.

All this sounds pretty fluent, as well as specific. If you accept such a judgment, both you and your boy will escape responsibility for some rather important decisions. Still, if you are prudent, you will prefer to inspect its framework and provide yourself with a means of appraising its validity.

MARKS OF A TRUE TEST

FORTUNATELY, the principles of appraisal are very simple. A homely illustration will serve to exhibit the criteria by which a genuine test (of anything whatsoever) may be distinguished from a counterfeit. Before me is a large coil of copper wire, to be built into some radio sets. How many feet of wire does the coil contain? The direct way of finding the answer to this question would be to unwind the coil and apply a foot rule to the wire. But as this method happens to be inconvenient, I turn to an easier one. I take a convenient sample of the same kind of wire, which, let us say, is uniform in diameter and density, apply the foot rule to it, and then weigh it on a good scale bal-

ance, recording its length along with its weight. I apply the same treatment to other samples of still different lengths. From this set of paired measurements of weight and length I can derive a rule which tells me how many feet of such wire correspond to one pound, to two pounds, and so on. I then weigh the coil, apply the formula that I have just established, and thereby derive its length from its weight.

Any such procedure yields a test, or, in other words, an indirect measurement. I can test the length by the weight, and I can also test the weight by the length. A ten-year-old child can learn to do as much, and to understand all the principles that are involved in the procedure. They are, in fact, so very simple that we seldom bother to mention them. If we formally list them, they will appear either platitudinous or profound. Such a list is useful, however, in enabling us to examine any alleged test.

1. For one property of a thing to serve as a genuine test of another property, it is necessary that the property to be tested should *exist*. Thus, length exists as a property of wire; let us say that religious zeal does not. We can measure its length; we can hardly measure its religious zeal.

2. The property to be tested must be capable of being observed and measured *independently* of the property by which one proposes to test it. Thus, if the length of the wire could not have been measured independently, we could never have derived it from the weight; we had to know both the length and the weight of our samples to find a rule for deriving the one from the other. Whenever anyone tells you that he has measured something indirectly that has never been measured directly, you are justified in asking to be excused from further exposure to his nonsense.

3. The property to be tested must *depend upon* the property employed to test it. Thus, any two pieces of the kind of wire we have described will weigh the same if their lengths are equal. If they are unequally long, the longer piece is the heavier. Their lengths and weights are interdependent. On the other hand, if we knew only the weight of a piece, we could not tell the form that was imparted to the wire by the die, or its color, or even the material of which it is made (since numerous alloys have the same density as copper), for all

of these properties of the wire are independent of its weight and are unaffected by it.

4. The manner in which the property to be tested depends on the test-property must be *regular, constant, and known*. In the illustration given, weight and length are interrelated in a very simple manner: length is directly proportional to weight. In many other instances, the relationship to be considered is far more complex, but if only it is constant, and capable of being stated, it can be used, more or less conveniently, to derive the unknown property from the known. But if the form of the relationship is unknown, we cannot perform the calculation: the situation is then the same as if the two properties were unrelated. Neither of them could then serve as a test of the other.

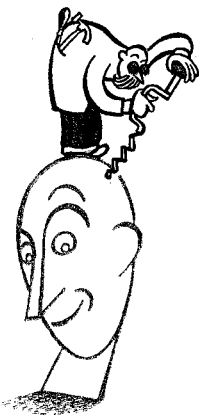
5. If the property to be tested is only *partially dependent* on the other property, the latter will yield an imperfect or partial measure. For example, suppose that our wire had been badly drawn, so that its form, its density, or both form and density, were variable. There would still be a tendency for the longer pieces to weigh more than the shorter pieces, but this tendency would not be uniform. We could make a rough estimate of the length of a piece of the wire if we knew the weight, and for rough purposes such an estimate might do; but if high precision were demanded, we should have to discard the method. This principle applies to all psychological tests, for people do not behave uniformly, but only tend, more or less roughly, to do so.

JUST WORDS

MANY PSYCHOLOGICAL tests are invalid because they violate the first two principles in our list. Either the alleged trait does not exist, or else it cannot be measured independently. For example, I tender a list of interesting words:

General Intelligence	Moral Discernment
Learning-Capacity	Mental Alertness
Emotional Stability	Interest
Persistence	Mathematical Ability
Patience	ity
Will Power	Linguistic Ability
Capacity for Leadership	Mechanical Ability
Dominance	Social Adaptability
Submissiveness	Extraversion
Generosity	Introversion
	Thrift

Grammatically, these words are used as nouns. It would be nat-



ural for us to assume that each of them is the name of an observable, definable, and measurable human trait. But experience should have taught us that this assumption is not safe. Many of our most resonant, impressive, and satisfactory words are like the so-called "steamboat widows" — they have never had a genuine partner in the world of observable things. So, if we should be asked to find a measure of one of these alleged traits, we had better begin by asking whether the trait exists, or whether we have been invited to deal with a thingless name. Our zeal should not carry us into experimentation unless there is something to experiment upon.

Consider, now, the word *intelligence*. Certainly we use it as if it denoted a genuine trait which can be measured in definite units. We talk, moreover, as if each person had a definite quota of intelligence to be measured. John, we say, has more intelligence than William, but less than Thomas; while Edward has twice as much as William, and half as much again as John. Certain professional educators go still further. They declare that each person's quota of intelligence is predetermined by his ancestry, and, like the number of the elect, is so certain and definite that it cannot be increased or diminished. Moreover, they say that intelligence is identical with innate learning-capacity: so, if we know how much intelligence a person has, we also know "how much" he is capable of learning, and "how much" we may profitably attempt to teach him. What, then, is more important than to hasten and apply our measurements?

In form, their reasoning is flawless. Only by inspecting their premises in the light of our principles of measurement can we learn whether they are enunciating a fundamental law of pedagogy, or merely indulging in fine language.

Before we can measure anything whatever, we must know what dimensions it has, along which the measurements are to be made. I shall illustrate this point in a moment. We must also have a definite unit in terms of which each dimension, when measured, is to be expressed. When we ask the educational psychologist, however, to name the dimensions of intelligence, he usually becomes rhetorical. "It is like force," he tells us. "We do not know just what it is. We know it only by its

effects." If you should then ask him how he can separate the effects of intelligence (or of a force) from the effects of other things, unless he can distinguish intelligence (or the force) from everything else, he is very likely to reply that your question is "academic," and that practical men have no time for such trivialities.

His illustration, in fact, is as bad as his logic. We do know exactly what force is. It is nothing but a fact of definition: namely, the product of mass and acceleration. To find how great is the force to which a ball rolling upon an inclined plane is subjected, we require just two facts of measurement: namely, how much the ball weighs, and how much speed it gains or loses in a second. We multiply one of these findings by the other, and the product gives the answer to the question. Force has no properties other than these, and no effects except mathematical effects; but those properties and those effects are completely set forth in its definition.

Now, the tester tells us that the case is different with intelligence. He says he does not know what it is; or what dimensions, or how many dimensions, it has. How, then, can it be measured? The true answer is "Nohow." It creates a dilemma, however. *Intelligence* is a wonderfully fine word to pronounce. For some purposes it is as good as *Mesopotamia*. We must therefore find a partner for it to denote, or else we must quit pronouncing it so often.

MODERN MAGIC

AT THIS POINT one is tempted to turn medicine man, and resort to a method that properly belongs to sorcery and magic. This method originates in the human propensity to treat two things as equivalent if they are called by the same name. Thus, the mere naming of a person has been supposed to endow him with properties appropriate to the name. A certain man in ancient Carmel bore the name Nabal, which means dunce, ass, or blockhead. His wife remarked, "As his name is, so is he; Nabal is his name, and folly is with him." Present-day wizards, for a reasonable fee, will ascertain what name will endow you with the kind of "personality" you desire, and fix that name upon you instead of the one you have. The savage hires a capable sorcerer to

attach the name of his personal enemy to a doll. He then beats and reviles the doll, and thereby injures his enemy.

Similarly with things: if a certain performance can be *called* a test of some trait or another, it may serve as an actual test. In the fifth chapter of the Book of Numbers, a test of guilt is prescribed for the use of the priest in order that he may decide cases wherein a husband accuses his wife of adultery without support of evidence or confession. She must drink some holy water, sprinkled with dust from the floor of the tabernacle, and assume a conditional curse pronounced by the priest. After all this, "if her thigh should rot and her belly swell," she is guilty; otherwise the husband must take her again to his home and bosom. The test, be it noted, is not validated by the rules which we applied to the wire, but by what we might call the method of proclamation.

Likewise, the educational psychologist proposes, since he cannot measure intelligence directly, to measure something that he is to *call* intelligence, and then treat it as if it is what the label should indicate. He compiles a list of, say, one hundred questions, and requires a large group of people to answer them. He decides, somehow, what answers he shall call "correct," and counts the answers that each person returns in accordance with that convention. He does not say, however, that if John gives twice as many conventional answers as William, he must have twice William's intelligence; he *ranks* John, William, and the others according to the number of conventional answers they return, and compares their ranks. He might find, for example, that of all the persons he interrogated,

10% answered fewer than 9 questions conventionally					
20	"	"	"	11	"
30	"	"	"	14	"
40	"	"	"	20	"
50	"	"	"	29	"
60	"	"	"	34	"
70	"	"	"	37	"
80	"	"	"	40	"
90	"	"	"	44	"
100	"	"	"	47	"

Suppose now that John answered forty-two

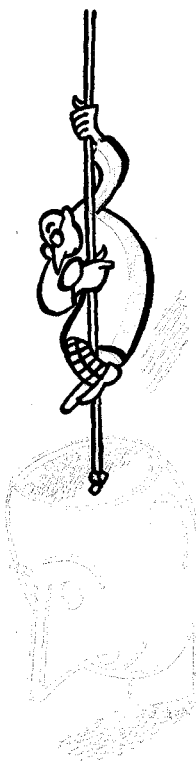
of these questions conventionally, and William only twenty-nine. The table shows that John's score of forty-two surpassed that of more than eighty and less than ninety per cent of the contestants, while William's score of twenty-eight surpassed more than forty and less than fifty per cent of the same group. He would therefore rate William's score as mediocre and John's score as very superior.

Undoubtedly he has ranked the contestants according to their performance in this task. But shall we say that their ranks indicate their several quotas of intelligence? Not unless we know, independently of this performance-rating, how much intelligence corresponds to a rank of ten, of twenty, and so on, just as we had to know how many feet of wire corresponded to a weight of one pound, two pounds, etc. But the tester admits he does not know, and that he has no means of learning. Does he therefore refrain from talking as if he did? By no means. He is likely to deny that such a comparison is necessary, and resort to the method of proclamation, as the priesthood did with its test of guilt. Only, he has not yet claimed a divine guarantee for his test, as the priests made for theirs. He simply argues in this manner: "By universal consent this performance is *called* an intelligence test. Hence it must test intelligence. Let us arise, gird up our loins, and apply it."

Thirty years ago, during a protracted village debate, I overheard a very similar argument. Since it was deemed unanswerable, and yet produced no conviction, it led to some broken friendships and a few battered noses. The question was whether John the Baptist was a Baptist. "Certainly he was," one debater affirmed. "Doesn't the Bible *call* him one? And do you mean to dispute the Bible?"

NO TWO TESTS AGREE

MANY LISTS of questions are in use, each of which is *called* a "test of intelligence." Do they actually measure the same trait? If they did, and if that trait is stable, then if a large group of people should undergo all of them, each person should attain the same rank



in any one performance as in any other. But nothing of the kind occurs. If we consider these performance-tests pair by pair, and average the changes in rank that John, William, and the other contestants suffer, we shall ordinarily find that this average change is from sixty per cent to ninety-two per cent as great as it would be if the requirements made by the one task had nothing in common with those that are made by the other. Perhaps eighty per cent is a fairly typical value, although the testers have made but few adequate comparisons. So, if we should elect to say that any one of these ratings measured intelligence, we should have to say that none of the others measured it even passably, or else that intelligence varies so much from time to time that one cannot rely on any single determination.

Some educational experts have decided to define a person's intelligence in terms of the rank that he attains in some particular performance. "Intelligence," they affirm, "is whatever this test tests!" They may therefore summarize such facts as we have just set forth by saying that your son William's "intelligence-as-measured-by-the-Alpha-test" is forty-two; that his "intelligence-as-measured-by-the-National-test" is thirty-three; that his "intelligence-as-measured-by-the-Stanley-revision-of-the-Binet-Simon-tests-as-standardized-by-Berkowitz-and-Goodknight" is seventy-one; and so on. (Such deviations are not at all uncommon in some parts of the classification scales.) In other words, they credit William with a good many nearly separate intelligences, the number of which is the same as the number of defining performances. You may well ask, therefore, why the expert does not drop the term *intelligence* and give his ratings a simpler set of names. "Ah!" he replies. "We need the label *intelligence*. It helps to sell the tests!"

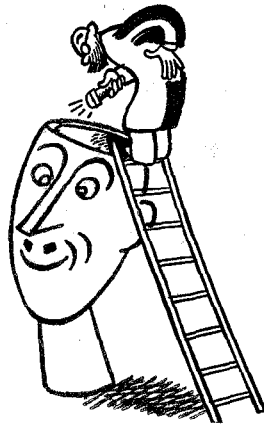
If any one of these performances measured intelligence, and if a person's intelligence is predetermined and unchanging, then if a group of persons should undergo the same performance on two different occasions, each person should attain the same relative rank

both times. He doesn't, though. The average change in ranking is usually about half as large as it would be if two entirely discrete sets of requirements were made of him on the two occasions. It is therefore clear that if intelligence is a stable trait, the performance-rating gives no tolerable measure of it; while if intelligence is what either rating tests, then intelligence is not stable. Either of the definitions of intelligence with which the test-builder starts is contradicted by the result.

THEIR REAL VALUE

SOME EDUCATIONAL experts have grasped this fact and have abandoned the claim that these ratings have anything to do with an unchanging intelligence, or that such an intelligence even exists. They contend, however, that the ratings have some value in themselves, in that they aid us in predicting the achievement that the contestant will make in some useful task, which can be appraised independently. In this contention they are partially correct. The problem resembles that of deducing the approximate length of irregular wire from its known weight, and involves our fifth principle. For example, those persons who earn a low rating in a particular test-performance also tend to get low marks in school. The question is, how strong is this tendency? Or, in other words, how effective is the one rating in determining the other? And the answer is, "Not very." Most of the "tests" employed are between eight per cent and twenty per cent as effective as a perfect measure would be. That is to say, if we employ a formula based on these ratings to estimate the marks that John, William, and their classmates will receive from their instructors, we shall make some errors; and in the average, these errors of estimation will be from eight to twenty per cent smaller than they would be if we had made no use whatever of the ratings, but had merely guessed that each of these individuals would receive the average mark of his class. Is this gain worth while? For some purposes it is, for other purposes it is not.

Mr. Bernard De Voto recently derided a great educator for boasting of the high correlation that obtained between the marks that college students received from their instruc-



tors, and their performance-ratings on a test that he had invented. But if you were to form a college class of the lowest ten per cent according to the great educator's test, you would probably find that the majority of the class were flunkers, and practically none were honor students. If you formed a class from the highest ten per cent according to the same test, you would probably find that the majority of its members were honor students, and practically none were flunkers. If you formed a class from ten per cent near the middle of the great educator's scale, you would find both honor students and flunkers, in about the same proportions as in an unselected group. Thus, the test would enable you to separate some of the cream from the dregs, although it would separate neither from the middle. If this is what you desire, the test has some value — less, perhaps, than the great educator represented it as having, and certainly more than Mr. De Voto suspected. On the other hand, if you were to use the great educator's formula to predict the marks that John and William would receive as individuals, your estimates, in the average, would be about five-sixths as erroneous as they would be if you made no use of the results of the test.

What we have said about intelligence as a thing to be measured applies in principle to all the other alleged traits in our list. Not one of those words denotes an existent, observable, and measurable thing. Performance-tests exist for most of these so-called traits, but they are merely *named after* them, and provide no measure whatever. Moreover, these other performance-tests are no more useful than the so-called "intelligence-tests" in predicting socially valuable achievement. So we may class all of them together.

Certain earnest testers now seek a "battery"



of tests, each of which will test some part of a person's future achievement that the others leave unmeasured. If the "battery" were large enough, and the selection properly made, the combined score would have a high predictive value. Their ambition is laudable, but alas! such test-performances as they have yet devised have more in common with each other than with any achievement that affects the individual's social status. They can slightly improve prediction of the latter by using two test-performances instead of one; and a very little more by using three instead of two; but they encounter a law of rapidly diminishing returns. A practically infinite number of the kind of "tests" they now have would not yield a tolerable prediction of one's rating in socially valuable endeavor. A human being can attain a given result by the use of so many interchangeable mechanisms, that it seems to make little difference if he lacks most of them.

It seems proper, therefore, for the testers to quiet down for a while, until the public has had time to forget the claims that certain members of their group have made. They can do something worth while in predicting the *average* achievement of a *group* that has been classified by their tests, provided that group lies within a very limited range on their classification scale; but for them to claim that they can passably well predict the achievement of the majority of the contestants *as individuals*, is mere resounding brass. By urging such a claim, some of these experts have obtained huge appropriations, which they have squandered in "research" on pseudo-problems. They have pronounced judgment on the "general intelligence," the "moral discernment," and the various "special abilities" of thousands of children, on grounds that warranted no judgment whatever; and they have allowed their pronouncements to be used as authority for abandonment of further effort to develop those children in certain directions. They have "debauched the curricula" of schools and colleges to a degree that would surprise even Mr. De Voto. The authority that attaches to their academic positions renders them far more dangerous than the inspirational psychologist, the swami, and the fortune teller, who can operate only on sheep that are bleating to be shorn. Their "tests" are made salable, and at the same time worthless, by depending on the

fallacy of equivocation. This is a far more powerful agent of deception than direct lying: it deceives the user as well as his readers and hearers.

What is the remedy? Well, in the last two years of preparatory school, the student is exposed to enough logic and principles of scientific interpretation to serve most of the needs of the expert. All that is needed is sufficient mastery of them to recognize an equivocation when one commits or encounters it in one's ordinary work. So I propose that every psychological laboratory in the country (including my own) be closed on suspicion, and that the staffs be returned to high school for a good, thorough review. None would be injured, and all would be benefited. The most competent scientists I know, whatever their field, find it profitable to review these elementary princi-

ples again and again — in fact, they never outgrow them. After a year or so of reflection upon these principles, in the light of their experience gained since their preparatory school days, we might allow those who could pass a rigid examination to return to work.

If I seem to have singled out the psychologists unduly, let me hasten to recommend a similar treatment to others. The biological sciences, including physiology, genetics, pharmacology, and psychopathology, are in fully as sad a state; while the educational and social sciences are almost hopelessly muddled.

If this reform measure should fail, as I expect it would, I can suggest but one alternative. Be skeptical! Remember the marks that distinguish a genuine test from a sham — and if anyone tells you that he has a psychological test, make him prove it.



Drawings by Johan Bull

The American EMPIRE

by **HIRAM MOTHERWELL**

THE PHRASE, "the American Empire," has become fashionable as a metaphor to describe the growing influence of the United States over her neighbors. But we Americans use it as a metaphor only, with the mental reservation that the United States is not really an imperialistic nation, but only a big brother to her little friends.

The time has come for us to recognize that the United States is really an imperialistic nation. There really *is* an American empire. We must get used to saying the words aloud, not with tongue in cheek but with clear and confident enunciation. Imperialism is no more disgraceful than weather, and it is just as in-

evitable at a certain stage of national expansion.

We are all imperialists. Hoover, the Quaker pacifist, is an imperialist when he seeks to flood the world with American goods and capital. You and I, simple citizens who are trying to earn a living and put the boys through college, are imperialists when we cheer for American prosperity based on super-production and gigantic foreign loans. We are profiting from a period of imperial expansion, and we enjoy it.

There is no reason why we should not enjoy it, or why we should be ashamed of it; for American financial imperialism is often beneficial, and rarely needs to be oppressive to other

peoples. But there are good reasons why we should no longer try to deny a fact as obvious as a skyscraper, a secret known to the entire world with the exception of the citizens of the United States.

I should like to see every primary school give a course on the American Empire — what it is, how it grew, what it has done and failed to do for its imperial provinces, why and how it is essential to the prosperity of our country. I should like to see every American child grow up taking this empire for granted, just as every English child grows up taking the British Empire for granted.

Public opinion resents the use of the words “imperialist” and “empire” as applied to America’s relations with her neighbors. And the United States Government seeks to appease this resentment by explaining that any imperialistic act of the State Department is but a continuation of the old isolation policy, adapted to temporary exigencies. For example, Secretary Hughes said in 1922: “We are not seeking special privileges anywhere at the expense of others. We wish to protect the just and equal rights of American citizens everywhere in the world.” Yet the United States has for years been using its influence to prevent other nations from placing important loans in Central America and Caribbean countries; has sought by every possible means to replace outstanding foreign loans in these countries with American money; has repeatedly vetoed concessions or development projects in Cuba and elsewhere in which foreign money was interested; has presented ultimatums to Hayti, Santo Domingo, and other countries, with the marines at hand to enforce them; has forcibly seized control of customs revenues and even shipped customs cash to New York as security for debts in litigation; and has intervened four times in Cuba, five times in Panama, six times in Nicaragua, twice in Mexico, six times in Honduras, once in Colombia, and once in Costa Rica. What is the use of pretending that all this is not imperialistic?

AND WHY, on the other hand, assume that such imperialism is necessarily and intrinsically wicked? American financial imperialism means thousands of millions of dollars invested in other countries, developing

local wealth, providing jobs for hundreds of thousands of workers, stabilizing national finances, giving large portions of the local populations a stake in peaceful and orderly government. No one will pretend that useful employment, sanitation, roads and railways, and human self-respect are not to be preferred to poverty, disease, and chronic revolution. It is absurd to assert that there is anything sacred in the right of small nations to be governed by a series of military adventurers. If American imperialism improves the condition of the common people at the expense of the local politicians, then it is humanly justified. The question which Americans should ask is not whether America is “imperialistic,” but whether, in each instance, American imperialism has really worked for the good of the greatest number, or has bungled its job. Most liberals believe that the United States has bungled its imperial job in many instances, and has senselessly and needlessly oppressed and sometimes slaughtered the local population. But this is no more a condemnation of imperialism than miscarriages of justice are a condemnation of laws and courts.

The trouble with American imperialism comes from the fact that Americans have not the moral courage to admit that it exists. In this the American Government has given them their cue. The State Department has repeatedly explained its imperialistic actions to the public by asserting that they were taken “solely with a view to the welfare of the inhabitants,” or “to protect human life,” or “to defend American property from bandits.” The American Government solemnly asserted its intention to grant complete national freedom to the Philippines and to Cuba, while governing in the one and intervening in the other with a ruthlessness which would have aroused instant rebellion if attempted in any of the states of the Union. In April, 1898, Congress passed a joint resolution declaring that “the people of the Island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent, and that the Government of the United States hereby recognizes the Republic of Cuba as the true and lawful government of that island.” But in 1919, after four military occupations and almost continuous interference in Cuban administration and finance, the State Department, in a document marked “Confidential:

For Official Use Only," sought to reconcile its acts with the original promise by saying:

"It would appear that 'independence' as a technical term employed in treaties relating to such protected States [as Cuba] does not mean full freedom of action as a positive attribute, but rather the absence of any such restrictions upon the protected State as would amount to an infringement of its international personality and take from it a certain theoretical legal competence to be the arbiter of its own destiny."

How much more candid it would have been to say: "Cuba is free in certain respects; she is not free in others. The United States has certain vital interests in Cuba. She does not propose to permit third nations to gain a military or financial foothold on the island, or to permit irresponsible revolutionists to jeopardize the one and a quarter billion dollars of American investments there. But we can find a way of protecting these interests of ours without jeopardizing the welfare and autonomy of the Cubans."

The reason the State Department is obliged to issue these disingenuous statements is that for a century and a quarter prior to 1898 the American notions of imperialism were molded by the continuous struggle to prevent foreign nations from securing a military foothold in the Western Hemisphere, and to secure the free passage on the seas of the goods with which the United States paid her debts to foreign countries. Hence the dogma of the immorality of imperialism became a fixed part of the political consciousness of the nation.

Now the human animal will submit to any punishment or humiliation rather than be forced to admit that its dogmas are false. Whatever it may do under pressure of necessity, it will passionately seek to reconcile its actions with its dogmas. Hence, although the historic situation to-day is completely reversed and the United States is now a huge exporting, lending, and shipping nation, the government still seeks to make its actions appear harmonious with the old political ethic, which approved of political action abroad only in defense of property and morality.

It was for this reason that Roosevelt said in 1907, to justify his military intervention in Cuba: "I am doing my best to persuade the Cubans that if they will only be good, they

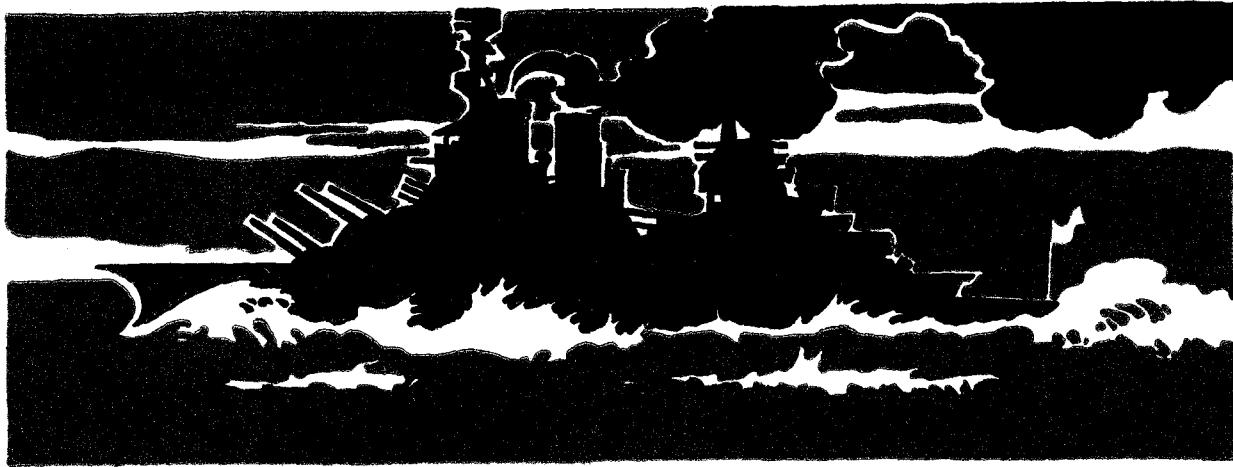
will be happy." And Wilson, to justify his intervention at Vera Cruz: "I am going to teach the South America Republics to elect good men."

III

AMERICANS, in their hearts, still imagine that they interfere with other people, in foreign as in domestic affairs, solely in order to make them good. Yet all foreign countries regard the United States not at all as a moral teacher but as a shrewd salesman. They admire and envy, not only our ability to sell good merchandise at a low price, but especially our ability to pretend that we are doing it solely from altruistic motives. No one is deceived by American "altruism" except Americans. As Bertrand Russell has said: "The Americans surpass even the British in sagacity, apparent moderation, and the skillful use of hypocrisy by which even themselves are deceived."

The entire world, with the exception of the United States, believes that there is an American Empire which is fast growing to include the entire Western Hemisphere, and in some degree Europe and parts of Asia as well. Just what is this empire and where is it?

We might make a map of it — indeed, we may make three maps to distinguish three degrees of American imperial influence. First would come the map showing American "possessions" (a term as yet juridically undefined, but including all territories over which the United States asserts positive political control). These territories would include Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Hawaii, Alaska, Guam, Samoa, the Philippines, and the Canal Zone. None of these dominions, save Hawaii and Alaska, fits into the scheme of the American constitution. Hawaii and Alaska are territories, presumably one day to become states. The Philippines are a "possession" presumably one day to become an independent nation. Porto Rico is a territory without any presumption of future citizenship in the Union. Guam and Samoa are simply "owned" by the Federal Government. The Virgin Islands were "purchased" from Denmark and are presumably "owned" by the United States, but the political status of their inhabitants is vague. Whether the Canal Zone is land "leased" or land "owned" is a metaphysical question. But over all these territories the American imperial



dominion is absolute and unquestioned.

A second map would include all those territories over which the United States exercises a degree of influence which amounts to effective, although not formal, control over their national lives. These would include Cuba, Haiti, and Santo Domingo; Nicaragua, Panama, and indeed all of North America up to the Rio Grande, except of course British Honduras. Especially Mexico! For that country, after years of playing politics with Great Britain, Japan, and others, has at last come completely within the orbit of American influence so far as its foreign policies and its major domestic policies are concerned. But the map would extend farther. It would include most of the continent of South America. In parts of the South American continent the United States exercises a formal control over the national finances. In other parts American invested capital and American commercial interests are powerful, although Europe enjoys a greater or lesser degree of influence. But whatever influence European nations may have in South America, under the present Monroe Doctrine no foreign power could exercise effective diplomatic control of the foreign policy of any South American nation if the United States Government seriously objected. If it came to a clash, the word of the State Department would be decisive. It is such power to dominate in political crises which is the foundation of empire.

But a third map, variously shaded, would reveal an American empire which casts its shadow over most of Europe and much of Asia. For empire, in modern times, is built on commerce and investment which require political protection. And American merchandise and

capital have been flooding these vast areas at a rate unprecedented in the history of the world. Nearly five thousand million dollars worth of American goods and more than one thousand million of American capital annually! Such a penetration cannot continue without creating political implications. And, in times of crisis, American political influence has actually regulated the affairs of Europe through the Dawes Plan and probably the Young Plan, as well as through numerous acts to stabilize European finances, to say nothing of the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact. At least eight of the leading nations of Europe were financially rehabilitated thanks to money loaned at critical moments under conditions approved by the State Department. All of these nations and most of the others would have to consult Washington before making any major change in national policy. This is dominion. This is a degree of empire.

IV

BUT, ONE will ask, is this not a fantastic conception of empire? Can one seriously speak of empire without political sovereignty? Yes, one can, as we shall see.

But first it should be made clear that the word "empire," in its true meaning, does not convey any connotation of good or evil, any more than do the words "nation," "township," or "municipality." Empire is simply a term for a particular type of relation between one nation and others. Which particular type is it?

In trying to answer this question we are constantly bothered by word-pictures labeled "empire" which we have picked up from history books and news dispatches. Empire, in

our minds, is largely a *mélange* of slogans and images — the tyranny of strong nations over weak ones; invasion of small countries; forcible annexation; hegemony over a continent; punitive expeditions; Amritsar massacres; black slaves on Congo rubber plantations; the biggest navy; administration of local finances; the landing of the marines. Any or all of these phrases may mingle in one's instinctive definition of empire according to the particular ideas which one has inherited.

The ancient Romans are generally supposed to have been the most expert and efficient practitioners of empire. And what was empire according to their definition?

In 196 B.C., long before the Cæsars were heard of, a young Roman general, Titus Quinctius Flamininus, was made emperor or *imperator* of Greece. That is to say, he was invested by the Senate of the Roman Republic with the *imperium*, or plenary power, to conduct the war and negotiate the peace in Macedonia. Flamininus was emperor because he had the *imperium*, or effective power. And that, to the Romans, was all there was to the business of empire. Even the great Cæsars had, technically, no more authority than had Flamininus. They were simply the recipients of the *imperium* over certain parts (but not all) of the Roman domain. The empire itself was but a vast league of nations bound together by a series of treaties, practically no two of which were alike. In one region Cæsar governed by appointing administrators to control every detail of local life; in another he had no right of interference other than to nominate the high priest. Every variety of political relation was welcomed by Rome so long as she retained the one thing which made empire real — power.

We moderns have inflated this word, *imperium* or empire, to mean complete and irrevocable political dominion. But living empires are not made on that basis. The imperial relation is ever fluid, changing, often invisible. Canada, a part of the British Empire, is for all practical purposes an independent nation; she makes her own tariffs, conducts her own foreign relations (she maintains a minister to Washington), and decides for herself, irrespective of Great Britain, in matters of war and peace. Egypt, on the other hand, although not technically a part of the British Empire, is wholly under British *imperium*, through the appoint-

ment by Great Britain of her technical advisers and the presence at Suez of British troops. Albania is formally a sovereign, independent kingdom; but she is in reality a part of the Italian Empire because Italy controls her foreign relations, her finances, and her military affairs.

Empire is nothing else than effective power. Wherever the United States exercises *effective power*, there she has empire. And wherever she exercises *power in competition* with other nations, there she has potential empire. The forms do not matter. The fact of effective influence is the only thing that counts.

Obviously the mature imperialist must behave in a very different manner from the nationalist. To the nationalist there is nothing to do with another nation except to leave it alone or annex it. To the imperialist every conceivable relation is possible, according to the particular circumstances and the aims in view. If the aim is to prevent a small nation from granting a naval base to a political adversary, it is sufficient to make a treaty (under duress, if necessary) specifying that no naval bases shall be granted to third parties. If the aim is commercial or financial penetration, it is sufficient to make a treaty guaranteeing preferential tariffs or advisory powers over finances and concessions. But except for the pressure that may be necessary to obtain these specific objects, the imperial power leaves full self-government to the province.

UP TO THE present, the evils of American imperialism have flowed chiefly, not from the pursuit of imperial aims, but from mixing up imperialism with nationalism. The bloody war of suppression in the Philippines was caused by the fact that the United States, acting at the dictate of its inherited nationalistic slogans, was promising the islands freedom, while, at the dictate of her commercial and financial interests, she was preparing to make them an imperial province. If, at the beginning, the United States had stated what she wanted — naval bases, financial control, free zone ports, or anything else — she could undoubtedly have made the desired deal with the local politicians. (It might have been necessary to bribe them; but it is more decent to bribe one man than to shoot a thousand.)

The Filipinos, accustomed for centuries to Spanish corruption, would have understood this and adapted themselves to it. Instead, the United States, promising freedom, called in Aguinaldo, the champion of Philippine freedom, to help her fight Spain, and then suppressed Aguinaldo's independence movement with bloody warfare and even barbarous atrocity.

It must have seemed to the Filipinos a strange morality, this of the Americans, who fought, killed, and tortured them to make them free. They must sometimes have longed for the régime of old Spain, under which everyone was corrupt and hence all understood one another. It is hypocrisy, not imperialism, which creates atrocities.

In all probability, most of the excesses of American imperialism could have been avoided if the imperialistic purpose had been frankly stated and honestly pursued. It is absurd to say to a small nation: "You are entirely free in your sovereign right to do as you please. But if you don't voluntarily please to sign this treaty, we will land marines and seize your customs." No great human suffering can come from the efficient administration of local customs or from forbidding the lease of a naval base to a foreign nation; but war, bloodshed, tyranny can come from pretending to do one thing and actually doing another.

Such hypocrisy is the result of our pretending that we are not imperialists — that we interfere with other nations only for their own good. The worst imperialist is the moralistic imperialist, because he has nothing to give but "don'ts." The best imperialist is the financial imperialist, because he has capital to give, and capital waters the roots of man's daily life.

All nations are selfish. And when selfishness aims merely at taking something away from somebody else (as nationalism usually does), it can be cruel. But imperialism is a continuing relation; it must aim at building up prosperous markets and willing customers. As imperialism realizes the multiplicity of its interests — in other words, realizes that its interest is not only to float loans, obtain raw material concessions, and secure preferential tariffs, but also to sell goods over a long period of years — it will seek to foster mutual interests and narrow the area of pressure (or oppression) to the vanishing point. Where imperialism is completely successful, the policeman is invisible.

The more various the kinds of selfish interest which imperialism is obliged to balance, the more its dominion is likely to be wise, moderate, and civilized. The mature imperialist, unlike the nationalist, will permit the utmost local self-government, will make the utmost allowance for other people's customs and ideas. He is a specialist in minding his own business.

An America which has this adult idea of tolerant, far-seeing selfishness will be able to give the world as much as it takes. But a moralistic America, one which "talks about God when it means cotton," will always be intolerant and therefore cruel. For the moralist, just because he believes he is right, believes the other man wrong and hence deserving of chastisement. The imperialist, on the contrary, is willing to leave his neighbors in peace so long as he can strike a series of profitable bargains. Foreign nations welcome American business and investment. They are terrified at American morality. America will not be safe for the world until we are all honest, conscious imperialists.



Don Juan

Or the Youth of Byron — Part V

by **ANDRÉ MAUROIS**

Translation by Hamish Miles

FOR SOME MONTHS, in the hurly-burly of her retreat at Southwell, Mrs. Byron had felt anxiety regarding her son's next return, and his imminent majority. Her feelings for him were very much those which she had felt for her redoubtable husband. She feared him, worshiped him, and cursed him. What would he do once he was master of his own fortune — this new "Byr-r-ron" crossed with the Gordon stock? What blend of a Wicked Lord with a Mad Jack would reign at Newstead? And she, the thrifty Scottish widow who could live without a penny of debt on her one hundred and thirty-five pounds a year — why must *she* always be responsible for the males of this prodigal blood?

The question that chiefly occupied her was whether, now that Byron had gone down from Cambridge, he would invite her to stay at Newstead and keep house for him. On his return she was informed: "Dear Madam, I have no beds for the Hansons or anybody else at present. . . . I shall live in my own manner, and as much alone as possible. When my rooms are ready I shall be glad to see you: at present it would be improper and uncomfortable to both parties. You can hardly object to my rendering my mansion habitable, notwithstanding my departure for Persia in March (or May at farthest), since *you* will be *tenant* till my return."

MASTER OF NEWSTEAD

HE CERTAINLY had found Newstead in an incredible state of dirt and dilapidation. In the park "his" oak — the tree with which he believed his fortunes to be linked — was moribund, almost throttled with rank grass. He disentangled it, tended it, and saved it. To repair the whole of the Abbey would have been a ruinous undertaking, and useless as well. He furnished a bedroom for himself, in the center of which was a huge, canopied four-

poster curtained with Chinese stuffs; and he hung a few engravings on the walls: Jackson, the boxer, in his handsome blue coat; a portrait of the old retainer, Murray, the only being besides his dogs whom he loved (as he declared); and then some views of Harrow and the Cambridge colleges — King's, Trinity, and Jesus. It was curious, this need of his for being hemmed in by the household gods which life had gathered haphazard around him. Was it because in childhood he had felt so lonely, so abandoned? He began by hating new persons and new places; but once he had made personal contacts with them, they became part and parcel of his own egoism, and thus sacred.

From his window he could see the reedy banks of the lake, the swans, the battlements of the Wicked Lord's forts, and the fair hills stripped of their woods. One door opened into the haunted chamber — an unfurnished stone apartment, wherein from time to time, at night, a quaking servant girl would encounter a black-hooded monk. A built-in staircase led down to another room which served him as study and drawing-room. A few rooms had been furnished for friends. But the rest of the place, the vast vaulted corridors, the numerous cells opening out of the cloister, remained bare and abandoned.

How he loved Newstead! He never tired of his dreaming there — now stretched nearly all day long on a sofa, trying rhymes or sketching a poem; now in the garden, where he liked to work leaning on the trunk of an oak felled by the Wicked Lord, which formed a natural, ivy-clad desk.

AN OLD LOVE RENEWED

HE HAD no desire to know the neighboring squires; a few of them paid calls, which he left unreturned. An invitation to dine at Annesley, however, he accepted, being anxious to face the ordeal of seeing his Mary again,



Drawings by Earle Horder

married, now Mrs. Chaworth-Musters: "I was seated near a woman to whom, when a boy, I was as much attached as boys generally are, and more than a man should be. I knew this before I went, and was determined to be valiant, and converse with *sang froid*; but instead I forgot my valour and my nonchalance, and never opened my lips even to laugh, far less to speak; the lady was almost as absurd as myself, which made us the object of more observation than if we had conducted ourselves with easy indifference. You will think all this great nonsense. . . . What fools we are! We cry for a plaything, which, like children, we are never satisfied with till we break open, though like them we cannot get rid of it by putting it on the fire." A nurse brought in a little girl of two years old. Byron was pained when he detected in that still half-molded face the firm, attractive features of the father, and those eyes into which he had so often gazed on the Diadem Hill. He looked at the husband — vigorous, not unintelligent, elegantly barbarian. Mary said not a word. She was stealthily observing that he had become slim and handsome. When he got back to Newstead, he threw himself on his sofa and wrote a poem:

Mary, adieu! I must away;
While thou art blest I'll not repine;
But near thee I can never stay;
My heart would soon again be thine.

Away! Away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake:
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart, be still, or break.

The only people he desired to see were his Cambridge friends. He took pride in showing them his Abbey, and Hobhouse was the first to come. Byron enjoyed living with Hobhouse. They had a grumbling, affectionately brutal affection for each other, and when together they worked like an old and faithful couple, each on his own account: Byron on his satire, which he daily stiffened and sharpened, and Hobhouse, contagiously affected, at certain philosophic poems. When they grew tired of writing, they stripped and plunged into the lake, or, if the weather were

too cold, into a curious underground pool which Byron had fashioned by a reconstruction of the monks' cellars. They amused themselves with training the Newfoundland, Boatswain, Byron jumping into the water fully clothed and pretending to drown so as to be rescued by his dog. Old Murray waited on them at table; and more than once, after dinner, Hobhouse saw Byron fill a glass of Madeira and hand it over his shoulder to Joe Murray as he stood behind his chair, saying with a hearty cordiality that lit up his whole face: "Here, my old fellow!"

A pleasant life. But the vicinity of Annesley was still painful. It is almost intolerable to live close to a woman one has loved. In her astonishment at the coldness of the impassioned man she had known, she showed more tenderness; and hope, most stubborn of sentiments, faintly renewed its flush. But the victim knew it to be vain. The best remedy was flight, and Byron planned to go in the spring.

EPITAPH TO A DOG

Poor BOATSWAIN caught rabies. Byron nursed him like a friend, and, barehanded, sponged the froth that ran from his gaping

jaws. The Newfoundland remained affectionate to the last, and bit nobody but himself. When he was dead, Byron said: "I have now lost everything except old Murray." He had long kept saying that he wished to be buried with his dog, and he turned his attention to the construction of a vault. With a strange and characteristic gesture of defiance, he had this monument raised on the site of the altar in the ruined chapel of the monks. A foundation of large circular steps led to a finely chiseled pedestal with an engraved inscription, supporting an antique urn, the beautiful outline of which stood out against the bare ogive windows. On one side of the pedestal he had inscribed:

Near this spot
 Are deposited the remains of one
 Who possessed Beauty without Vanity
 Strength without Insolence
 Courage without Ferocity
 And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.
 This praise which would be unmeaning Flattery
 If inscribed over human ashes
 Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
 BOATSWAIN, a Dog
 Who was born at Newfoundland, May 1803,
 And died at Newstead Abbey, November 18, 1808.

Byron told Joe Murray that he would have *him* buried in the same vault, but Murray showed scant enthusiasm. "If I was sure his lordship would come here too," he said, "I should like it well enough; but I should not like to lie alone with the dog."

The grave was already playing a strangely premature part in his adolescence. No longer was it on the tomb of the unknown Peachey that he would dream, but on that of the dog Boatswain — that is, on his own — and over the resting places of his vanished friends, and over that wherein lay buried the loves of his childhood. Life was like this, and the Byrons were marked down for woe. So be it. Destiny must just be defied. Dallas, the dutiful Dallas, called at his hotel that evening of his coming of age and found him very brilliant — and more flippant than ever regarding matters of religion.

LORD BYRON TAKES HIS SEAT

NOTHING remained now but to leave England, and Hobhouse had promised to go with him. But whither bound? Byron had no idea. To the East — to Persia — to India — to the tropics perhaps. It mattered little, so long as he could leave Annesley, memories,

creditors, all far behind. There was nothing to hold him. The Dowager had become a figure in the distance; and in any event she would have Newstead during his absence. He only needed to settle a few urgent affairs.

The first of these was the publication of his satire. At last it had been completed — brilliant, filled to overflowing with venom, and so malicious that Dallas, who was entrusted with finding a publisher, had to try several before he could find one to print it. Not only were the Scottish critics harshly dealt with, but most of the English poets as well, even Thomas Moore, so much admired by the Harrovian youth; and even his own guardian, Lord Carlisle, against whom Byron now harbored fresh grievances. Not only had Carlisle made no acknowledgment of the dedication of *Hours of Idleness*, beyond a letter of cold commonplaces, but he had also wriggled out of complying with his ward's requests for the simplest services. Being now of full age, Byron had formally to take his seat in the House of Lords, and on such occasions it was customary for a young peer to be attended by a relative or friend. He wrote to Carlisle; he received only advice in reply. So Byron went down alone, on March thirteenth, to take his seat in the Upper House.

The obliging Dallas was his only companion, shocked to see a young man of such birth and talents so completely ignored and neglected by his family that not a soul was with him on such a day. Byron himself was cruelly aware of how solitary he was in the world. Very great were the privileges of rank and title which should have been his. England at that time was entirely ruled by the descendants of a few noble families; and both of the great political parties drew their respective chiefs from the aristocracy of which Byron ought to have been a part. The conduct of this aristocracy was still marked by all the freedom of the eighteenth century, and the most immoral actions were instantly forgiven to such of its members as could perpetrate them with sure-handed detachment. It was not surprising that the young Byron should rate his being a lord very highly indeed. But unfortunately his circumstances left him on the outermost fringe of this delightful society. He had the title, but neither the privileges, the friendships, nor the necessary competence.

He was received in the antechamber by an official who went to advise the Lord Chancellor of his arrival. When Byron entered, there were only a few peers present in the splendid chamber, with its gilded woodwork. He passed in front of the woolsack, where Lord Eldon, the Lord Chancellor, presided over the House, and went forward to the table at which he had to take the oath. At the end of the brief ceremony, the Lord Chancellor left his seat, and walked up to him with outstretched hand. Byron gave a stiff salutation, hardly touching Lord Eldon's hand with his fingertips. The Lord Chancellor was hurt, and resumed his place. Byron threw himself carelessly on one of the vacant opposition benches, and, after a few minutes, rose to join Dallas again outside, remarking to him: "If I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party — but I will have nothing to do with any of them, on either side. I have taken my seat, and now I will go abroad."

A DEBT OF VENOM REPAID

 FORTNIGHT later *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* made its appearance. The satire was highly successful. The steely sureness of the lines pointed to an unmistakable talent. The volume was unsigned, but the name of Lord Byron was attached to it by all the men of letters — by some with rancor, by others admiringly, but by all with astonishment. It was a Roland for an Oliver, and a round had been won; he had nothing left to do in his country.

All that he lacked to be off was money. With twelve thousand pounds of debts to his name, to whom could Byron turn to borrow the four thousand necessary for his journey? Hanson was instructed to find the sum. If need be, he must sell one of his properties; but it must be Rochdale, not Newstead: "... come what may, Newstead and I stand or fall together. I have now lived on the spot, I have fixed my heart upon it, and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations; but could I obtain in exchange for Newstead Abbey the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition. . . . Mr. Hanson talks like a man of business on the subject. . . . I

feel like a man of honour, and I will not sell Newstead."

One means of salvation would have been to marry a rich heiress. This had been Mrs. Byron's view when she saw her son on the road to ruin: "He must marry a woman of *fortune* this spring; love matches is all nonsense." And Byron himself wrote: "I suppose it will end in my marrying a *Golden Dolly* or blowing my brains out; it does not much matter which, the remedies are nearly alike." The solution was actually found in a quite unexpected loan from Scrope Davies. The witty and stammering Davies had continued to lead in London the gambling life he had led at Cambridge, losing and winning on a very large scale. His friends would leave him in the small hours, drunk in some gaming house, and find him again next day, miraculously returned home, still asleep in the late afternoon, with the chamber pot beside his bed crammed with several thousand pounds. Heaven alone knew how they had been won, and Scrope knew not where. On some such auspicious morning, Davies was able to advance Byron the sum necessary for his travels.

THE POLISHED SKULL

 EFORE setting off Byron was anxious to arrange a gathering at Newstead of that little Cambridge group whose keen-edged intelligence had been so potent in modeling his own. In May, 1809, the light-hearted Matthews, and Hobhouse the methodical, came to stay at the Abbey. A few days were passed in amusing foolery. The seeming solemnity of the place and its haunting shades gave the spice of contrast to the reveling of the young men. At the entrance, to the right of the steps leading into the hall, was chained a bear; to the left, a wolfhound. If you came in without a call to announce your arrival, you only escaped the bear and the hound to find yourself under the fire of a group of young marksmen practicing with their pistols beneath the vaulting. They numbered five, including the young lord of the house. They rose late in the mornings, and breakfast remained on the table until everyone had come down. Then they read, fenced, continued their pistol practice, went for a ride, rowed on the lake, or played with the bear. Dinner was between seven and eight. And after dinner they passed round a

human skull brimming with Burgundy. It was the skull of some monk whose skeleton had been struck by the gardener's spade. Byron had had it mounted as a cup by a Nottingham jeweler, who had sent it back "with a very high polish, and of a mottled colour like tortoiseshell." On this goblet he had composed the lines:

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee:
I died: let earth my bones resign;
Fill up — thou canst not injure me;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape
Than nurse the earthworm's slimy hood;
And circle in the goblet's shape
The drink of gods, than reptile's food.

As a final touch to this macabre setting, the guests attired themselves in monkish habits, and Byron, as Abbot of Newstead, presided over the meal, crosier in hand. The cellar was good, and the servant maids provided the other pleasures of the company. Byron was quite proud of this little troupe of pretty girls recruited for his household in the neighboring villages. Lax morals seemed to him feudal and idyllic, not to say flattering as well. In local legend the Abbey was becoming the seat of a new Wicked Lord, and the Newstead horses were coming to forget the Bridal Path to Annesley.

Thus passed the month of May. It was decided that in June Hobhouse and Byron would start together for Gibraltar, and thence go on to Malta and the East. He did not see his sister, Augusta, before leaving. In 1807 she had married the famous cousin, Colonel Leigh, a gentleman-in-waiting to the Prince Regent, and lived now at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket. She had given birth to a little daughter during the previous year, and Byron wrote to her: "I return you my best thanks for making me an uncle, and forgive the sex this time; but the next *must* be a nephew. . . . Mrs. Byron I have shaken off for two years, and I shall not resume her yoke in future. . . . I never can forgive that woman, or breathe in comfort under the same roof. I am a very unlucky fellow, for I think I had naturally not a bad heart; but it has been so bent, twisted, trampled upon, that it has now become as hard as a Highlander's heelpiece." Thereafter letters became few. When the satire was published, Augusta had sided with Lord

Carlisle, and for this Byron bore her a grudge. Still another bond was loosening.

MELANCHOLY FOREBODINGS

NEVERTHELESS, this heart as hard as a Highlander's heelpiece was still very sensitive. Byron made a collection of portraits of his friends to take with him on his travels. Enslaved to that need for clustering his domestic gods around him, he commissioned one of the leading miniaturists of the day to paint portraits of his friends. Yet they were a heartless crew, he found. To make his departure the dramatic climax he would have liked, he wished his friends could themselves have entered into his mood of melancholy. But they were cheerful fellows; they had ridden his horses, drunk his wine, and kissed his wenches; but hypocritical tears they refused.

Before he left, he suffered one last disappointment in the aloofness of Lord Delawarr. True, they had exchanged portraits surmounted by their family crests. But Delawarr was a being without a soul. "Will you believe it?" said Byron to Dallas, "I have just met Delawarr, and asked him to come and sit for an hour with me; he excused himself; and what do you think was his excuse? He was engaged with his mother and some ladies to go shopping! And he knows I set out tomorrow, to be absent for years, perhaps never to return! Friendship! I do not believe I shall leave behind me, yourself and family excepted, and perhaps my mother, a single being who will care what becomes of me." The incident left its mark on him. All his life he was to speak of the way Lord Delawarr had wounded him by deserting him, on the eve of his departure, to go to a milliner's with some women. Yes, Timon of Athens was in the right: so long as you had pottage to give the curs to lap, you could have men's mouths, men's eyes, even men's hearts; but only let them guess that death, or a journey, or ruin, was about to stop you from sharing in their pleasures, and instantly they would leave you bare, exposed to every wind that blows. Delawarr, in going to the milliner's, can never have even faintly imagined that this trifling act would make him the target of such shattering invective.

Matthews behaved better. On the eve of the departure he entertained Hobhouse and Byron at a magnificent dinner. Already the pair

had jointly dropped into the tone proper to travelers — one of pleasantry, detachment, and slight artificiality. Before embarking, Byron wrote some stanzas for Mary Musters:

'Tis done — and shivering in the gale
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bending mast,
Loud rings on high the fresh'ning blast;
And I must from this land begone,
Because I cannot love but one.

Were these feelings genuine? Was he going away because he loved her still and could not bear to live near to her? A man is not so simple as that. When he supped with Matthews and Hobhouse, when he laughed as he listened to the irresistible stutter of Scrope Davies, he had scarce a thought for Mrs. Musters. But a first love brands a boy deeply; and of all those fair, sad memories round which Byron loved to weave his sensuous reveries, the Annesley days remained the sharpest.

CHILDE HAROLD'S FIRST PILGRIMAGE

ON JUNE 26, 1809, the two friends embarked on Captain Kidd's packet at Falmouth, bound for Lisbon. Hobhouse, already revolving archæological notes in his brain, took with him one hundred pens, two gallons of ink, and several volumes of blank paper. And once again Byron had become the lodestone for a whole troop of attendants. The aged Murray was to come as far as Gibraltar, the sea air being beneficial to his health. The actual duties of bodyservant were entrusted to William Fletcher — the valet from Newstead, who had lately married and grumbled at being parted from his wife, Sally. The train was completed by Robert Rushton, a young page known as "Bob" — a farmer's son to whom Byron took a fancy "because, like myself, he seems a friendless animal" — and by a German valet recommended by Dr. Butler of Harrow.

Hodgson received a description in heroic verse of the departure, and of Hob-

house vomiting forth now his breakfast and now his first travel impressions. "It has pleased Providence to interfere in behalf of a suffering public by giving him a sprained wrist, so that he cannot write, and there is a cessation of ink-shed. . . . I leave England without regret — I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation, but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab."

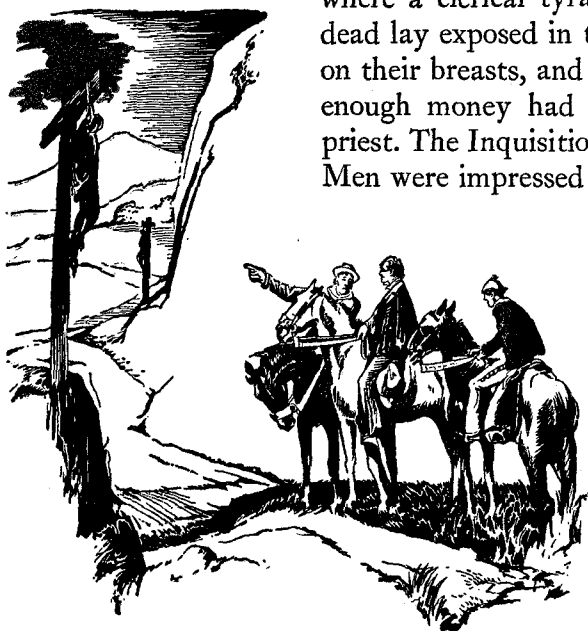
The voyage was trying. At Lisbon the travelers came into touch with the Continent at war. The French under Junot had just given place to the English troops of General Crawford. Hobhouse, the president of a radical club, was shocked by the morals of a country where a clerical tyranny ruled supreme. The dead lay exposed in the churches with saucers on their breasts, and their burials waited until enough money had been put in to pay the priest. The Inquisition had not been abolished. Men were impressed for the army in the open

street. Byron, more fiery than Hobhouse, and impatient of all constraint for others as for himself, was eager to preach rebellion; but he relished the contrast of the wretchedness of mankind with the beauty of the Portuguese landscape. He enjoyed the orange trees gilding the

deep green of the valleys, the monasteries perched on the tops of their crags. "I am very happy here, because I loves oranges, and talks bad Latin to the monks, who understand it, as it is like their own — and I goes into society (with my pocket-pistols), and I swims in the Tagus all across at once, and I rides on an ass or a mule, and swears Portuguese, and have got a diarrhoea and bites from the mosquitoes. But what of that? Comfort must not be expected by folks that go a-pleasuring."

AN OLD SPANISH CUSTOM

FROM LISBON to Seville they traveled on horseback. The highway was dotted with crosses, each commemorating a murder; and they met a prisoner and some spies who were being taken to Seville to be hanged. In the



spectacle of this world where death and love had always something direct, something animal, there was an appeal that went straight to Byron's heart. From Seville he wrote to his mother that he was lodged in the house of two fair Spaniards, and remarked that the women "are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and very fine forms. The eldest honored your *unworthy* son with very particular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting (I was there but three days), after cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own, about three feet in length, which I send, and beg you will retain till my return. Her last words were, *Adios, tu hermoso! me gusto mucho* — 'Adieu, you pretty fellow! you please me much.' She offered me a share of her apartment, which my *virtue* induced me to decline; she laughed, and said I had some English *amante* (lover), and added that she was going to be married to an officer in the Spanish army."

And then by way of Cadiz — "sweet Cadiz, full of the finest women in Spain" — the two friends went on to Gibraltar. There they had to part with old Murray and young Rushton, both of whom were worn out with traveling. Byron sent them back to Newstead, and kept only Fletcher with him. To Mrs. Byron he wrote: "Pray take some notice of Robert, who will miss his master; poor boy, he was very unwilling to return."

On board the Malta packet from Gibraltar, Hobhouse was much liked by the passengers. He had mixed with them from the first, and in the evenings, after dinner, told anecdotes over the wine — they nearly all came from Scrope Davies, reflected Byron listening from afar. Byron was more distant, and was viewed with less favor. A sparing eater, he left the table before the others and kept himself aloof, gazing at the sea and seeming to breathe the somber poetry of the cliffs. With nightfall and the lighting of lamps, he went forward and sat on a roll of sailcloth, where he would stay for hours watching the play of moonbeams on the waves.

His fellow passengers mistook his craving for solitude for mere scornfulness, and judged him harshly, noting the downward glance of his eyes, the perturbed defiance of his mien. He never seemed natural; he handled Fletcher

roughly; he seemed restless, ill at ease. Could they have guessed the painful anxiety of spirit masked by this conduct, they would have pitied him. Byron sought refuge in the mute companionship of waves and stars because he was afraid of men. And having once assumed an attitude because it was natural to him, he had to keep to it because he thought it noble.

As he watched the slow-swinging prow of the vessel cleaving the waters, he reflected that each wave was taking him one step farther from his shames. Over the failures of his youth he still brooded, but with more of a melancholy pleasure, and as if they were those of a stranger. Why should he not write a poem on this pilgrimage? From childhood there had been violent emotions piling up within him, which now, fermenting in his burning spirit, were forming a sort of molten lava. He conjured up a hero whom he would call by his old family name, Childe Burun, and this would be Byron — the mournful, voluptuous Byron of whom Hobhouse knew nothing, and would understand nothing even if he did.

PLATONIC LOVE

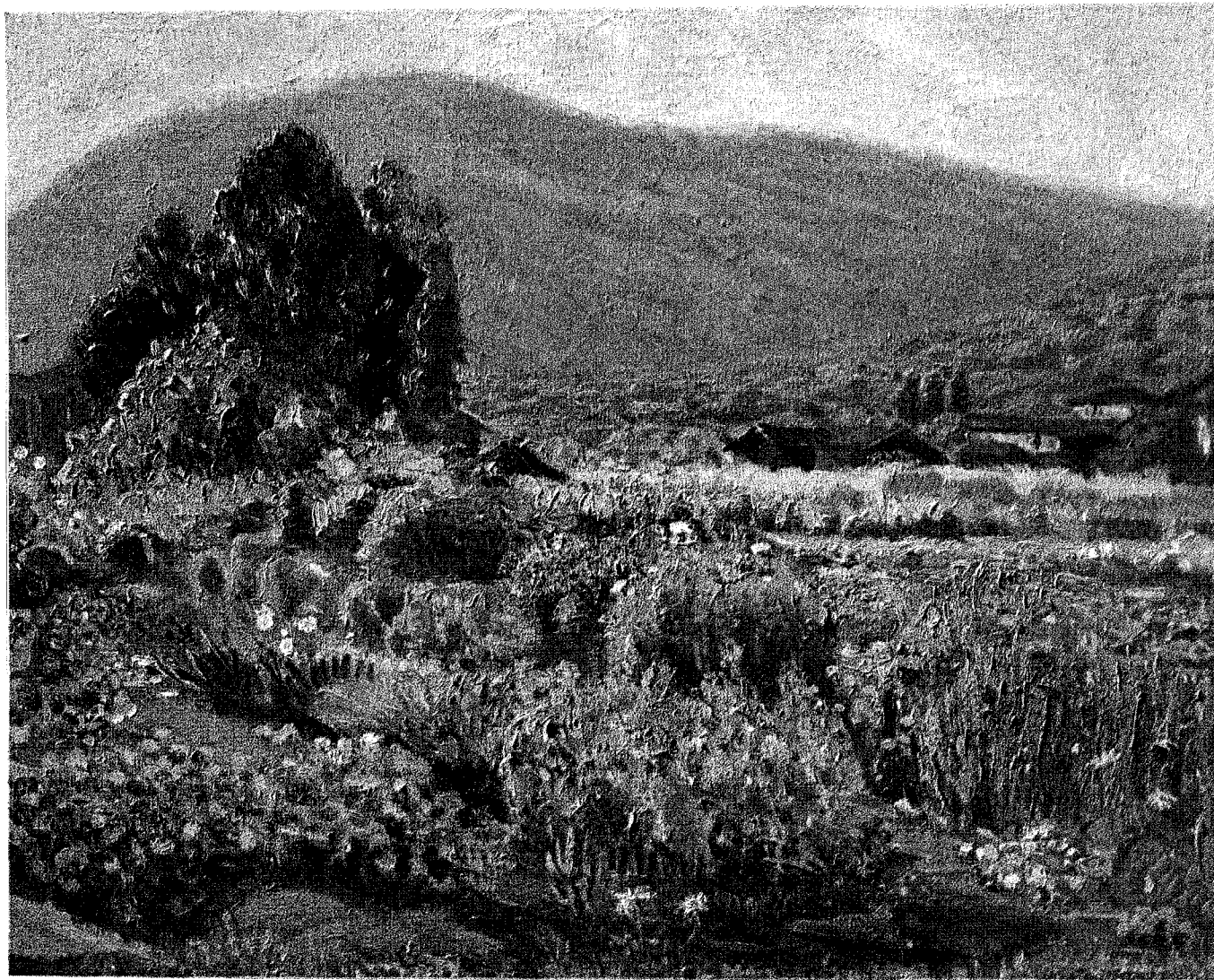
THE THIRD DAY OUT, some of the passengers were amusing themselves on deck with pistol-shooting at bottles. Byron joined in and proved the best shot. This restored his spirits. Hobhouse, whom he had been treating in an off-hand way on account of a harmless joke, informed his new friends with kindly but condescending indulgence, that he had to be treated just like a child.

At Malta Byron took lessons in Arabic from a monk, and in Platonic love from Mrs. Spencer Smith. This lady had undergone the most romantic adventures, been arrested by Napoleon's soldiery, and rescued by an Italian nobleman who had chivalrously respected her.

Her charming, short-sighted eyes looked at men with an uncertainty at once troubled and troubling. Byron was fascinated. But his brand-new philosophy of love forbade him to yield, and a naïve grudge against sentiment gave him the will to be unsusceptible. A "seeming marble heart" — that was how he liked now to see himself, an adept if he chose in that art of seduction which merely consists of a scorn for women and confidence in oneself, but disdainful of conquests too easily made.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

California Color IN WINTER FLOWERS



Southern California floral landscape—Painted by Joseph Kleitsch—Courtesy Stendahl Galleries ©1929 A-Y. C.

YOU will look through sunny orange groves at snow-clad mountains... you will enjoy scenic drives on the edge of the sea... you will find an old world lure in the crumbling Spanish Missions... you will see famous personages of the movies on the streets, in the shops and great hotels... you will play golf on emerald green courses framed in a verdant landscape. You will derive new energy from the warm, mellow sunshine of mid-day... the clear crisp nights, when the wood fire crackles on the hearth... and you will get an added thrill from the beauty of Southern California's winter flowers.

For Christmas finds the Poinsettias in blossom... those fiery stars of intense vermilion. You will see them growing in yards... gardens... anywhere. Sweet peas in their pastel shades are lovely too and a trellis of well grown "Mary Pickfords" is worth anyone's attention. Roses, though not prolific as in spring and fall... are showing what they can do in the way of specimen blooms... and pansies... violas... verbenas snapdragons... stocks... calendulas... carnations... and many other garden favorites are adding to the symphony of color.

January and February furnish their quota of blooms, and in March, not only gardens and

"growing fields," but whole hillsides are carpeted with flowers. Even the desert is brilliant with its display of winter blooms.

Come to Southern California early this year... come in time to see the "Tournament of Roses" at Pasadena, New Year's Day. And the East-West football classic in the Rose Bowl stadium. Perhaps you've followed this game over the radio when the snow and sleet were beating against the window panes, back home. This year come and sit in the sunshine and see it yourself.

You'll enjoy your vacation in this southland. It is an "all year" resort and your living costs need be no more than they are at home. The children can be entered in the fine schools without losing grades and can have a glorious, healthful winter.

While you think of it fill out and mail coupon for the de luxe book, "Southern California thru the Camera"... 71 large photographs in gravure, showing some of the "sights" you'll see.

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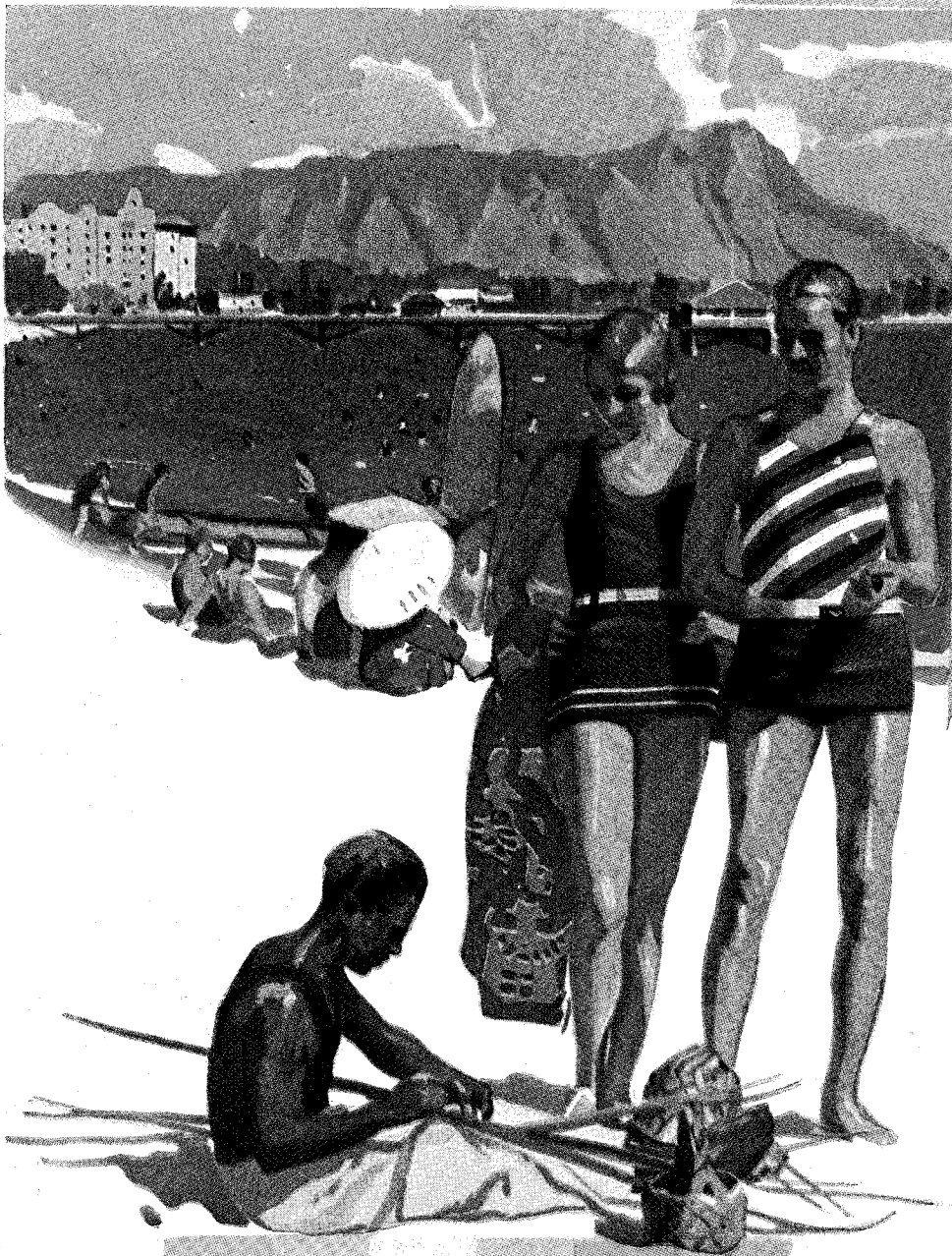
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«Sophisticates enticed by the bizarre have opened the season each year a little earlier. They have come to know the rapture of Christmas under a velvet sky . . . windows ablaze in the palaces of departed Hawaiian Kings . . . clear-throated carols ascending to pendant stars that glow like orbs of fire through the fronds of swaying palms . . . They come in the mellow beauty of autumn to linger until languorous spring bursts into the crashing colors of Hawaiian summer . . . For them winter is only a fiction . . . They know tonight the miracle of a moon of molten silver pouring its translucent sheen over majestic mountains and dancing waters . . . the haunting harmony of sobbing steel-guitars and plaintive voices that rise and fall on vagrant breezes that drift in from the sea.

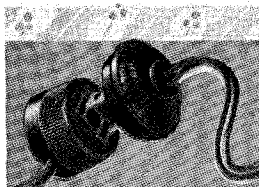
«They have learned that Hawaii is just a few days away . . . a land of enchantment at the end of a blissful interlude of sun and sea and sky on luxurious liners as proud as any that float. They know it as the magic place where shimmering rainbows drape verdant golf courses . . . where friendly beach-boys weave native hats or conquer racing waves, erect on charging surf-boards . . . where sporty denizens of the deep lurk in constant challenge to the mettle of the ardent fisherman, or idle days may be dreamed away in tropic bowers still primitive and unspoiled.



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Five

exclusive features will identify Noma outfits for you. They assure sturdiest, brightest, most adaptable color lighting for Christmas decorations.



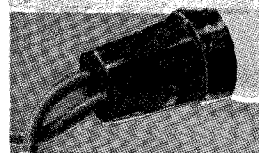
This extension connector permits every Noma series Color-Light outfit to be strung on to another set, simply by plugging in, to produce a long, beautiful, continuous string. You can use up to eight series sets together.



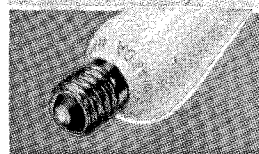
Every Noma series Color-Light is equipped with a handy red bead to attach to the Christmas tree, so that each small, cheerful lamp will stand upright like a tiny fairy candle.



Every Noma Color-Light socket is made of durable, weather-proof, patented, octagon-shaped Bakelite, in green and maroon coloring.



Every Noma Color-Light outfit bears the identifying Noma mark. Look for it on the base of the socket when buying Strings of Color-Light.



Every Noma Color-Light outfit contains genuine Mazda lamps, guaranteeing long service, sparkling light and low current cost. Be sure you find the Mazda name plainly marked on every lamp.



The Noma Color-Light Outfit illustrated above is No. 115, a Series Outfit with the Extension Connector, Mazda lamps, octagon-shaped Bakelite sockets, the cheery little red bead attachment feature, and rubber-covered wire for outdoor use as well as indoor. If your dealer cannot supply you, we shall be glad to.

Dependable Beauty is built into Noma Christmas Tree Lights



NOMA Color-Lights are brilliant and sparkling. The new red bead holds each lamp upright like a fairy candle on its evergreen twig. Each

NOMA string is an extension outfit—it can be joined to any other NOMA string, merely by plugging in. Made into chains of sparkling beauty, these extension outfits lend color magic to your Christmas decorations—indoors and out.

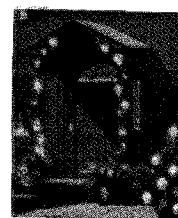
Quality is built into NOMA outfits. They are designed for use with MAZDA decorative lamps, and only MAZDA lamps are furnished with them.

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For lamp replacements be sure to get MAZDA lamps—marked with the name MAZDA. Thus you will be sure of most dependable ser-

vice from your NOMA Color-Lights. An unbranded lamp of incorrect voltage and amperage may burn out your set. Don't be misled because it looks like a MAZDA lamp. It is not safe to accept substitutes. Insist on MAZDA.

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Noma

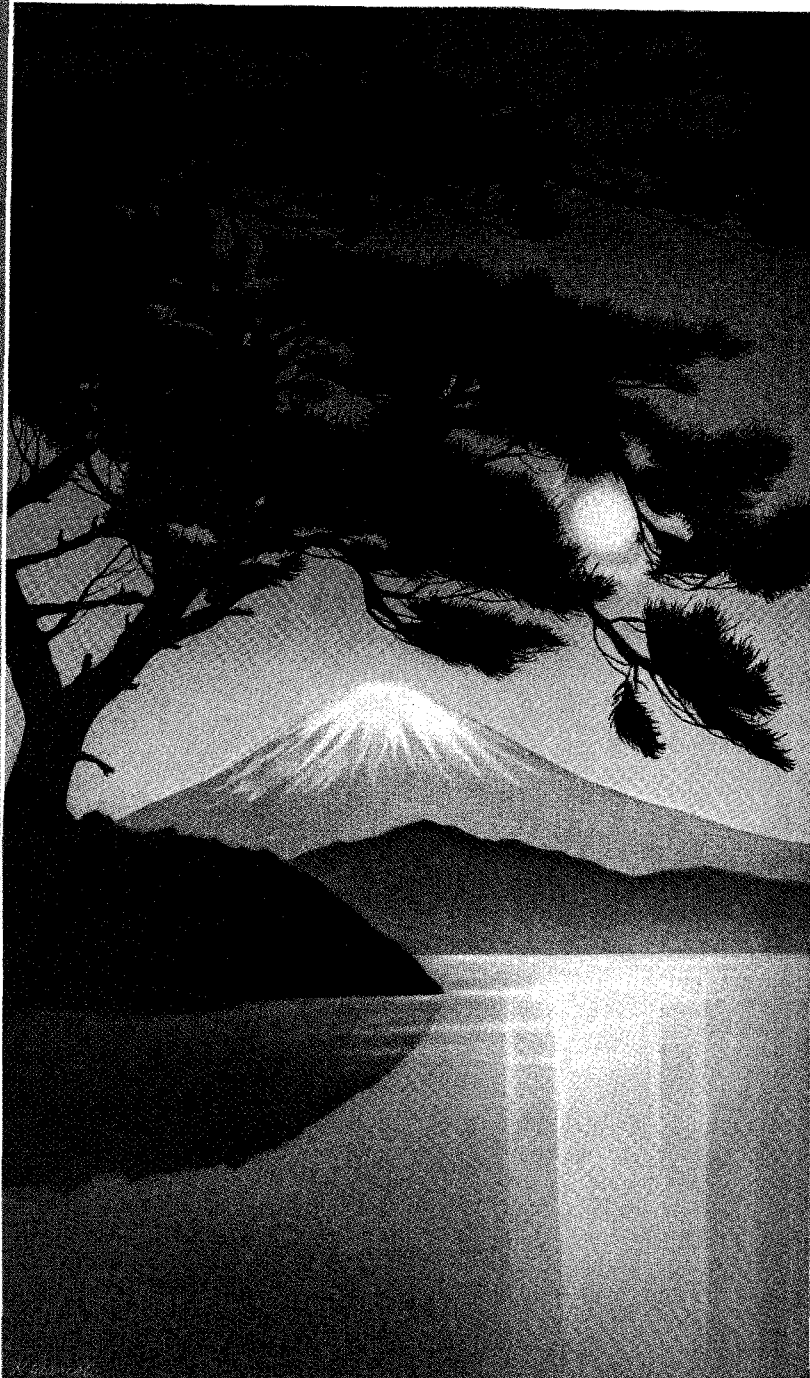
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Forum Definitions

What is "The Good Life"?

In the definitions submitted this month only one characteristic of the good life is commonly agreed upon, namely, that it denotes the maximum of enjoyment and satisfaction for the individual consistent with the minimum of interference with his pleasure and wellbeing of those with whom he comes in contact.

As to how this ideal state is to be achieved, most of the definitions are very indefinite. Probably this was necessary in order to make them sufficiently general in their application. However, Marad Seriov, of Palo Alto, California, offers some concrete suggestions: "To have one or two beautiful things and leisure to enjoy them; to buy favorite authors in abundance, to have light in the right place, comfortable chairs, and silence; to dally over rare cheeses, drip coffee, thick, tart, reserved cherries, hot, buttered muffins; to do one thing well, to the satisfaction of his creative instinct and improvement of the world in general; to have friends never assistant on intimacy; to arrive at a theory of life personally satisfactory, yet not interfering with no one else; to be glad to live but not afraid to die — that is the good life."

The following definitions have been awarded prizes as the most adequate of those submitted:

1. The good life is that in which a man finds pleasure and contentment in his vocation, avocation, and marriage; and finally reaches, to his complete satisfaction, the goal that he has set for himself. *Nina Elliott, Glendale, Calif.*

2. The good life is one in which a person of intelligence and character finds satisfying expression for his inner needs through his spiritual life, his human relationships, his work, and his play. The good life is poised at the center, "an integrated personality." *(Mrs. G. A. McVeill, Rochester, N. Y.)*

3. The good life consists in so intelligently harmonizing one's actions with the laws of nature and human nature that the individual develops to his fullest physical and mental potentialities without causing suffering to or thwarting the physical and mental development of his fellow men. *(Berenice Cooper, Superior, Wis.)*

4. The good life is that life which satisfies its normal physical and intellectual desires without interfering with the happiness or welfare of any other human being. *(Mary L. Barry, Superior, Wis.)*

Next:—What is ROMANTICISM? Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by December 24. Prizes of \$5.00 for each winning definition.)

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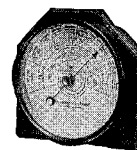
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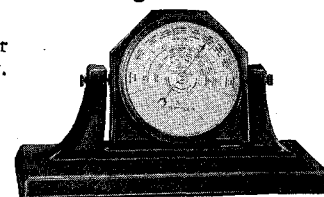


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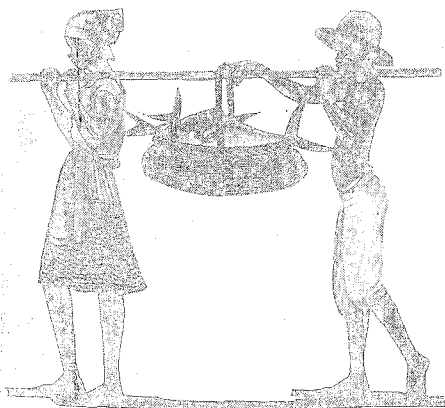
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ALGIERS— the Pirates' Lair

by ALICE CURTIS DESMOND

THERE is an old Arabian saying: "Algiers is a diamond in an emerald frame." We thought of it when we first glimpsed Algiers from the porthole of our cabin. We had sailed from Marseilles, and awoke to find ourselves in the harbor as if transported there on a magic carpet. Strange, guttural cries had drawn us to our porthole, and looking out we saw before us Algiers, rising proudly from the harbor on its amphitheatre of hills. Terraces of dazzling white climbed abruptly from the bay. The white buildings were interspersed with green squares and avenues. For two miles the city extended back to Mustapha Supérieur, that district of villas and gardens which is rapidly becoming one of the most fashionable resorts on the Mediterranean. Distant but commanding on the horizon, Mt. Atlas pushed its snowy tip into the morning haze.

This was Algiers! The city from which Barbasoosa had once terrorized the civilized world. I remembered that Cervantes was a slave in Algiers for six years;

you return to Africa!" cried Hassam, who proved to be our guide of the previous year in Tunis. With a warmth that almost made us believe him, he assured us that since our departure from Africa he had been on that wharf awaiting our return.

AND SO, with Hassam, we set out to spend several weeks inspecting the facets of the diamond, Algiers. It is curious stone, half French, half Arabia. Wide, terraced streets; the beautiful square, Place du Gouvernement; Boulevard de la République, shaded with trees, lined with excellent shops, colored with the dresses of the fashionable and the uniforms of officers—these things spoke of Parisian boulevards.

I had not come for this, but for the other Algiers which rises to the west of the Place du Gouvernement. Cars strike a jarring note against its age, for cars cannot enter its narrow streets and alleys. Streets here are but worn steps. I remember climbing over five hundred of them before the Kasba.



Drawing by Thomas Handforth

that in 1793 Benjamin Franklin was appealing for the emancipation of 115 American slaves held here; and that the 600,000 Christians who had visited this place during the power of the Dey did so unwillingly and in chains. And now we were following the fashionable crowd which each winter flocks to "the African Riviera," richest of French colonies.

We were about to step into a car at the dock when a stout Arab, his black beard clipped into a Van Dyke point, rushed forward and almost embraced us.

"Monsieur et Madame! As I prophesied,

In its glory this old citadel, palace of the Deys, crowned the squalid city with majesty. Now it is in ruins and of its glory there remains little except the central court and throne room. Ironically, the surrounding buildings form a French barrack.

But Hassam, who was a descendant of a pirate-follower of Barbasoosa, showed us very proudly the chair, in a lovely Moorish courtyard of white marble surrounded by arched galleries, on which the heads of Christian slaves had been exposed. To the right was a pavilion where the last De-

imperiously struck the French Consul with a fan — an act which probably led to the conquest of Algeria by France. There was also a secret passage by which the Dey could escape to the harbor; a window through which he inspected his harem; and a concealed hole in the wall of his study in which he hid the Favorite from view when any men entered to consult him on affairs of State.

Part of the palace has been turned into a museum. The Roman and Arabian antiquities, and the old manuscripts, I must admit, left little impression. But never will I forget a gruesome plaster cast of the Christian martyr Geronimo writhing in death! He was martyred in 1569 by being put alive into a block of concrete, which was afterwards built into the wall of a fort. In 1853, when the old fort was pulled down, the block was opened and a cast taken from the martyr's body. It even shows the cords which bound his hands and feet.

SUCH was slavery under the Moors. To-day it is called by another name, but it still exists. I found evidence of it in a rug factory.

A large, dark room, a number of looms, and before each loom a small Moorish girl of about eight, working the colored wools in and out in a pattern with her child's fingers. I smiled at a tiny tot with sad brown eyes, a child who should have been in school or in the sunshine laughing; and the entire row of children stopped to watch. The infant held out a grimy hand — I thought, for *baksheesh*, but when I offered money she shook her head and pointed to some flowers I wore. As I passed them down the aisle each pair of eyes, too full of wisdom for their years, brightened with joy. Little mouths cried with delight as they kissed the flowers.

"Those children are too young to work," I complained to the manager of the factory.

"If they did not work for me, they would work elsewhere. Do not worry, Madame," — he shrugged — "they are only Moors."

WE SPENT many days in the labyrinth of alleys which pass for streets. The pungent smell of the East — one-fourth spice and perfume, three-fourths filth — lay heavy between crazy houses. Homes and shops are open; sleeping, eating, working go on in plain view of the street. In the Ruc du Diable (an important street, though two could hardly walk abreast) I watched a Kalorigis tailor at work, a huge Sedan negro baking bread for waiting Arab women, and a second-hand clothes dealer doing a rushing business with the Bedouins, who in winter wear one suit of clothes above another until they look like junk men.

Hassam assured us that it was dangerous to enter this quarter at night. If the Arabs didn't murder you for your money they would do so for your clothes. And the

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Travel

men and streets seemed to bear him out. They seemed little removed from pirate days. Red hands, to ward off evil, were painted on overhanging Moorish balconies. Armed shieks, in from the desert to the south, sat smoking and playing "Lady's Game," which resembles dominoes. And the "Ladies of Dark Delights," henna-toed dancers, leaned from the balconies and smiled.

But there was an alien note in this. You might come out of a smelly alley and find a billboard shouting "*Ce Soir Cinema* — Mary Pickford." A sign before one of the houses of Ouled-Nail dancers read in English: "Arab dances to-night. Americans welcome!" It was just a little discouraging, and we turned our attention to other parts of the town. We spent hours wandering through Mustapha Supérieur where the French residents live and where the Governor's summer palace is situated amid extensive grounds.

We grew to love the Mosque de la Percherie, built in the form of a Greek cross, whose architect was killed for introducing the emblem of another faith into a Mohammedan place of worship. It was cool inside. On straw matting Arab scribes endlessly copied the Koran. And after washing their hands at a font in the rear and removing their shoes, the Faithful bowed reverently toward Mecca. One of them, a Bedouin shiek, swept us with his eyes, not with contempt, but with an utter indifference far more cutting. Then, as though conferring a favor on the Prophet, he bowed himself toward the Holy City.

The mosque is beautiful, but not as interesting as the new Cathedral de Notre Dame d'Afrique east of Algiers, where each Sunday a service is held for those who have perished at sea during the year. It is a beautiful church, crowded with the tokens of its healing value, but the most impressive feature is the face of the Virgin on the ornate altar — black! It was said to have been picked up on the sea by Italian fishermen who bore it to the cliff to worship. The following morning it was again found floating in the sea. Again the fishermen bore it to the cliff, and this time they prevented its escape by building a church around it and cementing it into the altar, where it has remained ever since.

One does not grow tired of a city where there is always something different. There is the hoary city of Barbasoosa. There is the modern Riviera. There is the chef who gave us special dishes because he wanted us to take away a good impression of his home. There are veiled women peering from screened balconies, and there is Hassam waiting that with Arab women unveiling all mystery and charm is gone, so that it is no longer worth while to follow one on the street.

Native



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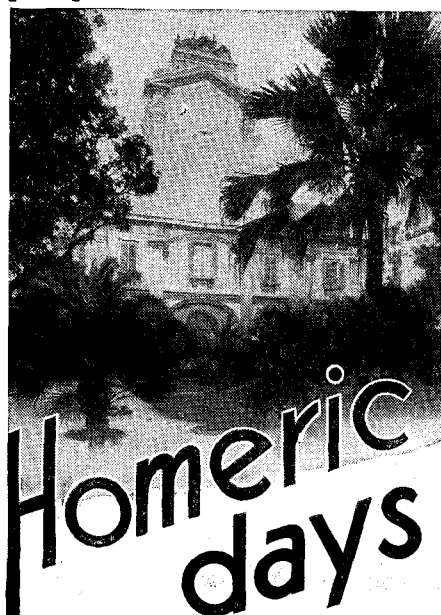
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Travel News

SNOW

THOSE FOR whom a green Christmas is no Christmas, are advised to go to Switzerland for the holiday season. There, if anywhere, one may definitely count on the sparkling snows which decorate the greeting cards and which symbolize Yuletide to most of us. Many Americans who have established temporary residences on the continent and in England make a custom of adjourning to St. Moritz or Montreux in late December. St. Moritz, of course, is the chief winter resort of the Engadine—indeed, it is one of the chief winter resorts of the world, although the Swiss still continue to think of it principally as a summer paradise. Montreux, near the head of Lake Geneva, is the most widely advertised of the southern Switzerland resort towns. Near it is the Castle of Chillon, and a day's trip by automobile takes one to the Great St. Bernard Pass and the Hospice, at which the celebrated dogs are bred.

CORAL

WITH THE arrival of winter Bermuda again comes into its own as a haven for icebound Americans. The charm of these coral isles remains undiminished by the presence of so many tourists; the Bermudians themselves realize that the quiet of their islands constitutes one of the chief attractions and therefore there are no factories, railroads, street cars, automobiles, or motorcycles—the horse, the bicycle, and human legs being the sole means of transportation. There are plenty of diversions, however, for those who wish them—golfing (there are many fine courses scattered over the islands), fishing, sailing, swimming, and tennis, to mention just a few. Visitors should bring clothing similar to that used during a summer sojourn in a northern resort.

ROME

IN LATE December Rome will be the scene of two great religious festivals—one to be held this year only, the other an annual occasion. On the twenty-first there will be the celebration—at St. Peter's—of the end of the Pope's Priesthood Jubilee, which began a year ago and which has attracted thousands of American Catholics to Italy. And then, on the day after Christmas, St. Stephen's day will be observed. It is always an enviable privilege to be in Rome during the holiday season, for there the Christmas masses possess an unusual splendor—a splendor which somehow pervades the whole city in both its sacred and secular life. Like Paris, Rome contains so many American students that the tourist feels himself not entirely separated from his homeland—



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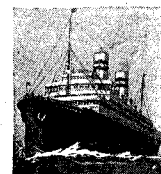
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Travel News

act which is not to be disregarded at a time when even the most seasoned traveler can overcome with a nostalgia for familiar places and a familiar tongue.

PANAMA

AT THIS particular period of the year, when many ships are heading from New York to California — or vice versa — or are cruising down to South America, it is perhaps not unfitting to direct attention to Panama, an important stopping place in inter-ocean travel. One will find comparatively little luxury or beauty in the Panama cities — Cristobal, Colon, Balboa, and Panama City — but there is a certain amount of compensation to be derived from the “differentness” of these towns. They are frequently dirty and sometimes hot, but they are always interesting. Of the Canal itself, of course, little need be said; the beauty which the squalid towns lack seems to have gathered along the banks. The tropical vegetation and the feats of engineering are ever new marvels.

THE GULF

THE MISSISSIPPI Gulf Coast is not famous perhaps as California or Florida, but it ranks with them as one of the finest winter resort sections in America. The climate, tempered by the tropical breezes from the Gulf of Mexico, is pleasant and delightful, with an unfailing abundance of sunny, exhilarating days that irresistibly tempt the visitor into the open. Beginning at about this season of the year, the entire coast will be bright with activity. Along the white strands are crowds of bathers; the Gulf is gay with yachts, and motorboats; some carry pleasure craft, others carry fishermen, bringing Spanish mackerel, redfish, sheepshead, speckled trout, sea bass, amber jack, tarpon about the islands, or are bound for the picturesque rivers and bayous. Mobile is the best known center for vacationers and manages to combine a pleasant, lazy sense of the old South, with the magnificence of a new resort.

WESTERN LINK

THE GREAT network of railroad lines which makes the western United States the best served of any large area in the world, received another link this fall when the Southern Pacific opened its new line cut-off from Fernley, Nevada, to Matamoras Falls, Oregon, thus linking the coast and the Overland routes. This line, while running through a comparatively sparsely populated country, will be convenient for those desiring to reach the Pacific Northwest and will act as a north-and-south intermediary between the transcontinental trunks.

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GREAT WHITE FLEET



LINCOLN: HIS PATH TO THE PRESIDENCY

By **DR. ALBERT SHAW**

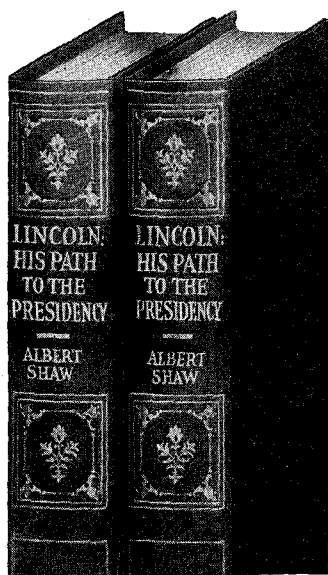
THE hates, the ambitions, the struggles, the beloved causes, the forgotten victories of the greatest men in this country's history are now brought to life for you in two volumes containing 500 contemporar cartoons and other illustrations—the vivid pictorial expression of th time.

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"Land of the Free"?

To the Editor:

I suppose it is for the benefit of his Rotarian friends that Dr. Millikan gives over such a part of his "What I Believe" to the adulation of the Republic. I do not feel that the course of his "essentials" is so carpeted with flowers. I am a native of York County, Pennsylvania, where last year a murder was committed in the name of witchcraft which directed the attention of the thinking people of the whole country to the appalling ignorance existent there. I was forced out of one college and made uncomfortable in another for upholding his second "great idea." I am losing my present teaching position because my Unitarianism is synonymous with Atheism, and because I refuse to teach the biology of the Talmud and Torah.

Perhaps the excursions of the great Doctor among the stars have caused him to forget Tennessee, Arkansas, and the rest of that southern constellation. If he thinks the Scopes trial "sporadic," I should like to remind him that no teacher with a family to support would dare to teach evolution outside the large cities of this state. Within the Keystone State, should rationally-minded directors allow such a teacher to continue, a politician always rides into the money bags on the platform "Rid the school of Atheists!"

J. GILBERT MALONE

Honesdale, Pa.

Big Names

To the Editor:

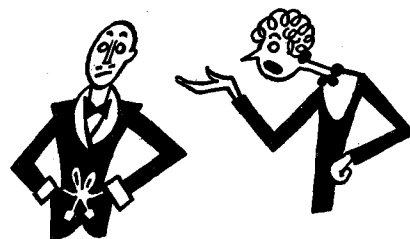
I shall be delighted to renew my subscription to THE FORUM as soon as I know that its columns are open to manuscripts of writers other than those of national and international fame. We lesser-known writers feel that our efforts are worthy of consideration on their merits. THE FORUM, it seems, is only interested in the work of famous writers. It's a fine publication, but I feel unable to support it as long as it prefers its present policy.

FRED L. W. BENNETT

Salt Lake City, Utah

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—Every famous author necessarily was once unknown; if editors were not interested in discovering new writers the supply would soon die off. The Forum is making a particular effort to unearth new talent, and it was for this purpose

that it began the publication of First Short Stories in 1928. Since that time thousands of these manuscripts have been read, and twelve have been accepted. One of them has been chosen by Edward J. O'Brien as among the best short stories of the year. The author of another has been encouraged by a leading publisher to undertake a novel. This month we publish a story by a writer who has been collecting rejection slips since 1911.)

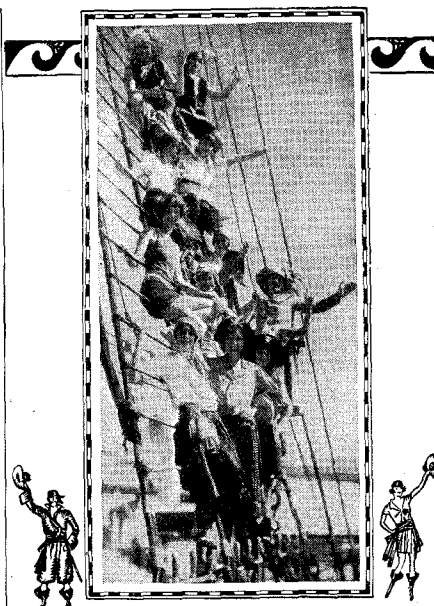


What it Means to Marry

To the Editor:

Now that THE FORUM has discussed, in contributed articles, "What it means to marry a Catholic" and "What it means to marry a Protestant," why not finish up the series by discussing "What it means to marry"? Many a mixed marriage is as happy as the average where both parties are of the same faith or of no particular faith at all. Extreme differences in belief mean little to sensible people. No mixed marriage can be happy when one of the parties is bound to convert or conquer the other, either directly or by influencing the children; but this is true of other than religious misfits. The dominating woman must have a putty man, and the dominating man a putty woman; else there is sure to be constant friction, and this without regard to the religious professions of either.

Harmony or discord will depend upon how important the partners consider the points of difference, and here the entrance of religion as a set of opinions or customs is capable of raising havoc whether the parties are members of different sects or not. One of the partners may be of an inquiring mind and the other purely receptive—or once receptive, and now tenacious. There is no telling where inquiry may lead a man or woman, and if the marital partner cannot go along—won't go along—thinks it is a mortal sin to go along, and never ceases to lament that the other is of a different opinion, that marriage is in danger of going on the rocks.



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THE FORUM
441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Our Rostrum

Marital strife is not simply a question of people of opposing faiths marrying, it is a question of opposing temperaments.

W. A. TAYLOR

Detroit, Mich.

Debit

To the Editor.

For the past few months you have kindly sent me your magazine although I carefully wrote that I did not wish to renew my subscription. Please have it stopped. I really do object to so much discussion of religion in a magazine I am asked to read. I am not interested. Nor do I care for translations of the French. And I detest forum discussions: one side is right, or incomplete, or wrong. Two opinions on the same subject are an awful bore to sort.

GEORGE RAPPALONI

Emory Univ., Ga.

To the Editor:

I do not claim to be immune to every form of flattery, but that "potential leaders of the nation's thought" stuff is a little too obvious. I used to think I might like THE FORUM; but, since I am entirely ordinary in every respect, a magazine which boasts that it "does not appeal to the mass" would doubtless be over my head. After all, a good many "new ideas and startling, vital facts" are obtainable from less aristocratic sources. I am of the opinion that what this country needs is a guy to take the cult out of culture.

IDA J. HOOPER

South Lyon, Mich.

Credit

To the Editor:

May I venture to express my honest appreciation of the splendid story "Holly Wreath" by William March which appeared in the October issue of your magazine? I think it shows great promise and is a story of unusual distinction. I congratulate you upon its publication and hope to hear more from its author through your pages.

H. W. JONES

Williamsville, N. Y.

Kiwanis Objects

To the Editor:

I like THE FORUM in many ways, but I have a grievance and a protest which I cannot enforce in any other way than by refusing my subscription.

My charge against your magazine is unfairness to a cause which is dear to me. I refer to Kiwanis. I insist that your re-



NEARLY half a million of the poor and less fortunate throughout the country will look to the Salvation Army for some of the good things that mark the nation's Yuletide rejoicings. Irrespective of creed, race or color we shall distribute our Christmas baskets and toys for the little ones—honest need being the sole qualification. May I count on your kindly assistance in meeting this insistent demand?

Our methods of investigation and distribution commend themselves to a large number of generous-hearted citizens who desire to share with others at Christmas the blessings of peace and prosperity. I want that number to increase, and I invite all my readers to participate by sending me a contribution. Gifts will be gladly devoted to any specific purpose designated.

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Our Rostrum

fusal to publish any reply for Kiwanis against Mr. Bliven's squint-eyed picture of "luncheon clubs" ["The Babbitt in His Warren," December, 1928] was eminently unfair to Kiwanis. I did not care whose article you published as long as you gave our side a hearing. But to let Rotary have space in the same issue with Mr. Bliven, even though the reply of Rotary was not responsive to debunker Bliven's strictures and criticism, was such a slap at Kiwanis that I feel constrained to resent it. I can show that resentment in no more forcible way than in refusing to help support a magazine which is so unfair. If you had published anyone's defense of Kiwanis, even though you did not see fit to use my article, I would not complain.

JOHN T. WAGNER

Pottstown, Pa.

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—*Them's harsh words, Mr. Wagner. We were under the misapprehension that Kiwanis and Rotary are brothers under the skin, and that when Mr. Knoeppel of Rotary replied to Mr. Bliven he was speaking for all the luncheon clubs. Even had we known that Rotary and Kiwanis are not speaking to each other, it would have been impossible to give space to more than one reply.*)



Saloon or Speakeasy?

To the Editor:

The mental processes of the wets are devious and discordant. Mr. Frederic R. Coudert, Jr. begins his article in the August issue with the words: "No intelligent man or woman prefers drunkenness to temperance, nor will anyone tolerate the saloon, either as the licensed institution of the past or as its unspeakable successor, the 'speakeasy'."

The remainder of his article is a diatribe against the only law that has successfully eliminated the licensed saloon. If no intelligent person will "tolerate the unspeakable speakeasy," then how come that New York has so many, and what is Mr. Coudert doing to assist in closing them? They are illegal now and either New York does not have enough intelligent people to close them or else the intelligent people of New York tolerate them. Perhaps Mr. Coudert's method of closing the speakeasies is to make their business legal and give it another name. But a saloon by any other name smells just as strong.

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Growth and additions of properties during the last two years has doubled the customers and more than doubled the earnings and assets.

1927

Customers — 600,000 in 1,000 communities
Assets valued at \$340,000,000
Earnings \$39,000,000 a year

1929

Customers — over 1,200,000 in 2,200 communities
Assets valued at over \$800,000,000
Earnings \$100,000,000 a year

During this period the number of investors also increased from 50,000 to over 150,500

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on the Class A Stock

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Incorporated in 1906

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"EVIDENTLY some one at Chalfonte-Haddon Hall had a home where they knew how to celebrate Christmas. Because, listen, darling, they waken you with carols! Every child in the place discovers a filled stocking on the door-knob. There are surprises for the grown-ups. Christmas trees all over the place—and you have your own table, the attention of your own interested waitress, a turkey all to yourselves.

"I'm as excited about spending another Christmas there as the children are. And so's Steve. We're crazy to see new Haddon Hall with its squash courts, gymnasium, and Sandy Cove (that's the playroom for children)—and sun-rooms, and promenade deck on the ocean.

"Now that it's possible to be comfortable and have fun at the same time—do you wonder that I am looking forward more to Christmas than I have for many a year? We are going to spend the whole week at Chalfonte-Haddon Hall."

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Bank Mergers and Bank Stocks

by DONALD REA HANSON

SINCE the first of this year bank mergers have been reported almost daily in the financial pages of our newspapers. More than fifty large New York banks have combined, only seventeen of which have retained their original identity. Authorities estimate that the effect has been to reduce competition in New York City by about 65 per cent. Some of the biggest rivals in the banking fields of Boston, Detroit, and other cities have seen fit to merge their interests. Huge holding corporations have been organized for the purpose of acquiring control of banks in different sections of the country and chain banking is growing with great rapidity. The largest bank in the country, the National City Bank of New York, recently astonished the financial world by the rapidity with which it reached its decision to merge with the Corn Exchange Bank, the deal being broached, terms considered, acceptance given, and announcement made within twenty-four hours. The incident is indicative of the speed with which the branch banking movement is growing and suggests the urgency of the scramble for strategic alliances.

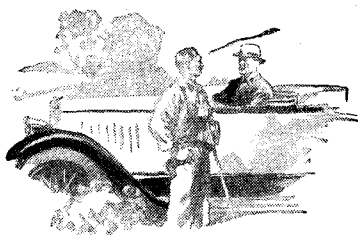
Branch banking is the next step in the evolution of banking in this country. The question of branch banking is one that has been debated for years at the annual conventions of the American Bankers Association. It is not a new topic; it simply has come to a head at this time because the financial situation this year has been particularly favorable for such a movement. Business has been good. Industrial mergers have been many. Big business is getting bigger and it is imperative that banks shall grow proportionately in order that they may handle the financial requirements of their largest customers.

And with it all there has been a situation in the security markets that has fostered merger movements under the energetic initiative of investment bankers. During the first nine months of 1929 there was an insatiable demand for common stocks. In that period foreign borrowers in the United States were practically out of the market. Foreign financing

was more than \$1,000,000,000 less in the first nine months of this year than it was in 1928. Real estate financing dropped by more than \$200,000,000. State and municipal financing was \$150,000,000 less; public utility financing dropped by more than \$600,000,000. Only industrial financing was larger, of all the strictly productive pursuits, showing a gain of about \$550,000,000. But savings were accumulating and they were demanding an outlet. This outlet found its vent in the form of financial financing, the financing of investment trusts, holding companies, and so on. Common stocks were easy to sell and the result was an increase of about \$1,200,000,000 in the offerings of common stocks of investment trusts and holding companies in the first nine months of this year. The energies of bankers were devoted first to the distribution of trust shares and secondly to the reinvestment of the funds received. It is not in the least surprising that the acquisition of the stocks of banks should have received the attention of holding company managers. High prices for bank stocks and a ready market for them tended to dislodge closely held investments of long standing. Without doubt this state of affairs helped a great deal to bring the merger movement to a head and to stimulate greatly the development of branch banking.

BRANCH BANKING POPULAR

THERE WAS also a growing sentiment in favor of branch banking. The collapse of a number of small banks in Florida and Georgia some months ago served to remind the country at large that small unit banks have experienced a great deal of hardship in recent years. It was recalled that the collapse of commodity prices in 1920 left in its train the wreckage of hundreds of small banks in the agricultural regions. From 1921 to 1928 inclusive more than 5000 small banks closed their doors, tying up deposits of more than \$1,500,000,000. Of this number, we are told, on the authority of the Comptroller of Currency, 700 were na-



"I advised him strongly against the purchase"

C. P. Nelson, President of the First National Bank, Danville, Ill., tells a story of two farmers, one of whom speculated, while the other invested . . .

ALL the speculating isn't done in the stock market," said Mr. Nelson. "This community, several years ago, experienced something like the present fever of stock market speculation—but it was a boom in farm lands.

"There was a farmer, a Mr. R. . . ., who wanted to buy a piece of farm land near his own place. He came to me for advice.

"A banker looks at the price of an investment in terms of its yield. Land is no exception. I knew the price was much too high, so I advised him strongly against the purchase.

"But land's going up all the time,' the farmer told me. 'Look at what land is worth around here compared with before the war.' I still told him the price was too high.

"But somehow he raised the money, and bought the land.

"Today that land is perhaps a good buy—because today that land is priced below the pre-war value. But that doesn't help Mr. R. . . . The deflation deprived him of the new land he bought, and of his farm as well.

"So today, when somebody talks about a stock that's 'going up all the time,' I remember the bitter lesson Mr. R. . . . and thousands of others like him learned.

"He invests his modest earnings in good sound securities"



C. P. NELSON, President of the First National Bank, Danville, Ill., is prominent in the civic and business affairs of this thriving community. Mr. Nelson has the distinguished record of forty-five years' continuous service in the First National Bank.

"Unlike Mr. R. . . ., a neighbor of his, also a farmer, clung to the Liberty Bonds he bought, and invests his modest earnings from his farm in sound, conservative securities.

"He now has a secure reserve against misfortune, and no period of deflation can deprive him of land and home."

* * *

Prominent bankers in hundreds of communities are giving depositors in their banks the benefit of their well-rounded knowledge of safe securities. Like Mr. Nelson, they feel a very deep responsibility toward the men and women whom they advise on investments. That is why they recommend, above everything else, safety as a first principle of sound and far-sighted investing.

Good yield, of course, they

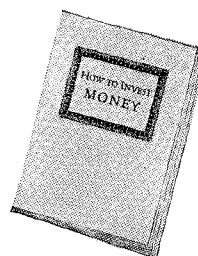
regard as important, yet always only after safety of principal has been properly judged. Indeed, the average investor can do nothing wiser than go to his own banker, or a high grade investment banker, for advice.

In hundreds of communities, bankers have chosen from Straus offerings for recommendation to their depositors and for purchase for their own bank reserves.

Among Straus offerings are bonds of widely diversified types, real estate mortgage, railway, municipal, public utility, and foreign bonds.

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As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How to Invest Money". Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for booklet L-1003.



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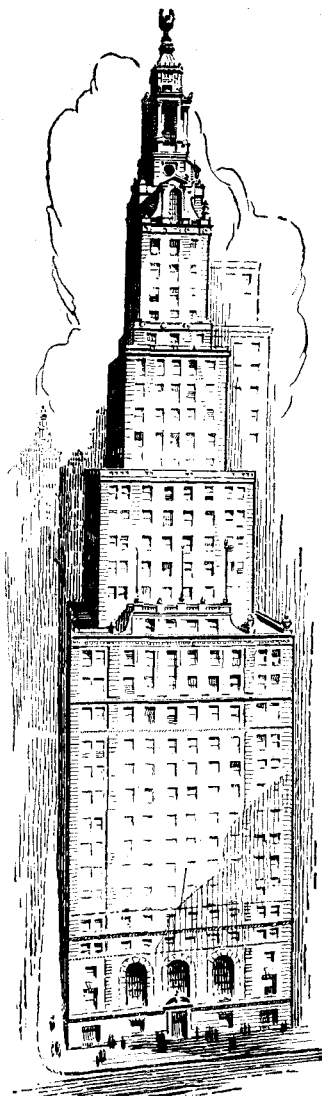
THE Bank of New York and Trust Company occupies a unique position. It is older than the United States itself, as it was organized in 1784 shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War. It is the oldest banking institution in the City of New York, and the oldest banking institution in the United States retaining its original name as part of its title.

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Downtown

tional banks and 4,300 were state banks. In four states, from 40 per cent to 53 per cent of all the banks in existence in 1920 failed; in six other states from 10 to 20 per cent failed. We are told eighty per cent of these failures occurred in cities with a population of less than 3000 inhabitants, and about 70 per cent of the banks that closed their doors were capitalized at \$50,000 or less.

Let it not be inferred from this that a small bank is necessarily less sound than a larger competitor. In banking perhaps more than in any other business, it is the quality of management that is the first test of solidarity. But the problems facing the small bank render it more difficult to conduct a sound banking business. For one thing, the loans and deposits are likely to be largely for local customers. A period of hard times in a given locality frequently makes the collection of loans difficult and at the same time the demands for withdrawal of deposits are likely to be great. The loans of a big city bank are more widely diversified, with its deposit accounts representing thousands of people in varied economic circumstances. For another thing, the profits of a small bank are unlikely to permit the employment of such high calibre banking talent as is available to its larger competitor.

CHAIN BANKING

BRANCH BANKING has been practiced in some states for many decades, but up to the time that the McFadden Act was passed in 1927, branch banking for national banks was absolutely prohibited. Therefore, in the absence of legal sanction for branch banking, the next best thing was adopted—namely, group or chain banking.

Although not new, the chain banking development has been the most interesting phase of the branch bank movement this year. In New York State a large central holding corporation was recently formed which purchased a controlling interest in the stocks of some fifteen up-state banks, opening a central office in New York City. Similar chains had already been developed in the Northwest, centering around St. Paul, and in California the plan had been in successful operation for a period of years. The corporate identity of each bank in the chain was maintained, which met the requirements of the law. There was nothing in the law, or the Constitution for that matter, which denied an individual or a holding company the right to purchase whatever bank stocks he desired.

This plan had its objections, however. It lacked the unity of policy that would be available to a single corporate body and was without the mobility of resources

that would be available to a single great institution with branches. However, under the existing phase of the evolution of branch banking it served a useful purpose. It permitted the selection of affiliated institutions in advance of any legislation permitting branch banking, and made possible the acquisition of institutions at strategic points in advance of competitors. Chain banking is regarded by many observers as merely a temporary phase.

WHAT LIMITATIONS?

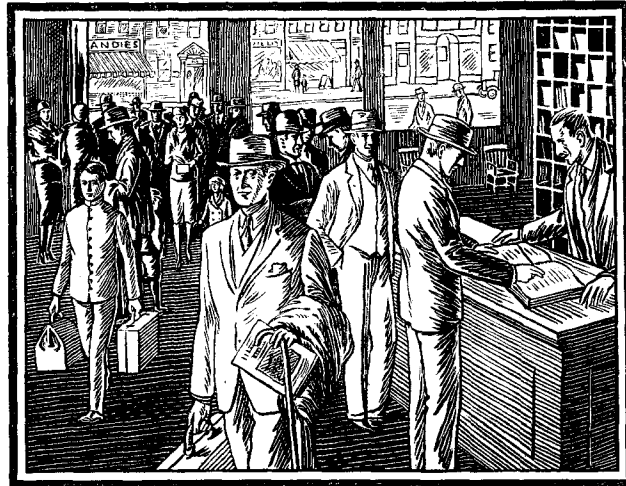
NOW THE question is up to Congress. It will be surprising if the coming session of Congress does not bring this issue to the front. As yet sentiment is not crystallized as to the method under which branch banking should be permitted, particularly as to the geographical limitation of the branch banking systems. One suggestion that has been advanced is that it should be permitted without restriction within state boundaries. But a state boundary is a political limit and this appears to satisfy nobody. Another suggestion is that branch banking should be limited within the borders of each of the twelve Federal Reserve districts. This finds more support. But the objection here is that the Federal Reserve districts vary radically in size and wealth. The Twelfth Federal Reserve District includes Washington, Idaho, Oregon, California, Nevada, Utah, and Arizona. But the Second Reserve District includes only New York State and the First Reserve District only the New England states. Such a limitation would not permit the establishment of branch banks of eastern institutions — which would bring all their wealth and influence and the assurance of strong banking connections — in outlying districts of the middle west, for instance.

It seems to be the consensus of opinion that economic boundaries should be established, permitting branches without limit within a radius of a few hundred miles. The objection here would seem to be that it would lack the safety that can be afforded by diversified banking. A system in a purely agricultural area, economically, would be subject to the vicissitudes of the wheat market. It is my opinion, however, that no limitations or arbitrary boundaries should be drawn. Probably the objection that would be raised to this point is that it would lead to a great concentration of power, centering in New York City, and Washington, as well as opinion in the country at large, has never looked with much complacency upon power in Wall Street.

DIVERSIFICATION NEEDED

ANY EXAMINATION of the branch banking movement, however, should give due weight to the radical difference that exists between banking power and power such as is manifested in the conduct of an

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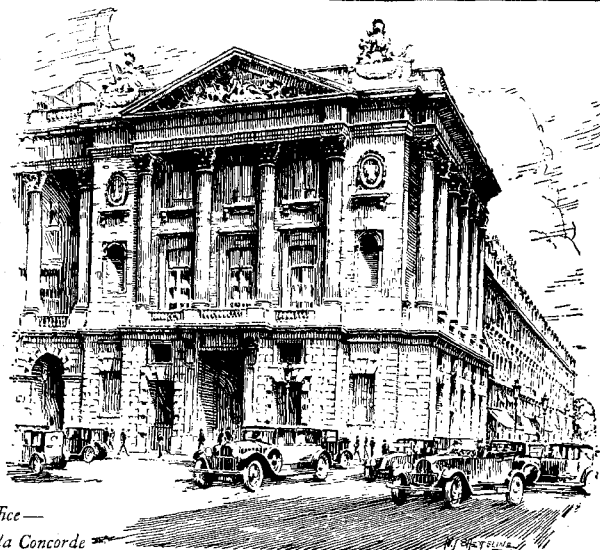
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industrial enterprise. Competition is the life of trade. We have laws against monopolies in industry. But in banking, competition has some serious drawbacks. When competition reaches the cut-throat stage in banking it often leads to inducements to depositors in the shape of higher interest on balances, more liberal lending policies, and other favors. Just such practices in Boston eight years ago led to a mushroom growth of a few small banks, all of which were forced to close their doors at the first chill breath of the industrial depression of 1921. Banking is a business that must be operated at a profit. If it is not, deficits must eat into surplus and capital. Unless such a trend is arrested in time, the deficits will eventually gnaw into the deposits which are entrusted to the banker. Diversification is an element of safety in banking, just as it is in investments or in the administration of a farm. Diversified crops usually make prosperous farmers. Diversified loans are no less desirable for a bank. If great branch banking systems are to be sanctioned by Congress, it will be best if those systems serve a cross-section of American economic life.

In England branch banking is a nationwide affair. Twenty-five years ago the banking business of England was carried on by about ten large private banks and sixty joint stock banks. To-day practically the entire business is divided between five great institutions, the largest of which ranked as the greatest bank in the world, up to this year. The trend for nearly a century in England has been in the direction of fewer banks.

From the standpoint of the investor, the branch banking movement is decidedly worth noting. Bank stocks have proved the most satisfactory and remunerative long term investment of any group of stocks in this country. Banking is a permanent business. Industry is always changing and obsolescence is a factor with which investors must always contend. Canal stocks were considered high grade investments until the railroad came along, and the automobile, radio, electric power, and other developments have displaced many once prosperous industries. But the banking business is permanent and the investor who holds bank stocks does not need to fear obsolescence. The spread of the branch banking movement may mean tempting offers to sell out, where small banks are sought by great chains. Public financing, as chains are formed, will offer a new avenue for the investment of money in the banking business. And to the present holder of stocks of great banks which are leading in the branch banking movement, the prospect is favorable for a broadening of the scope and power of the institution in which he is interested.

STATEMENT

*Of the Ownership, Management,
Circulation, etc., Required by
the Act of Congress of
August 24, 1912, of*

THE FORUM

Published Monthly at Concord
N. H., for October, 1929

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss.

Before me, a *Notary Public*, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared GEORGE F. HAVELL, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the *Business Manager* of THE FORUM and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publisher*, FORUM PRINTING CORPORATION, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *Editor*, HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *Managing Editor*, none; *Business Manager*, GEORGE F. HAVELL, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: HENRY GODDARD LEACH, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; FORUM PRINTING CORPORATION, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; GEORGE HENRY PAYNE, 2969 Decatur Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.; RONALD TREE, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; FREDERICK BOYD STEVENSON, Avenue P and Coleman Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: JULIA BARNET RICE, ISAAC L. RICE, JR., JULIAN RICE, Trustees of the Estate of Isaac L. Rice, care of Bankers Trust Co., 16 Wall St., New York, N. Y.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GEORGE F. HAVELL,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this
24th day of September, 1929.

[SEAL]

FRANK H. HEDDEN,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

AN INDUSTRY THAT NEVER SHUTS DOWN. A descriptive booklet of the properties owned and operated by the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated, 50 Broad Street, New York City. Copies will be mailed upon request.

WHAT IS CLASS A STOCK? A new twelve-page booklet on the Class A Stock describing its priority features and giving an outline of the Associated Gas & Electric System, its established territories, diversity of industries served and consistent gain in revenue. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

WILLS AND PERSONAL TRUSTS. A booklet dealing with the various types of trusts, their application to individual needs; methods of handling estates; inheritance tax problems; and the services of the bank as executor, administrator, custodian, and guardian. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York.

CONVERTIBLE SECURITIES. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

INVESTMENT SUGGESTIONS. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

375,000 PEOPLE OWN SECURITIES IN THIS \$800,000,000 ORGANIZATION. This booklet gives illustrations and descriptions of many of the more than 100 companies which go to make up a well-known international business organization. It takes the reader behind the scenes of power plants, oil refineries and other properties of one of the country's greatest industrial enterprises. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

Investment Literature

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.

THE ESSENTIALS OF A SOUND INVESTMENT POLICY. This booklet presents seven cardinal principles of safe investment. Both experienced investors and beginners will find it worth reading. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

REASONS WHY. A booklet explaining why first mortgage real estate bonds secured by *insured and guaranteed first mortgages* should comprise a large proportion of any investment list. National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin Goodrich & Co., Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Maryland.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE? This booklet presents a graphic answer to this question and offers two interesting plans for systematic savings, including charts and tables, showing accumulated interest on principal by years. Old Colony Corporation, 17 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

Financial Department

FORUM MAGAZINE

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ESTABLISHED 1872

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NEWARK, N. J.	ALLENTOWN, PA.	

TOASTS

HAVING served one year in Cook County Jail and four years in Leavenworth Prison, RALPH CHAPLIN employs no guesswork in his portrayal of prison conditions. He was born in Kansas and educated in the Chicago Art Schools. In 1911 he started writing for the radical labor movement, during a coal miners' strike in Kanawha County, West Virginia. It was in 1917 that he first published editorials against international war and in favor of international solidarity; and it was a year later — at the same time that William Haywood and others were involved — that Judge Landis sentenced Mr. Chaplin to twenty years in prison. In 1923, however, Prisoner 13104 was released, and he is now in Illinois working as a commercial artist. Mr. Chaplin is the author of two books of poems: *When the Leaves Come Out* and *Bars and Shadows*, prison poems which were published while their author was still in Leavenworth.

THE PROGRESS of FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT in public office is strikingly similar to that of his famous fifth cousin, Theodore Roosevelt. Both were members of the New York State Legislature before they were thirty; both served subsequently as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Franklin Roosevelt was a candidate for Vice-President on the Cox ticket in 1920, at which time he was four years younger than Theodore Roosevelt was when he ran with McKinley for the same office. Franklin Roosevelt's ill health took him away from public life for a time, but now he is in the thick of it again. It was he who nominated Al Smith for President at the Houston Convention, and, in turn, it was Mr. Smith who called on Mr. Roosevelt to accept the nomination for Governor of New York — to which position he was elected last fall. Aside from his political interests, Mr. Roosevelt has a great love of the sea, and owns a collection of naval books and prints which is the second or third best in the world.

THE DAUGHTER of an extremely orthodox Presbyterian clergyman, FRANCES ALDERSON has passed through many transitions in religious faith. Her experience was that of hundreds of other college students who found that the theories which science advanced were incompatible with the religion of their youth. Therefore, like others, she renounced religion. But with maturity and the birth of her children has come the need for some of the faith of earlier years. In her article, Mrs. Alderson draws upon her own experience.

ROGER BABSON is usually known for his statistical organization, whose fingers branch into twenty-six American cities and whose contribution to the country's knowledge of economics is immeasurable. But Mr. Babson's friends can separate the man from the business — at times. One friend writes of him, "As a personality, Roger Babson is, perhaps, more essentially the artist than the business man, much as he would probably balk at being called an artist. He would make an excellent Old Testament prophet if, on the side, he were allowed to have a share in business projects."

"**M**Y YEARS are thirty-eight, and my present occupation is that of postmaster in La Belle, Pa.," writes GEORGE WELLINGTON. "Ever since 1911 I've been collecting magazine rejection slips. I've driven a delivery wagon, trundled a truck



FRIDTJOF NANSEN

in an orange-packing warehouse, labored in a logging plant in the Sierras, piled lumber in a sawmill yard, and labored in and about coal mines. I am not a very fast worker. It required twenty-two months' service in France for me to attain the rank of Private 1st Class. I do believe, though, that in a war of reasonable duration, like the thirty-year scrambles they used to have, I could have made the grade of Corporal. I worked two years on the first paragraph of my first story; wrestled it from the valley of the Monongahela to the valley of the San Joaquin; and wrote it finally in purple ink. Just an inspired worker in words — that's all!"

BECAUSE he writes about business, people sometimes think JOHN T. FLYNN is a business man. This he vehemently denies. He is primarily a newspaper man and prefers to watch business from the press box rather than mix in it. His last position on a newspaper was that of Managing Editor of *The New York Globe*, which he left when Mr. Munsey

bought it and sank it to make way for *The Sun*. Since that time he has written a series of daily articles on business which has been syndicated throughout the United States.

EUDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON has had a varied career. Her father is a minister, and has been president since 1911 of the Greenville Women's College in South Carolina. Mrs. Richardson has taught in a mountain school and in her father's college. She has been a reporter, has campaigned for suffrage in the good old days when there was a Cause, and has done publicity and advertising of various sorts. She is now entirely occupied with her writing except for occasional speeches.

WHEN THE FORUM last heard from DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN, he was leaving Norway for the League of Nations meeting at Geneva, where, as High Commissioner for the League, he is working with the Russian and Armenian refugees. Dr. Nansen was born in 1861 and began his career as a scientist in Norway, gaining fame later as the leader of the North Pole expedition of 1893-96. He was very active in the separation of Norway from Sweden and was, at one time, Norwegian Minister in London. For his activity in furthering international peace he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1921.

WHILE a member of an engineering party in Arkansas, HARRY MILES JOHNSON became imbued with religion, malaria, and ambition, and entered Missouri Valley College with the intention of becoming a parson. "From this plan," Mr. Johnson says, "I was later dissuaded by the counsel of my spiritual advisers, whose estimate of my gifts and graces was probably more accurate than my own." Having relinquished the idea of becoming a minister, Mr. Johnson turned to the study of psychology, physiology, and neurology, and after considerable experience in these and allied activities, he is now Director of the Simmons Investigation of Sleep.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL is the Editor of *The Theatre Guild Magazine* and author of *The Imperial Dollar*, just published by Brentano. In speaking of his discovery, while a correspondent for *The Chicago Daily News*, of the tremendous influence of The United States in Europe, Mr. Motherwell says, "What my Harvard education had not given me a hint of, I learned in the deepest Caucasus when I discovered that because I carried a magic American passport I could cash my personal check anywhere."

AS THE author of *Dickens, Disraeli*, and *Don Juan, or the Youth of Byron*, ANDRÉ MAUROIS has long been known to FORUM readers. M. Maurois' recent novel, *Atmosphere of Love*, has been attracting considerable attention.